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Irene Owen Andrews.

February - 1915.







IRELAND  
ITS SCENERY, CHARACTER  
AND HISTORY

VOLUME FOUR







# IRELAND

ITS

# SCENERY

# CHARACTER

AND

# HISTORY

BY MR. & MRS. S. C. NALL

*In Six Volumes*  
*Vol IV*

*Illustrated From*  
*Drawings by F. S. Walker*  
*and photographs*



*Francis A. Niccolls*  
*& Company*

*Boston, 1911*

Light House at Howth  
 Photogravure from a Painting by T. Creswick



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Light House at Howth  
Photograph from a Painting by J. G. G. G.

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# IRELAND, ITS HISTORY, SCENERY AND CHARACTER

## KILDARE

The county of Kildare, an inland county of the province of Leinster, is bounded on the north by Meath; on the east by Dublin and Wicklow; on the south by Carlow; and on the west by the King's and Queen's counties. It contains, according to the Ordnance Survey, 392,435 statute acres, of which 66,447—nearly a fifth—are unprofitable mountain and bog. In 1821, the population amounted to 99,065; in 1831, to 108,424. It is divided into the baronies of Carbery, Clane-Connell, Ikeathy and Oughterany, Kilcullen, Kilkea and Moone, East Narragh and Rheban, West Narragh and Rheban, East Ophaly, West Ophaly, North Naas, South Naas, North Salt, and South Salt. The principal towns are Naas, Athy, and Kildare;<sup>1</sup> the latter, although famous for centuries as a "city renowned for saints," has dwindled into comparative insignificance; some remains of its ancient grandeur, however, still exist, the ruined cathedral retaining marks of its original beauty, extent, and magnificence; and the "round-

tower," one of the "tallest" in the kingdom, still attracting the attention of the curious, and the veneration of the antiquary.<sup>2</sup> The bishopric of Kildare is said to have been founded by St. Conloeth, about the middle of the fifth century. The saint, however, was assisted in his labours by the famous St. Bridget, who established a nunnery here, A.D. 484. Her nuns were long celebrated as the guardians of an "inextinguishable fire,"—

"The bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,  
And burned through long ages of darkness and storm,"—

so called, "because," according to Giraldus Cambrensis, "the religious women are so careful and diligent in supplying it with fuel, that, from the time of St. Bridget, it hath remained always unextinguished through so many successions of years; and though so vast a quantity of wood have been in such a length of time consumed in it, yet the ashes have never increased."<sup>3</sup>

Within a short distance of the town is the far-famed Curragh of Kildare, the principal race-ground in Ireland. It is a fine undulating down, about six miles in length and two in breadth, and is unequalled, perhaps, in the world, for the exceeding softness and elasticity of the turf; the verdure of which is "evergreen," and the occasional irregularities of which are very attractive to the eye. The land is the property of the crown, and includes above 6,000

acres, where numerous flocks of sheep find rich and abundant pasture.<sup>4</sup>

Naas is a very ancient town, and was formerly a residence of the kings of Leinster. In its immediate neighbourhood, and forming a singular and striking object, are the remains of Jigginstown, a building commenced upon an enormous scale by the unfortunate Earl of Strafford.

Athy is, jointly with Naas, the assize town for the county. Few towns in Ireland are more auspiciously situated: it is surrounded by a fertile country; the grand canal and the great southern road to Cork connect it with the metropolis, from which it is distant thirty-two miles, and the "goodlie Barrow," on which it is seated, is navigable to Ross, and thence to the harbour of Waterford. Yet Athy is by no means flourishing; its fame being derived exclusively from its early history. It was a frontier town of the Pale; and the neighbourhood abounds in relics of former greatness—castellated and monastic. "White's Castle," close to the bridge, consists of a massive square tower, now used as a police barrack. The county is, indeed, full of interesting remains; its proximity to that of Dublin having, for centuries, kept it "the seat of war;" and from the earliest invasions of the Danes, who scarcely left one of its towns unvisited, and whose course was invariably traced by "houses burned and bodies slaughtered," down to the almost as merciless career of the soldiers of the Commonwealth, Kildare had seldom leisure to reap a single harvest in peace.

The Fitzgeralds, always powerful, and seldom without "foot in the stirrup and hand at the sword-hilt," were for centuries, with but brief intermissions, "rebels in arms," and stories of their indomitable courage, both in prosperity and adversity, are recorded by the historians, sufficient to fill volumes. A notice of the mightiness formerly attached to the name, is conveyed in the old couplet:—a question is asked to which death answers,—

"Who killed Kildare? who dared Kildare to kill?"

"I killed Kildare; and dare kill whom I will!"

But we must leave these fierce and lawless, although brave and generous, chieftains, to notice matters of more immediate import.

The bog of Allen occupies a very considerable portion of the county of Kildare. We have already made some reference to the subject of "turf," but its importance is such as to require further comment; for, to a very large proportion of the Irish, it is at present, as much as food, a necessary of life. That the supply is greater than the demand is, however, certain;—the extent of peat soil in Ireland, according to the Parliamentary Report, (1814,) exceeding 2,830,000 acres; and various plans of draining have been devised, from time to time, but hitherto never carried into effect upon a large scale. Some have objected to the cutting of turf, as being wasteful to the surface; others object to the cultivation of bogs, as diminishing the supply of fuel. All such objections

appear to be alike frivolous. The surface is unquestionably improved for cultivation by cutting away the surplus bog, as it may be wanted for fuel, provided it be not stripped quite bare, but that a sufficient quantity be left to make a good mixture with the subsoil; and, on the other hand, the supply of peat fuel left for future generations, does not receive any additional security by retaining the vast tracts, from which that fuel is hereafter to be cut, unproductive in the meantime. The peat would be as safe, and much more easy of access, if it were properly drained, intersected with roads, and made to bear copious crops upon its surface, than it is at present, saturated with water and covered with heather.

We cannot agree with the opinion of Mr. Wakefield ("Account of Ireland, Statistical and Political"), that to "exhaust the bogs would be to confer a blessing on the country, by inducing the inhabitants to search for fuel in the bowels of the earth, rather than to obtain it by wasting its surface."<sup>5</sup> We conceive that the exertions of the people, judiciously applied, in providing their necessary supply of fuel, may be made subsidiary to the proper cultivation of these tracts, by enabling them at the same time to obtain the earths that are indispensable for mixing and covering over the surface of the bog.

Nor can we agree with those philanthropists and political economists, who consider the easy rate at which animal existence may be supported

in Ireland as the leading curse of the country.

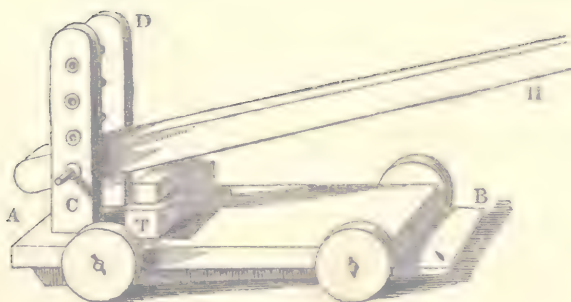
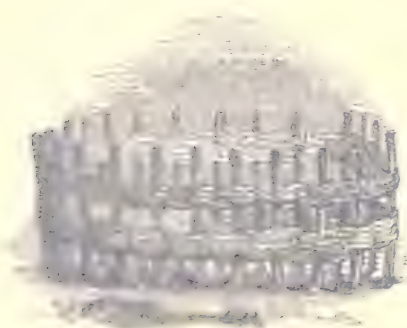
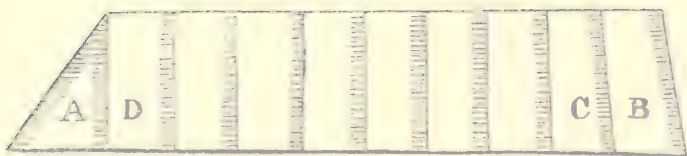
The habit of endurance, which the Irish peasant possesses in an eminent degree, suits him peculiarly for the great unoccupied but profitable field of employment of Ireland, to avail himself of which, however, is an arduous task, requiring the exercise of his enduring powers at the commencement of his enterprise. Were he accustomed to a higher rate of human enjoyment, he would be unfit for this undertaking, and must either starve, or be extensively maintained at the cost of his labouring neighbours, as there appears no other alternative for getting immediate employment. Still his habit of endurance does not incapacitate him for enjoying, or striving after, a higher scale of human comforts as his condition gradually improves. And improve it must under any enlightened or fostering system, which the higher classes in his country have the power to introduce for his benefit, in a variety of ways, proportioned to their respective circumstances. We might quote many corroborative examples of management in different parts of the country to prove this position—showing the poor man's progress, from his wretched first year's settlement on a barren heath, to his condition as a snug farmer, enjoying all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. Yet this result could not have been produced had the previous habits of the people unfitted them for undergoing early difficulties. The general circumstances of the proprietors would not allow them to incur any outlay req-

uisite to establish what would be considered comfortable settlements at the outset, or to maintain the settlers' families in comfort during the first years of enterprise.<sup>6</sup>

The general opinion as to the origin of bogs—a subject much and continually discussed—is that they are not “primitive or original masses of earth,” but accumulations of vegetable matter, “which has undergone a peculiar change, under a degree of temperature not sufficiently great to decompose the plants that have sprung upon the surface.” The theory is supported by the fact, that in nearly all bogs are found the remains of huge forests, trees of numerous varieties, some of them so entire and perfect as to be very useful for the purposes of the builder. Happily for the poor of Ireland, their proximity to bogs composed of the spongy substance which, during eight months of the year, is saturated with water, is not attended with the injurious results that affect persons located on the margins of morasses, formed by the decomposition of aquatic vegetables; and which, in all climates, are more or less (according to the degree in which they are influenced by heat) unfavourable to health. A lake or swamp, abounding in rank vegetation, emits a gaseous effluvium, which is extremely noxious, and invariably occasions agues and other maladies, at the seasons when the decomposition and fermentation of the plants take place. Now, the property of peat is of a contrary nature; it is highly antiseptic, and so corrective of putrefaction that

animal and vegetable remains, after reposing for many ages in the depths of these bogs, have been dug out in a high state of preservation. The skeletons of moose-deer are remarkable evidences of this, and human bodies have been found perfect, imbedded in peat; oak and fir-trees are frequently taken up from the layer of earth, upon which they fell countless centuries ago, when the peat formation first commenced around them, in a perfectly sound state. Indeed peat is obviously a mass of inert, undissolved vegetable matter; it is a contexture of the inert and solid fibres of plants, so antiputrescent of itself (even with the combined influences of atmospheric moisture and heat acting upon it), as to require the action of fire, or the caustic influences of lime, to dissolve it.

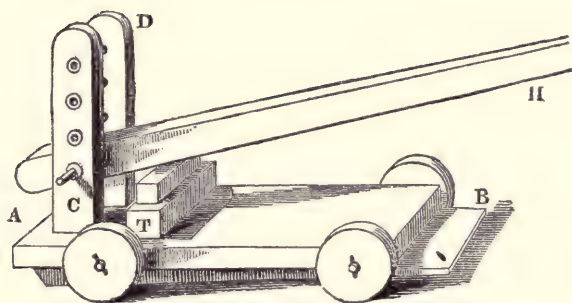
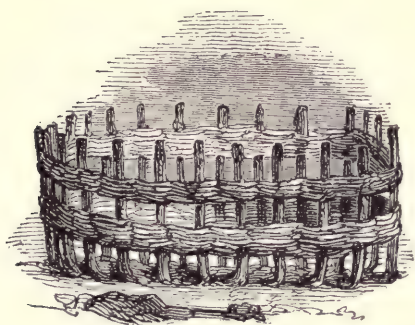
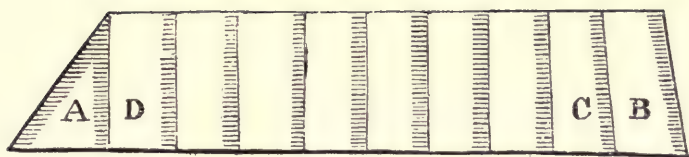
Our observations do not go the length of asserting that there is nothing of an unwholesome nature in a bog locality; for the moisture under foot, and around, is in itself prejudicial; but that there are no noxious miasmata generated by peat, such as are produced by heat and moisture operating upon swamps of another character, and in the vicinity of lakes fringed with the rank plants which water of itself tends to generate. The relieving of the earth from pent-up and all superfluous moisture, tends powerfully to improve the physical condition of its inhabitants, and the people of Ireland have unquestionably derived great benefit from the progress made within thirty years in draining. Not one case of ague now occurs for twenty



Turf Cutting Implements  
Reproduced from an Original Drawing

[illegible]

Our observations do not go the length of asserting that there is nothing of an *exotic* nature in a bog locality; for the soil, on the foot, and around, is in itself pregnant with the fact that there are no native minerals produced by heat, such as are produced by heat and structure operating upon principles of another character, and in the vicinity of lakes fringed with the rank plants which water of itself tends to generate. The relieving of the earth from pent-up and all superfluous moisture, tends powerfully to improve the physical condition of its inhabitants, and the people of Ireland have unquestionably derived great benefit from the progress made within thirty years in draining. Not one case of ague has arisen for twenty





formerly, and every year the Irish agriculturist advances in this essential branch of agriculture.

The draining and reclaiming of bogs is a branch of the subject far too extensive to be sufficiently entered upon here.<sup>7</sup> Several able engineers have given their deliberate opinion, that "any kind of bog is capable of being converted into soil fit for the support of plants of every description." But experience has, at least, shown that great caution is required in commencing bog improvements on a large scale, and under the unfavourable circumstances of flatness and great depth of inert, fibrous matter, such as that which especially constitutes the red peat. Enterprises of this kind should, above all others, be neither hastily undertaken nor capriciously abandoned. They require much caution and consideration in the conductors. The methods to be pursued are as various as the qualities and depths of the bogs. Still two maxims are imperative. First, perfect drainage is indispensable; secondly, a copious covering of clay, not less than three or four inches in depth, is as necessary in the cultivation of bog. We cannot apologise for the extent to which we have carried our remarks upon this subject—the most important, perhaps, that can be considered in reference to Ireland.<sup>8</sup>

It was upon a "bit" of the bog of Allen that an interesting incident occurred to us;—a relation of-it may relieve the heaviness of the preceding pages, and, at the same time, introduce our readers to a new Irish character—a char-

acter, indeed, we believe peculiar to Ireland. They cannot be familiar with the term "pishogue." Now a "pishogue" is a wise saw, a rural incantation, a charm, a sign, a cabalistic word, a something mysterious, signifying a great deal in a little; every village or "town land" has some sibylline dealer in pishogues—some creature like this—keen of eye, hard-featured, concentrated, half believing in the credulity she excites; having a wheel, which she seldom turns, except when the priest (who watches her closely) passes her dwelling—for she knows the value of appearances, and must seem to live by something—and a black green-eyed cat, because cats black and green-eyed are held in superstitious dread by the peasantry. She dwelt in a turf hut near the royal canal.

Nothing could exceed in misery the appearance of her hovel; it was raised something in the form of a cone, and her goat browsed as frequently on the grass and wild flowers that sprang from its roof, as on the herbage by which it was surrounded. A deep trench encircled this turf edifice on all sides, and a narrow log of bog oak was laid across it, opposite the door, which enabled Poll's visitors to pass and repass, as she said, "with all the comfort and ease in life;" the interior consisted of one room, and when it was not so full of smoke that a stranger could neither see nor breathe, it was by no means so entirely miserable as the exterior would lead one to suppose; it was warm and dry, for though the rain could enter in one or two places, it could also

run out quite as quickly as it came in; and Poll had not only a bed, and plenty of stools and "bosses," but a glass window, and a cupboard containing, besides crockery, one or two decided looking green bottles, which Poll assured us contained "only a sup of eye-water, a wash for the hives, and a cure (God bless it) for the chin-cough." We observed that they smelt of whiskey, and Poll immediately replied, "Hard for 'em to help it, when the sperits is the foundation of every cure—her-rbs, dear! sent by the grace of God, which I gothers fasting under the bames of the full moon and steeps—Oh, nothing else, only all according to knowledge." Poll's company was as mingled as it was possible to imagine; the "fly-boat" dropped many a country passenger within sight of her hut, and the horses were glad to linger in the neighbourhood, where their drivers expected some passenger going a few miles onward after holding consultation with the sibyl of the bog of Allen. Various tales are told of her powers of divination, and of the quantity of her "pishogues." "I went to her myself, once," said a tall, stout fellow, who had passed the early period of man's life; "I went to her before ever I had sot eyes on the woman there, just to have an idea of the sort of wife I was likely to get, and she towld me to go back to where I come from, and wait till May eve, owld style, and put my right garther round my left knee, and my left garther round my right, and tie my thumbs in a cross with a bit of peeled rowan-tree, and go to the church abbey-

yard, and take up the third *shilla-ca-pooka* (snail) I met under an ivy leaf, and bring it home, and put it betwixt two plates, and leave the twist of the rowan-tree on the top of the plate, and then lift up the plate on May morning before sunrise, and whatever was written on the plate would be the two letters of my wife's name. Well, I owned to her, as I do to you now, that I was no scholar, and though I could read print, I was no hand at running hand at all, and that is what the snails take pride in. 'Och, you're but a fool,' she says—Poll never had manners—'take it to Billy Vourney the schoolmaster,' she says, 'and he'll read it for you,' she says; and I did! and as thrue as gospel, if he didn't say the letters war G V, plain as the May-bush; and they war the two first letters of his third daughter's name, Gracey Vourney; and afther a while she was my wife sure enough, for there she is, honest woman, and all through Poll the Pishogues' snail, as a body may say." Poll has what she calls a "murrain-stone," which she is ready to swear is the "owld ancient one" that the "Markiss," meaning the Marquis of Waterford, "purtends is in his own grate house, but which is only like a fairy musheroon to a rale one." This murrain-stone she hires out; it is placed in a stream—if running from east to west, so much the better, but in a running stream it must be—and the afflicted cattle are made to pass nine times over it, when, if they are not cured, they are believed incurable. Of course she was perfect mistress of the art of cup-toss-

ing, and all who desired to have their fortunes told by that process brought, not only Poll's usual fee, but the "grain of tea" to form the symbols of their destiny. At "cutting the cards" she was unrivalled; but it was only for particular favourites she would undo "the wise-pack," that she kept tied with three red hairs of exceeding length. Dealer, as she undoubtedly was, in pishogues, she would have nothing to do with "the black art" beyond the sowing of hemp-seed, or placing a shirt to air at the fire, in the devil's name, upon All-Hallow-eve, which shirt would most certainly be turned by the lover's *fetch* precisely as the clock struck twelve. There was a story afloat on the bog, that for selling love-powders the priest gave Poll a penance, that would be ended only with her life. Some said it was one thing, some another, but all agreed that she was never to lay her side on a bed for sleep as long as she lived; and this seemed probable even to the wiser portion of the community, for by night as well as by day, enter the hut when you would, Poll was always discovered seated as you have seen—on a low stool, with her wheel ready for action, and her cat as grave as a chancery judge, while her keen restless eyes looked always bright and hard as Irish diamonds. Children were brought to her, and she would bathe their eyes and cross their foreheads with a liquid charm, fasten slips of witch-hazel round their necks, and send their parents away rejoicing that now, though the "evil eye" might rest upon them, it could do them no harm.

Young women about to become mothers would apply "for something to keep the good people out of the place for the first nine days." Maidens would purchase her May-dew in preference to any they could gather themselves; and men going journeys would buy of her "their luck"—a defence against the powers of air, fire, water, and the devil's books," till their return. As in the case of the "farming-man," who was directed to Billy Vourney the school-master, as one able and willing to read the snail's prophecy, Poll had applications from many who had marriageable daughters to send any "likely boy" to their house; for matrimonial speculations are by no means confined to the upper classes; and Poll was match-maker-general to the whole district. She was also greatly read in moles and marks—knew that a mole "above the breath" betokened a soft tongue and a winning way—that one under the left ear was an unfailing sign that its owner must be hanged—that "marks" were often "devil's crosses, angels' losses"—that a baby born with a tooth would be a "bitter bite"—that to meet a red-haired woman in the morning betokened an ill journey—that of magpies, to see "one was for sorrow, two for luck, three for a wedding, and four for death"—that the blood of a black cat's tail laid on a wound with a raven's feather will heal on the instant—that the milk of a white cow, milked by a maiden's hand, will cure the heart-ache—that nine hairs plucked from the tail of a wild colt, and bound on the ninth day after the

birth, round an infant's ankle, will make him swift and sure of foot—that the green peel which is under the first rind of the elder-tree, wound across the forehead while sundry prayers are said, will bestow the power, as long as the peel is green, of seeing into futurity. Of the mystery of “the dead hand” Poll declared she knew nothing; but those who observed, said her colour changed when the fearful incantation was mentioned. “Poll the Pishogue” was, among a people so erratic as the Irish, a great stay-at-home—nothing could induce her to make her appearance at wake, fair, or funeral, christening or marriage.

A pretty, though pale, young woman came in while we were talking to Poll, whom we had found very communicative, and pleased at the attention she excited. The new visitor had a little baby in her arms.

“Well, Essy, bawn, is there anything that ails the grawleen! the dawshy was a woman!” continued Poll, talking the usual nonsense to the baby, which the young mother interrupted with, “It’s a boy, Poll; little Barney, God bless it.” “Amen,” said the woman, “and sit down till the quality’s gone.” We said we would rather wait until Essy had done her mission, and thanking us, she answered, “that indeed she’d be wanted at home sure enough, for the other two craythurs war by themselves, as the father was out clamping turf.” The mother looked like a girl of seventeen; her tattered dress was ill concealed by a threadbare cloak,<sup>9</sup> and yet she laid

in Poll's bony hand the fee of a few halfpence before she told her grievance. "It's what ails the jewel?" she began; "I can't find it out—ye know the horse-shoe is to the door, and there was lashings of salt about the place till after his reverence made a Christian of my babby." "Well," answered Poll, "that's all right enough, and ye kept it away from the shop doctors!" She meant, away from the dispensary, which of course she detested; and as this was her favourite theme, she would have been eloquent upon it, but that the young woman interrupted her:—

"Oh, then, what will I do with it at all, Poll? do look at it, the core of my heart! my jewel! it's father's darling—my own blessing—sure here's the gospel round his neck, and yet the flesh is wasting off his bones; and the strength leaves my heart when I look at him, my own joy"—and she stooped and kissed its pale lips, while tears ran down her cheeks.

Poll took the infant's tiny hands in hers, and looked keenly at it. "It's your *own* babby, Essy; I can tell ye that; there's no change over it."

"Oh, Poll, I knew that myself, my heart's as tender over the babby now as the first minute I heard its voice, and I won't believe it could be so if any real change was in it; but I'm sure there is something *not right* over my boy; and sure you'll strive and do something for me, and me in the height of trouble, and I your near relation besides."

"Then why do you take her money?" we inquired of the woman.

"Oh," answered the young mother with the most winning simplicity, "she can't help it, ma'am—she's under a promise to do nothing for nothing; there would be no good in what she gave if it was for nothing." All this time the hag was fidgeting among her bottles and mumbling over some words—"Has nothing gone wrong with you, Essy?" she inquired at last.

"Poverty," we said before the young woman had time to reply; for the crone's avarice had angered us—"Poverty seems to have gone wrong with her."

"Not it," she answered tartly—"Not it, it goes right enough, and fast enough; but I tell nothing except according to knowledge, and every one knows poor Poll hasn't a halfpenny in the world, barring the bit of copper given for her art, and a cut or two of flax that she spins betimes; but, Essy, has anything gone wrong with you at home?"

"Nothing, glory be to God, barring the child's flesh wasting off its bones, and not seeing how or why it goes. Mick has no regular work these two months, and if we want a second meal of potatoes we're forced to split one into two—but that's not being worse off than our neighbours."

"Have ye seen nothing?"

"Sorra a thing—barring that the ould cat died wanting the sup of milk—but not in the house."

"Nor heard nothing?"

"No, only the bating of my own heart, and the way Mick sobs in his sleep, ever since he's been out of regular work."

"If you chanced to put on your stocking wrong-side-out, you didn't put it right?" she again inquired, looking particularly wise.

"Ye may be sure of that, Poll, honey, for sorra a stocking I have."

"Well," continued the crone, "it's hard telling, even according to knowledge; for the thing that mightn't strike you, would be the thing that did the har-rum."

"You've not been thrying any strangeness with him?"

"Sorra a bit, Poll, only my aunt told me to bite his nails close 'till he was a year old, for if I cut them he'd be *light-fingered*; the Lord forbid—"

"I thought every fool knew that," muttered Poll—"I've something here will strengthen him," she added,—“have ye a bottle?”

"Oh, never a one, nor a farthing in the wide world to buy it—maybe ye'd lend me one, Poll dear?"

"Maybe a dry char-rum would work as well," said the witch.

"Sure it's not doubting my honesty for a bit of glass you'd be?" replied the young woman, fixing her fine eyes steadfastly upon the crone, and moving as if to leave the hut.

"How touchy ye are!" exclaimed the sibyl—"see how your babby will work on—"

The poor mother looked at her child.

"I wasn't touchy, Poll; but you know I'd return anything you'd lend me; I can't pay as I would if poor Mick had constant work; I *did* pay you then. When the pig took the meazles and died—"

"You came too late," ejaculated the "wise" woman.

"I'm not offering it against you," said the mother, pressing her infant to a bosom, whence the sickliness of half-starvation had stolen nature's provision from her offspring; "only don't be hard upon me, and I'll make it up to you if the Almighty turns his silver cloud to us once more."

It would be impossible to convey an idea, in a printed book, of the tender and imploring tone of that young mother while she spoke those words—unwilling to believe that her baby was starving, and catching at the magic of a charm, rather than yielding to the harrowing truth, that she was no longer able to sustain its little life and her own. We saw the "play played out;" Poll lent a bottle—that is to say, something better than the half of an old blacking jar—with directions to cross its breast with the liquid it contained every evening while the sun was setting. We believe she was absolutely shamed into this generosity. We accompanied the young mother until she struck off across the bog, and left her with a much lighter spirit than we found her. It is very easy to cheer an Irish heart—it is susceptible of the least kindness; and if it be so unstable as to bear out the similitude

applied to it, of "a reed shaken by the wind," it is also a reed capable of being tuned to the most sweet and happy music.

Those who visit the county of Kildare in search of the picturesque, will do wisely to pursue the course of the Liffey; indeed it would be almost criminal to have sojourned in Dublin without examining Leixlip—one of the most beautiful "bits of scenery" in the kingdom, and within a distance of ten miles from the metropolis. The village is neat and pretty; but the leading object of attraction is the Salmon Leap, about half a mile from the road.

After passing along two or three green fields, through which a footway has been generously made, the roar of the waterfall greets the ear, and through some skilfully-formed breaks among the foliage that skirts the river, occasional glimpses of it are caught. The cataract is of great width, and very picturesque in character; the waters glide onwards in a smooth but rapid current, and dash down the rocky steep—a mass of spray and foam. The whole neighbourhood is beautiful; the river is lined with graceful trees, from its borders up the slopes of hills that ascend from either side.<sup>10</sup>

In this neighbourhood, and on the road to Maynooth, we pass several ruins of the olden time; relics of the former power of the Kildare branch of the Geraldines. The Castle of Maynooth was for a very long period their chief seat, the stronghold from whence they hurled defiance

at the enemies by whom they were, at all periods, more or less threatened.<sup>11</sup>

Maynooth consists of one long and broad street; the dwellings, of a class between houses and cabins, at either side, having an air of exceeding discomfort. The "hotel" is a long, rambling building, the rooms of which remind one of the "hose" in the "sixth stage"—"a world too wide," and seem utterly unused to the intrusion of guests. At one end of the town is the entrance to Carton, the seat of "Ireland's only Duke;" at the other, are the ruins of the ancient castle, the famous stronghold of the Earls of Kildare, and the "Royal College of St. Patrick." The college is a peculiarly ungainly and ungraceful structure; it appears to have been originally a mansion of moderate size, to which additions have been made from time to time, and where elegance and uniformity have been sacrificed to convenience.

The college was founded in the year 1795. Previously, youths intended for the Roman Catholic Church were compelled to enter foreign universities, and to graduate there—having received the rudiments of learning, how and where they could, in their own country.<sup>12</sup> Towards the close of the eighteenth century, however, the war with the Continent, in which Great Britain was engaged, rendered the transmission of students dangerous as well as difficult; and, the more liberal spirit of the age favouring the project, application was made to the Irish Parlia-

ment, by several leading members of the Roman Catholic Church, for leave to establish a college, under charter, for their education at home. Permission was granted, and with it a vote of money to aid in providing suitable premises; the act for its incorporation receiving the royal assent on the 5th of June, 1795.<sup>13</sup> The site was not fortunately chosen: it was selected chiefly in consequence of the offer of the then Duke of Leinster, to grant, upon a lease of lives renewable for ever, fifty-four acres of land at the annual rent of seventy-two pounds; but the prospect of his Grace's "patronage" had, no doubt, considerable weight; for the land is not "a bargain." The house which originally stood there had to be purchased, and to be added to, from time to time, until the cost has amounted to perhaps £40,000. The neighbourhood is by no means healthy; and the distance from any city or town, by effectually preventing the occasional mingling of the students with society, is (as we shall presently strive to show) an evil against which no advantage could have been a sufficient set-off.

In the October following, the college was opened for the reception of fifty students—the Rev. Dr. Hussey (through whose exertions, chiefly, the object was attained) being appointed the first president. Since that period, candidates for orders in the Roman Catholic Church have been educated chiefly at Maynooth; but there are other colleges from which they have also been ordained—at Kilkenny, Carlow, Tuam, Wexford, and Waterford; and many youths,

the sons of persons of comparatively higher stations, continue to graduate at Continental universities.<sup>14</sup>

The ostensible object of the foundation of Maynooth College, on the part of those who acquired, and those who accorded, the privilege—for as such it was received and acknowledged—was to avert, by home-education, the evils likely to arise to Great Britain from committing the charge of instructing teachers of a large portion of British subjects to foreign enemies of the state. Thus, on the one side ancient prejudices were abandoned, apprehensions were lulled, suspicion was relinquished, and public money to advance the project was granted. As a set-off against these sacrifices, it was expected, and very reasonably, that the Roman Catholic clergymen, placed beyond the reach of influence prejudicial to these kingdoms, and grateful for that which, if it was a Right, was also a Boon, (for there was power to withhold, and none to obtain it,) would become, with their flocks, more attached to British government, more eager to advance British interests, and, more entirely and emphatically, of the British people.<sup>15</sup>

This most desirable object has not been achieved. On the contrary, the race of young men who leave Maynooth to discharge their parochial duties throughout Ireland are more hostile to the British Government, than were the priests of the old school who received their education in France, Italy, and Spain. Before the Union, and indeed for some years after it,

the parish priest was, generally, a well-informed and frequently an accomplished gentleman; abroad, he had enjoyed opportunities of cultivating intellectual and refined society, from which, at home, he would have been excluded; abroad, his humble birth, and paucity of means, had been no barriers against his introduction among classes which, at home, would have rejected him; abroad, instead of his observations and experience being limited to grades either on a par with or below him, his position and purpose elevated him to higher ranks, in whose habits of thinking and acting he, therefore, gradually and naturally partook; and on his return to discharge his sacred duties in his own country, he almost invariably brought with him a knowledge of the world, some acquaintance with all "universal" topics, a polished demeanour, a relish for "good" society, an improved taste, and an appreciation of the refinements and delicacies of life.<sup>16</sup> The consequence followed: he was often the friend, and usually the associate of his wealthy Protestant neighbours, at whose houses it was a very common occurrence to place a knife and fork every day for the priest. We have personally known many such as we describe—benevolent, courteous, and charitable gentlemen, whose society was an acquisition, whose counsel was frequently useful, and whose efforts were constantly exerted to maintain, for the advantage of both, the relations between the landlord and the tenant. The Maynooth priest is of another stamp; generally,

we may, perhaps, say almost invariably, he is of very humble birth and connexions; his school-fees and college-course are liquidated by contributions among his relatives; being, at his outset, utterly ignorant of society of a better order than his native village supplies, and having, as matter of course, contracted the habits of those among whom his boyhood was passed; reading, not to enlarge his mind, but to confirm his narrow views of mankind—he enters the college, where he mixes, exclusively, with persons under precisely similar circumstances. Here, it is not unreasonable to believe, all that is objectionable in his previous habits and education will be strengthened rather than removed; his intercourse with his fellow-men is limited entirely to residents within the walls of his college; his studies extend no farther than to the books authorised by his church;<sup>17</sup> and during the annual recess (if, indeed, he avail himself of it), he returns to the locality from which he came, having seen no more of the great world and the vast varieties of character that people it, than he had encountered between his native village and the college gates. The evil working of such a system must be obvious to all. Its effect is, inevitably, to contract the mind, to impede the current of human sympathy, to chill the sources of charity, to stimulate intolerance, to nourish ignorance and self-sufficiency, and to confirm, if not to produce, bigotry. That there are many honourable exceptions to this rule is certain, but it holds good far too extensively,

and would apply with equal strength, to the members of any other religion so educated.<sup>18</sup> Under such circumstances, then, the student is sent from his college to his parish; his profession has placed him in the station of a gentleman, but he is seldom able to advance any other claim to the distinction; and this is too generally considered an insufficient one by his Protestant neighbours, and even by the more aristocratic members of his own flock. No opportunities have been affording him of cultivating the thoughts and habits essential to obtain a place in general society; his education has added to, rather than lessened, his disqualifications; it follows, as matter of course, that his sympathies, as well as his interests, are all with the lower classes—and he labours to mould them to his own views, and for his own purposes. He is employed, wherever and whenever occasion offers or is found, in describing the policy of England towards Ireland to be cruel, exacting, and oppressive; to be in the nineteenth, precisely the same as it was in the sixteenth century. The Protestant and the oppressor, the Englishman and the enemy of Ireland, are, according to his interpretation, synonymous terms; and thus he succeeds in keeping alive that system of agitation which—like the perpetual motion of a whirlpool—permits nothing to settle within reach of its influence. The assumption of a moderate and generous tone regarding Ireland is treated as a heinous offence, and excites more bitterness and hostility than do the most ultra

and intolerant principles; for unless moderation and generosity are made to appear "hypocrisy," the trade of the agitator would fail. The attempt to steer a middle course between parties too frequently engenders hatred, and is met by abuse.<sup>19</sup>

And are these evils incapable of remedy? Our remarks would be worse than idle, if unaccompanied by a suggestion for their removal.

It is this:—

To augment, considerably and sufficiently, the Parliamentary grant to Maynooth College; and to grant sums, in proportion, to the other seminaries in Ireland, for the education of youths intended for the Roman Catholic Church:—

But accompanied by such provisions as shall secure the attainment of a liberal education; and place the college really, and not nominally, under the superintendence and control of a power responsible, not alone to the heads of the Roman Catholic Church, but to the nation.

The evils upon which we have dwelt, can be remedied only by elevating the student in the scale of society; by educating him, not only in scholastic lore, but in decorous habits, in generous sentiments, and in universal principles. In this age, the enlightened of all sects and classes will recognise no disqualification on the ground of religion alone; but if religion be made the basis of contracted views, selfish prejudices, and opinions adverse to the general good, it is only just and right that it should be considered to disqualify. Let us look forward, with confiding

hope, to a time—and aid in bringing it near to our own generation—when the Protestant and the Catholic shall be no more ready to make ground for private quarrel of the mode in which God is to be worshipped, than of the theory—about which men dispute without bitterness, and concerning which they differ without hatred—whether the sun is an iceberg or a ball of fire.

Seclusion and separation (wise and necessary, and, indeed, indispensable to a certain extent), in order to prepare candidates for the sacerdotal office, have been the chief objects at which the conductors of Maynooth have aimed; but they have always professed their desire to combine with these, opportunities for the attainment of a large and liberal education. It is obvious that such an education may be proffered in name and withheld in reality, so long as the attainment of a degree *in arts* is not a necessary preliminary for those who are supposed to have completed their education. Dublin College sends out no students who have not proved their qualifications in Dublin University; and Maynooth ought, also, to give proof that an enlightened education has been given within its walls, by offering its pupils to such public examinations as are instituted at the Irish University.<sup>20</sup>

Whether the state was or was not justified in granting money for the propagation of a faith hostile to its “Established Religion,” is not now the question. The principle that it ought to do so, has been acknowledged and acted upon; to withdraw the parliamentary grant would be not

only useless, but mischievous, and manifestly unjust; the inevitable effect of so impolitic a step being to scatter among the Irish Roman Catholics, teachers more ignorant, and less charitable, than the existing race; with additional motives for hating the domination of England; and armed with stronger, and not unreasonable, arguments for their hatred. The annual discussion of this subject in the House of Commons is, therefore, greatly to be deplored; it can do no possible good, and is always taken the advantage of to increase the animosity of the people against their rulers; while, in some degree, it confers upon the vain, vexatious, and irritating proceedings of private and irresponsible bodies, the dignity and solemnity of national sanction. Of the impolicy of the withdrawal there can be no question; the injustice is, we think, equally clear, for it is opposed to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the contract entered into by England with Ireland at the Union, when the grant was acknowledged, and after which it was continued.

The project of state-payment to the Roman Catholic clergy has been revived by the publication of a pamphlet by Lord Alvanley—to the circulation of which "*The Times*" lent its mighty aid, reprinting it entire in its columns—and the several answers to which it has given rise: among others, one by Lord Roden is entitled to great respect, not alone because of his liberal and enlightened views, but because he may be considered as representing the opinions of a very large class of Protestants who, so far from de-

siring a return to the old principle of exclusion, are not only willing but anxious to "let bygones be bygones," and to meet their fellow-subjects of an opposite faith, in the generous and charitable spirit of pure Christianity. We say, without hesitation, that this "feeling" has largely increased among Protestants in Ireland of late years, and that, if its spread among Roman Catholics had been extensive in proportion, we should be now on the eve of terminating those unhappy differences and dissensions, the prevalence of which is inevitably to compel Ireland to advance at a snail's pace, while other countries are progressing with giant strides, towards improvement. We have had frequent opportunities of consulting persons, of all sects, grades, and opinions, upon this important subject; our inquiries have led to the conviction, that the project is surrounded with difficulties insurmountable; but that, if they could be overcome, the results would undoubtedly be, in a few years, very beneficial to the country. The fact cannot be concealed, that no change for the better, to any large extent, will be effected in the character and condition of the Irish peasantry without the consent and co-operation of the Irish priests; for, although their influence is not so universal or so despotic as it has been, and the connexion between the priest and his flock is surely, though gradually, becoming more rational, their power over the people, whether for good or evil, is still immense.<sup>21</sup> The purpose of a state-payment would be, unquestionably, to diminish this power,

or rather to confine it within natural and reasonable bounds; and, at the same time, to attach to the state the parties who receive it. Other, but minor, objects are contemplated—to remove the cause of complaint arising from the payment of two churches; and to prevent the humiliation, incident upon gathering the means of subsistence in a manner highly derogatory, if not degrading.

But the old story may be applied to this project: of the twenty-one reasons assigned by the burghers of some town for not firing a salute upon the arrival of majesty under its walls, the first was that “they had no powder.” The Roman Catholic priests will not receive the state-payment; it would be utterly impossible for the state to remunerate them, in their several grades, by sums commensurate with those which they at present receive; and it is reckoning without a host to calculate upon their relinquishing incomes as well as power; or rather upon their consigning both into the hands of the regular clergy, whom, of course, it could never be in contemplation to pay, and who are already so numerous and so influential as to be regarded with considerable distrust and jealousy by the secular clergy.<sup>22</sup> We humbly think, therefore, that to canvass this subject is vain and evil—vain, because of the utter impracticability of rendering the project substantial; and evil, because it averts public attention from beneficial objects that are tangible and may be accomplished.

There is, then, we conceive, but one way to

remedy the evils which confessedly exist in Ireland, from the hostility of the Roman Catholic priesthood generally, to the united government of Great Britain and Ireland; to remove the line of demarcation that divides, in social life, the Protestant from the Roman Catholic, completely separating the two interests of landlord and tenant, which must coexist to be truly serviceable to either, and encouraging mutual hatred, intolerance, and bigotry.

And this we believe is to be done, and to be done only, by such arrangements for the education of the Roman Catholic clergy as shall make the teachers of the people liberal, enlightened, and charitable men. At least the attempt should be made; the risk is trifling, the gain may be immense. It is possible—we believe it to be probable—that to give the means of obtaining a sound and enlarged education would be to invite a better class of men into the priesthood, and that the invitation would be extensively accepted. This, of itself, would be not only a prodigious good, and yield an ample return to the nation, but it would contribute, somewhat, to deprive hostility of its plea; and go far, and at small cost, to separate the great bulk of the Protestant people from the few unwise, unchristian, and intolerant sectarians, who can see nothing in “Popery” but what is wholly and altogether bad—“disloyal,” “democratic,” “idolatrous,” and “impious.”

The question, then, most worthy of consideration is, whether an augmentation of the grant,

under certain arrangements, would remove or lessen the existing evils. We think it would; and the present time is peculiarly favourable for the experiment. It is understood that a direct application has been made to Government by the principal Roman Catholic prelates of Ireland—headed by Dr. Crolly the Primate, and Dr. Murray the Archbishop of Dublin, both liberal and enlightened gentlemen—"that the parliamentary grant for the education of the Roman Catholic priesthood should be doubled, or as much farther increased as might be considered practicable; as the sum at present allotted for that object was altogether inadequate." That it is inadequate is unquestionable: the professors are remunerated by salaries scarcely enough to repay the labours of a stonemason; and the resources of the college are insufficient to protect the students from the reality as well as the aspect of poverty—a sure debaser of the mind; the early endurance of which often leaves a moral attainder upon a whole life.

Let no one consider our remarks upon this all-important subject out of place. To have written a book concerning Ireland, and to have passed over the source in which so vast a portion of its prosperity or misery must originate, would have been an omission for which we could have urged no satisfactory excuse. We confess, however, that we have been induced to enlarge upon our first design, in consequence of public attention having been of late directed to the matter by "various hands," and by the following sugges-

tion of a leading and most influential journalist:—

“It will be difficult, perhaps, for Irishmen who possess the experience and the judgment requisite to give value to their opinion, to assist more materially the present Government for the benefit of their country, than by contributing to the common stock of information upon these questions.”

## DUBLIN

There are few cities in the world, and, perhaps, none in Great Britain, so auspiciously situated as the city of Dublin. The ocean rolls its waves within ten miles of the quays; the bay is at once safe, commodious, and magnificent, with every variety of coast, from the soft beach of sand to the rough sea promontory, from the undulating slope to the terrific rock; and several lighthouses guide the vessels into harbour. On one side is the rich pasture-land of Meath; on the other the mountains and valleys of Wicklow. A noble river flows through it. Breezes from the ocean and the hills both contribute to keep it healthy. Scenery of surpassing beauty is within an hour's walk of its crowded streets. But no description of Dublin can so aptly and pithily characterise it as the few quaint lines of old Stanihurst, who says, in tracing its origin to the sea-king Avellanus, and giving him credit for wisdom in selecting so advantageous a site—  
“The seat of this city is of all sides pleasant, comfortable, and wholesome: if you would traverse hills, they are not far off; if champaign ground, it lieth of all parts; if you be delighted with fresh water, the famous river called the Liffey runneth fast by; if you will take a view of the sea, it is at hand.” The subject is one of

great magnitude and importance, yet there is an absolute necessity for its treatment within very limited space. We must, indeed, content ourselves with a mere enumeration of the many interesting objects to be encountered in the city; referring the reader who designs to visit, or who requires larger information concerning it, to a faithful and excellent "Guide to the Irish Metropolis;" or to an admirable "History of Dublin," by the Rev. Dr. Walsh, to which we shall have occasion to make frequent reference.<sup>23</sup>

What a glorious impression of Ireland is conveyed to the eye and mind upon approaching the noble and beautiful bay of Dublin! It is, indeed, inexpressibly lovely; and on entering it after a weary voyage, the heart bounds with enthusiasm at the sight of its capacious bosom, enclosed by huge rocks, encompassed in turn by high and picturesque mountains. To the south, varied into innumerable forms, are the "Wicklow Hills;" but nearer, rising, as it were, out of the surface of old Ocean, is the ever-green island of Dalkey. To the north, a bolder coast is commenced by the "Hill of Howth," on a leading pinnacle of which stands the most picturesque of the Irish beacons; at the other side of the promontory is seen a village, with another lighthouse, a martello tower, an ancient abbey, and a calm though now deserted harbour—for so long a period the landing-place upon Irish ground.<sup>24</sup>

And if the tourist will "step ashore" at Howth, he may, before he is half an hour in Ire-





land, visit some of the most striking and interesting objects in the country—a ruined church, a very ancient castle, some druidic remains, a village, dignified with the name of “town,” essentially Irish, in its half-desolate character; and, standing beside the wall that surrounds the Bailey lighthouse, he may gaze over the wide ocean, or looking to the right, admire the beautiful scenery that borders Dublin Bay; and on the left, the famous little island called “Ireland’s Eye;” beyond it the renowned isle of Lambay, and, some forty miles north of the spot on which he stands, the clearly-defined and bold outlines of the Mourne mountains.<sup>25</sup> Let us first enter the ancient abbey of Howth; and postpone our progress up the Liffey awhile, to notice its romantic history, and that of its heroic founders, whose descendants still hold the lands they won with their swords; retaining for above six hundred years the property they acquired, “without increase or diminution”—and, observes Dr. Walsh, “we may also add, without improvement or alteration.” The abbey, or rather church—for of its monastic rank there are no authentic proofs—is dedicated to the Virgin, and is said to have been erected by the St. Lawrences early in the thirteenth century: here, from time to time, the mortal remains of the “bold barons” have been laid, and the aisles are crowded with relics that bear records of their prowess.<sup>26</sup> The church like many of the sacred edifices erected in “troubulous times,” was constructed for defence as well as for purposes of religion. It is

defended by a battlemented rampart, which on one side impends over the sea, and on the other over a deep fosse. Of the ancient "college" there are some remains—a hall, a kitchen, and a few cells; until lately they afforded shelter to several poor families. The ruins of another building—a small oratory dedicated to St. Fenton—exist a little to the west of the castle. The castle, for so many ages the residence of the noble family, retains but little of its original character. It has been altered at various periods, according to the wishes or wants of its proprietors, and with far more regard to convenience than to architectural skill and beauty.<sup>27</sup>

"Ireland's Eye" is a small island, about a mile from the northern shore of Howth; in the centre of which is the ruin of a church dedicated to St. Nessan. The church was very small, about twelve feet by twenty-four in the interior; the walls, composed of rough pebbles and fragments of flint, give evidence of the most remote antiquity. There are no traces of windows; and a great peculiarity in its structure is, that the porch and belltower are at the east end; this porch is vaulted—the arch (semicircular) is composed of squared blocks of that description of stone called calpe, which is said to be almost peculiar to the district of Dublin, and must have been brought from the mainland—the stones are regularly arranged and well cemented.<sup>28</sup>

We return to the Bay; and leaving to the left the pretty island of Dalkey, enter the channel, between two huge sandbanks, called, from the

perpetual roaring of the sea that rolls over them, "the Bulls," north and south. But the place of ordinary debarkation is Kingstown, formerly Dunleary, which received its modern name in honour of His Majesty George the Fourth, who took shipboard here on leaving Ireland in 1821. To commemorate the event of the king's visit, an obelisk was erected on the spot where he last stood, with an inscription setting forth the fact. The harbour of Kingstown is safe, commodious, and exceedingly picturesque.<sup>29</sup> From the quay at which the passengers land, the railway carriages start, and convey passengers a distance of seven miles, in about twenty minutes, to the terminus, within a few hundred yards of the centre of the city;<sup>30</sup> leaving to the right a long and narrow range of stone-work, known as the South Wall, which runs for above three miles into the sea, and nearly midway in which is an apology for a battery, called "the Pigeon-house,"—but keeping in sight all the way the opposite coast, speckled with villages, and beautifully varied by alternate hill and dale.

The stranger cannot fail to receive a most agreeable impression of Dublin, no matter in what part of it, out of the mere suburbs, he chances to be set down; for its principal streets and leading attractions lie within a comparatively narrow compass; and his attention is sure to be fixed upon some object worthy of observation—to be succeeded, almost immediately, by some other of equal note. If he arrive sea-ward he will have fully estimated the magnificence of the ap-

proach, which nature has formed, and which art has improved; and there is scarcely one of the roads that conduct to it, on which he will not have journeyed through beautiful scenery, and obtained a fine view of the city as he nears it. But we must place him, at once, nearly in its centre—upon Carlisle Bridge; perhaps from no single spot of the kingdom can the eye command so great a number of interesting points. He turns to the north, and looks along a noble street, Sackville Street; midway, is Nelson's Pillar, a fine Ionic column, surmounted by a statue of the hero; directly opposite to this is the Post-office, a modern structure built in pure taste; beyond is the Lying-in-Hospital and the Rotunda; and, ascending a steep hill, one of the many fine squares; to the south, he has within ken the far-famed Bank of Ireland, and the University; to the west, the Four Courts—the courts of law—and the several bridges; to the east, the Custom-house, a superb though a lonesome building, and the quays. Towering above all, and within his ken, wherever it is directed, are numerous steeples, of which no city, except the metropolis of England, can boast so many. In fact, nearly all the great attractions of Dublin may be seen from this single spot.

These public buildings we shall proceed to describe; but, as we have intimated, we must do so very briefly. And, first, the "College."

The Dublin University differs from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge in being limited to a single college. There are some ad-



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Sackville Street, Dublin  
Photographed from a Painting by T. Crispin

grounds, which *St. Peter's* has formed, and which art has improved. *St. Peter's* is situated at one of the roads that pass through it, on which he will not have journeyed through beautiful scenery, and obtained a fine view of the city as he reached it. But we cannot enter here, at once, mostly in its youth, *St. Peter's* *St. Peter's* *St. Peter's*; perhaps from no other spot in the Kingdom can the eye command so many interesting points. He turned to the north and looks along a noble street, *St. Peter's* *St. Peter's* *St. Peter's*, midway, is Nelson's Pillar, a fine monument, surmounted by a statue of the hero. Directly opposite to this is the Post-office, a fine structure built in pure taste; beyond *St. Peter's* *St. Peter's* *St. Peter's* and the Rotunda; and, ascending a steep hill, one of the many fine squares; to the south, he has within ken the far-famed Bank of Ireland, and the University; to the west, the Four Courts—the courts of law—and the several bridges; to the east, the Chamber-house, a superb though a business building, and the quays. Towering above all, and within his ken, wherever it is directed, are numerous steeples, of which no city, except the metropolis of England, can boast so many. In fact, nearly all the great attractions of Dublin may be seen from this single spot.

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Sackville Street, Dublin

Photogravure from a Painting by T. Creswick





vantages in having a University and a College co-extensive; but they are overbalanced by the consequent absence of emulation—as necessary to communities as to individuals—and by an obvious tendency, in such a state of things, to render the national resources of the University subservient to the private interests of the College. It is highly to the credit of the rulers of Trinity College, that they have strenuously exerted themselves to avert these evils: they have opened their educational course, their university degrees and their university honours, to pupils of all religious denominations; Roman Catholics and dissenters are only excluded from offices belonging to the collegiate corporation. Thus, while on the one hand the circumstances of the institution have tended to restrict the University, its rulers, on the other, have done everything which their charters would allow to render the College national.

The distinction between the University and the College is very rarely noticed; in common parlance they are confounded together, and hence many circumstances in the institution appear anomalous which might easily be explained, if reference were made to its twofold character. One of these, and the first that will strike an English visitor, is that residence is not enforced on the students. The collegiate establishment is not adequate to meet the wants of the University, and hence attendance on examinations is substituted for the keeping of terms. In this instance the University absorbs the College, and renders

it impossible to apply the rules of educational discipline which are strictly enforced in England. Residents are obliged to attend lectures, chapels, and commons; but the fines for non-attendance at chapel are remitted to dissenters and Roman Catholics; and the latter are excused from commons during Lent. Non-residents are only required to appear at the term examinations, of which there are three in the year. It may be taken as an average, that two-thirds of the students are non-resident; therefore, the amount of accommodation provided for students, appears singularly scanty to those accustomed to the colleges and halls of Cambridge and Oxford.

The College was founded by Elizabeth, A.D. 1591; its charter was confirmed and extended by James I., who conferred upon it the privilege of returning two members to the Irish parliament. Additional privileges were granted by Charles I., George IV., and Queen Victoria. To the present queen, the fellows are indebted for liberty to marry without being deprived of their fellowships, and the advantage taken of the boon sufficiently proves how earnestly it was desired. At the time of the Union, the College was restricted to the return of one member; among the changes made by the Reform Bill was the right of returning two members: but at the same time the elective franchise, previously limited to the corporation of the College, the fellows and scholars, was extended to all the members of the University who had graduated as Masters of Arts,

or taken any higher degrees. This was virtually a disfranchisement of the College, and a transfer of the right of voting to the University.

The front of the College faces Dame Street, and by its architectural beauty harmonizes with the magnificent structure formerly occupied by the Irish Parliament. On entering the quadrangle, a visitor is struck by the happy effect of the Chapel and Examination-hall, both of which were designed by Sir W. Chambers. Each has in front a fine colonnade of Corinthian pillars. The Chapel is not quite adequate to the accommodation of the students, and the effect of the interior is greatly injured by side-galleries supported by cast-iron pillars. But the Examination-hall more than compensates for the defects of the Chapel. Its principal ornament is a marble monument erected to the memory of Provost Baldwin, who at his death, in 1758, bequeathed a legacy of £80,000 to the University. The exterior of the Refectory does not attract or deserve much notice, but the Library is a noble building, faced with granite, and ornamented with a balustrade of singular beauty.<sup>31</sup>

Trinity College was honoured by the inspection of her Majesty and Prince Albert, on the occasion of the royal visit to Dublin in 1849. The august party were received by the provost and senior fellows, and conducted to the magnificent library, which excited their admiration, by its extent and excellent adaptation to the purpose to which it is applied. The queen and her amiable consort gratified the feelings of the stu-

dents, by inscribing their names in the books of the College previous to their departure.

The course of study in the Dublin University is three-fold, including classics, mathematical and physical science, and mental and moral science; every student must have exhibited a competent acquaintance with all three courses before answering for his degree: hence Dublin graduates possess generally more varied information, though not, perhaps, so deep a knowledge of particular branches, as the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge.

Prizes for proficiency in modern languages have been recently given by the heads of the University; and there are also annual prizes for a course of Theology, for Theological Essays, extempore speaking, reading the Liturgy, and compositions in Greek, Latin, and English verse and prose. There are also annual medals for the best answerers in the three University courses. In consequence of the cheapness of Dublin University, the admissibility of dissenters and the permission of non-residence, it is much frequented by English students, especially from Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire. Many of these become resident in Dublin during their course; and we speak from personal knowledge when we assert, that this circumstance has had considerable influence in cementing the union between the two countries. The corporation of the College consists of the provost, the senior fellows, the junior fellows, and the scholars. The provost is appointed by the crown: it is not necessary

that he should be a member of the University, though generally the appointment is conferred on one of the fellows. A vacancy at the board of the seven senior fellows, is supplied by the co-option of one of the juniors. The junior fellows are elected after a severe public examination, which lasts four days. The seventy scholars are elected for classical merit only; but it is believed that scholarships in science are contemplated. There is no restriction as to place of birth or education in the election of fellows and scholars. Three schools are attached to the University,—the theological, the medical, and the school of civil engineering, of which the last has been only just opened. Dublin is deservedly proud of its school in divinity; more able professors could not be found in Europe.<sup>32</sup> The medical school in Dublin possesses European fame: it is not necessary for those who attend it to pass through the University; but no persons can obtain medical degrees who have not previously graduated in arts. The school of civil engineers has but recently commenced its operations; but the course of education proposed, and the high character of the lecturers appointed, afford strong reasons for believing that it will prove an honour to the College, and a benefit to the community. It was for a long time customary to consider university professorships as the peculiar property of fellows of the College, and to a certain extent it was desirable that this should be the case; but there was some danger that several professorships, such as those of civil law, modern

history, oratory, natural history, &c., might degenerate into mere sinecures. Recently the academic senate has extended its range of choice, and appointed gentlemen to professorships who were not members of the College corporation. An astronomical and a magnetic observatory are connected with the University. The latter is under the direction of a gentleman, who deservedly holds a foremost rank among European men of science in this branch of physical investigation. The acquisition of modern languages has become very popular among the students, and is wisely encouraged by the heads of the University. This is an improvement of recent date, and we have ascertained that it has had the effect of trebling the sale of foreign books in Ireland. The classical researches of the Germans, and the mathematical analyses of the French, are familiar to all "the reading men" in the College; and the classical examination papers are every term taking a wider and wider range in archæology and criticism.

Voluntary associations for mutual improvement have for more than a century been formed among the students, but the violence of party spirit compelled the governors of the College to watch them with a jealous eye, lest they should degenerate into mere debating societies or political clubs. The most celebrated of these was the old Historical Society, in which many of the Irish orators who obtained high rank in the senate, in the pulpit, or at the bar, were first disciplined in the art of speaking.

Our limits do not permit us to enter farther into this subject, or to comment upon the various opinions, pronounced by opposite authorities, upon the effects of the system of education pursued in Trinity College. Whether genius is either created or fostered there, while learning is promoted and rewarded; whether the very large incomes of the fellows impair their utility; whether the severe course of study to which they are subjected previous to election exhausts the mind, so as to require afterwards a whole life of repose; whether the “rich prizes” to be won there demand the exercise of “labour and memory rather than of intellect,” and are obtained by “drudges” more often than by “great men;” or whether the “dust of the schools” obscures, and in time tarnishes, the intellectual brightness of its students;—are questions that have been often canvassed, based upon the facts that “they are not the brightest men of the country, or of the university, who obtain fellowships;” and that its fellows have contributed little to augment, or enhance in value, the store of knowledge available to mankind.<sup>33</sup> It is very essential, however, to remark, that nearly all the recent advantages opened to students have arisen from widening the distinction between the College and the University; hence we may believe, that the foundation of a second college, for which provision is made in one of the charters, would be a national benefit.

The Bank of Ireland—the “Parliament House” before “the Union”—is universally

classed among the most perfect examples of British architecture in the kingdom; and indeed is, perhaps, unsurpassed in Europe. Yet, strange to say, little or nothing is known of the architect—the history of the graceful and beautiful structure being wrapt in obscurity almost approaching to mystery.

The historians of Dublin are singularly unsatisfactory upon this head. We learn from them only that “the Parliament House was begun to be built, during the administration of John Lord Carteret, in the year 1729; and was executed *under the inspection* of Sir Edward Lovel Pearce, engineer and surveyor-general; but completed by Arthur Dobbs, Esq., his successor, about the year 1729.” Dr. Walsh—usually so searching in his inquiries, and so minute as to facts—tells us no more than Harris the historian who preceded him, and who makes no mention of “Mr. Cassell or Castell,” the architect to whom the building is usually attributed, but of whom “very little is known.” Mr. Brewer states, but does not give his authority, that Mr. Cassell did not visit Ireland until the year 1773, nearly fifty years after the structure was commenced. It is a grievous evil that so much apathy should have existed upon such a subject—that the name of the architect should have been lost within little more than a century, and that posthumous fame should be denied to one who had nobly earned it. Whoever he was, it is clear that he was content with supplying the designs and instructions without superintending

the work in its progress; some needy man, perhaps, who, oppressed with poverty, was tempted to remain in the background, and sell both his genius and his glory to “the engineer and surveyor-general.” The subject is one that imperatively calls for some inquiry—we earnestly commend it to the charge of the Royal Irish Academy. In 1785, Mr. James Gandon, architect, was employed, in order to effect a more convenient entrance for the peers, to add to the building an “east front;” and a noble portico of six *Corinthian* columns was erected; the old portico, however, was of Ionic columns, a very indefensible incongruity, for which the architect is said to have thus accounted:—“A gentleman passing when the workmen were placing the Corinthian capitals on the columns, struck by the injudicious mixture of orders, inquired ‘what order was that?’ upon which Mr. Gandon, who was by, replied,—‘A very substantial order; for it was the order of the House of Lords.’”

It is built entirely of Portland stone, and is remarkable for an absence of all meretricious ornament, attracting entirely by its pure and classic, and rigidly simple architecture. In 1802 it was purchased from Government by the governors of the Bank of Ireland, who have since subjected it to some alterations, with a view to its better application to its present purpose; these changes, however, have been effected without impairing its beauty either externally or internally; and it unquestionably merits its reputation as “the grandest, most convenient, and

most extensive edifice of the kind in Europe.”<sup>34</sup> It is impossible even for a stranger to stand beside, or walk through, this noble building, without calling to mind the eloquence that contributed to render it part of Irish history; and although “the Temple” may now be more advantageously occupied by the “money-changers,” a sigh is natural over the memory of many great men associated with it.

The Exchange may, perhaps, rank next in beauty to the Bank. It was commenced in 1769, and finished in 1779, under the immediate direction of Mr. Thomas Cooley, an artist to whom Dublin is indebted for other fine structures. Its form is nearly a square of one hundred feet, having three fronts of Portland stone, in the Corinthian order, crowned by a dome in the centre of the building. The interior is a happy combination of elegance and convenience.<sup>35</sup>

The Custom-House was designed and erected by Mr. James Gandon: the foundation-stone having been laid in 1781. It is worthy of comment, that although the cost of building the Bank amounted to no more than £40,000, the expense of the Custom-House exceeded £546,000.<sup>36</sup> The effect of this spacious and superb structure is now inexpressibly lonely; time has produced changes that have rendered it almost useless; the necessity of watching contrabandists no longer exists; the assimilation of “duties” has removed clerks and “waiters” of all grades; and, unhappily, the paucity of Dublin’s commerce is such that a cottage might suf-

fice to transact its "business," in lieu of a palace. The rooms of the Custom-House are therefore deserted; a mariner's step is seldom echoed by its walls, and "bills of lading" would startle almost as much as the drapery of a banshee. The interior is now divided into several public offices, of which the Stamp-office is the principal.

Very different in aspect is the "Four Courts," in the hall of which there is a perpetual buzz, like the growling of an incipient volcano. The building which contains the several Irish courts of law, was commenced by the architect, Mr. Thomas Cooley, in 1786; and in consequence of his death, continued by Mr. James Gandon. It is situated on the north side of the Liffey;<sup>37</sup> and is an exceedingly beautiful and attractive object, seen either from an adjacent point, or from a distance.

Of the other buildings, the most important is the "Post-office," the first stone of which was laid in 1815. It was built after a design by Mr. Francis Johnson, and is one of the finest and most convenient public structures in the kingdom;<sup>38</sup> the College of Surgeons may be ranked next; and next, the Lying-in Hospital.

There are many public buildings of great architectural beauty in the city besides those we have mentioned; but we must be content with reference—and that a slight one only—to the more remarkable. It will be observed that of all these edifices there are none, except the College, much above a century old. "The Castle," however, is of great antiquity. Its history is,

in fact, the history of Dublin. To trace the progress of the city from the period, when a band of invaders destroyed it by fastening matches to the tails of swallows, and so communicating fire to the thatched roofs of the houses, to its present extensive size and fine architectural character, would be a task—however interesting—that would far exceed our limits. But some notices of it are absolutely necessary; and for these we shall be indebted to our friend Dr. Walsh—drawing, indeed, largely upon him through the whole of this number, and availing ourselves of his kind assistance in cases where changes have occurred since the publication of his work.<sup>39</sup>

The period of the foundation of the city, and the etymology of its name, are both involved in obscurity.<sup>40</sup> The geographer Ptolemy, who flourished A. D. 140, places a town under nearly the same parallel, and calls it “Civitas Eblana;” and towards the close of the second century, there are records of contests between certain Irish kings for its possession, as a place “commodious for traffic and fishing.” It is more than probable, however, that its commerce and fortifications were both derived from the Danish seakings, by whom it was settled and strengthened prior to the Anglo-Norman invasion; but that, in the year 964, it had assumed some importance is evidenced by the preface to King Edward’s Charter, dated in that year, where it is styled “the most noble city of Dublin.” In the year 1014, the Danish power in Ireland was for a time effectually destroyed by a league of the

native Irish princes, headed by the famous king, Brien Boro, Borome, or Boroimhe;<sup>41</sup> during whose reign, it is said, so strictly were the laws administered, that a fair lady might travel from one end of the kingdom, with a gold ring on the top of a wand, in perfect security. The reader will call to mind one of Moore's beautiful poems:—

“ Rich and rare were the gems she wore,  
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;  
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond  
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.”

“ The strangers,” however, continued for above a century afterwards to keep possession of Dublin, of which they were sovereigns. Dr. Walsh gives a list of twenty-five of these Oastman kings, embracing a period from A.D. 853 to 1170, when the city was conquered by the English, who forced the Danish monarch and his followers to abandon the kingdom.<sup>42</sup>

With this event terminated the dominion of the sea-kings in Ireland—the Oastmen were never afterwards enabled to regain their Irish possessions; and those who continued in the country “ became quiet subjects to the English, and one people with them.” In 1173, Henry II. having received the submissions of the Irish chieftains and their king—the last king of Ireland, Roderick O'Connor—granted, by charter, the city of Dublin to his subjects of Bristol, to hold it “ of him and his heirs, well and in peace, freely and quietly, fully and amply and honour-

ably, with all the liberties and free customs which the men of Bristol have at Bristol."

The building of Dublin "Castle"—for the residence of the Viceroys retains the term—was commenced by Meiler Fitzhenry, Lord Justice of Ireland, in 1205; and finished, fifteen years afterwards, by Henry de Loundres, Archbishop of Dublin. The purpose of the structure is declared by the patent by which King John commanded its erection: "You have given us to understand that you have not a convenient place wherein our treasure may be safely deposited; and forasmuch, as well for that use as for many others, a fortress would be necessary for us at Dublin, we command you to erect a castle there, in such competent place as you shall judge most expedient, as well to curb the city as to defend it if occasion shall so require, and that you make it as strong as you can with good and durable walls." Accordingly it was occupied as a strong fortress only, until the reign of Elizabeth, when it became the seat of the Irish government—the court being held previously at various palaces in the city or its suburbs; and in the seventeenth century, Terms and Parliaments were both held within its walls. The Castle, however, has undergone so many and such various changes from time to time, as circumstances justified the withdrawal of its defences, that the only portion of it which now bears a character of antiquity is the Birmingham Tower;<sup>43</sup> and even that has been almost entirely rebuilt, although it retains its ancient form.

The Castle is situated on very high ground, nearly in the centre of the city; the principal entrance is by a handsome gateway. The several buildings, surrounding two squares, consist of the lord-lieutenant's state apartments, guard-rooms, the offices of the chief secretary, the apartments of aides-de-camp and officers of the household, the offices of the treasury, hanaper, register, auditor-general, constabulary, &c. &c. The buildings have a dull and heavy character—no effort has been made at elegance or display—and however well calculated they may seem for business, the whole have more the aspect of a prison than a court. There is, indeed, one structure that contributes somewhat to redeem the sombre appearance of “the Castle”—the chapel is a fine Gothic edifice, richly decorated both within and without.<sup>44</sup> The walls by which it was formerly surrounded, and the fortifications for its defence, have nearly all vanished. Neither is Dublin rich in remains of antiquity; one of the few that appertains to its ancient history, but not of a very remote date, is called Marsh's Gate; it stands in Kevin Street, near the cathedral of St. Patrick, and is the entrance to a large court, now occupied by the horse police; at one end of which is the Barrack, formerly we believe the Deanery, and Marsh's library.

But if few of the public structures of Dublin possess “the beauty of age,” many of its churches may be classed with the “ancient of days.” Chief among them all is the Cathedral of St. Patrick; interesting, not alone from its antiquity,

but from its association with the several leading events, and remarkable people, by which and by whom Ireland has been made "famous." It is situated in a very old part of Dublin, in the midst of low streets and alleys, the houses being close to the small open yard by which the venerable structure is encompassed. Its condition, too, is very wretched; and although various suggestions have been made, from time to time, for its repair and renovation, it continues in a state by no means creditable either to the church or the city. It was built A.D. 1190, by John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin, by whom it was dedicated to the patron saint of Ireland; but it is said, the site on which it stands was formerly occupied by a church erected by the saint himself—A.D. 448.<sup>45</sup>

The sweeping censure of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, that "in point of good architecture it has little to notice or commend," is not to be questioned; ruins—and, in its present state, St. Patrick's approaches very near to be classed among them—of far greater beauty abound in Ireland.<sup>46</sup> It is to its associations with the past that the cathedral is mainly indebted for its interest. The choral music of St. Patrick's is said to be "almost unrivalled for its combined powers of voice, organ, and scientific skill."

The Cathedral of Christ Church was, it is said, originally erected in the year 1038, by Sitricus, the son of Amlave, king of the Oastmen of Dublin, and Donat or Dunan, the first Oastman bishop, who was buried in the choir, at the right-

hand side of the communion table, 1074. Its architectural beauties are even less than those of its rival, although it contains some "good examples of Saxon ornaments." "The choir," writes Sir Richard Hoare, presents "a sad medley of Gothic and Italian architecture, combined in the most unnatural manner." Christ Church is, however, in a better condition than St. Patrick's, having recently undergone considerable repairs and improvements.<sup>47</sup> Its walls entomb the dust of Strongbow, the great Anglo-Norman conqueror of Ireland. He died in Dublin, "about the kalends of June," A.D. 1177, of mortification in the foot; and his remains were interred in this cathedral. A monument to his memory was erected, but not until two centuries after his death, by Sir Henry Sidney, Lord President. It consists of two figures of hewn stone; the one representing a knight in armour, the other a female, his consort Eva, lying by his side. Sir Richard Hoare, however, although he admits the probability that "the conqueror" was interred here, entertains "some doubt if the effigy has been rightly attributed to him;" grounded on the fact, that the arms on the shield of the knight are not similar to those described as belonging to him "by Enderbie, and also an ancient manuscript by George Owen." That Sir Henry Sidney considered the monument to be veritable, is evidenced by the following inscription, engraved upon a slab let into the wall above it:—

THIS : AVNCYENT : MONVMENT : OF : RYCHARD : STRANGBOWE :  
 CALLED : COMES : STRANGVLENSIS : LORD : OF : CHEPSTO : AND :  
 OGNV : THE : FYRST : AND : PRINCIPALL : INVADER : OF :  
 IRLAND : 1169 : QVI : OBIIT : 1177 : THE : MONVMENT : WAS :  
 BROKEN : BY : THE : FALL : OF : THE : ROFF : AND : BODYE :  
 OF : CHRYSTES : CHVRCHE : IN : AN : 1562 : AND : SET : UP :  
 AGAYN : AT : THE : CHARGYS : OF : THE : RIGHT : HONORABLE :  
 SR : HENIRI : SIDNEY : KNYGHT : OF : THE : NOBLE : ORDER :  
 L : PRESIDENT : WAILES : L : DEPVTY : OF : IRLAND : 1570.<sup>48</sup>

Of the other churches of Dublin, the only one that demands particular notice is that of St. Michan; if we except the church of St. Anne, which entombs the body of Felicia Hemans; and where, in memory of whom, there should be some public record worthy of her pure mind and lofty genius. St. Michan's Church has no claim to attention for any architectural beauty; it is, like most other old churches in Ireland, merely a plain cruciform building of dark-coloured stone, its only ornament being a large square tower containing the belfry, through which is the principal entrance. But it is remarkable for its vaults, which possess an extraordinary property of preserving the bodies deposited there from decay; and, what is nearly as singular, they are not infested by rats—a fact to which the state of the bodies, in the absence of other evidence, would sufficiently testify. The bodies in the state of best preservation are in a small vault under the right angle of the transept, one of which is said to be the body of St. Michan, laid there two hundred years ago. It is that of a man of short stature, and is still quite perfect. The nails continue on the hands and feet, and the

entire of the flesh and skin remains on the bones. From the process of drying, the flesh is considerably shrunk on the limbs and the abdomen, and the parts below the chest are sunken; so that in shape the body resembles that of a person very much wasted away by sickness. The flesh is tough to the touch, but not so hard as that of a mummy; nor is the skin black like a mummy's, but brown and leathery, much resembling the cover of an old book in the species of binding called law-calf. The covering and ornaments (if there ever were any) of the coffin in which it lies have long since mouldered away; and the whole has certainly the appearance of being very old. In one corner of this vault there are about twenty dead bodies and parts of bodies, bones, and covers and sides of coffins, in a confused heap. There are also several entire coffins, some new and perfect, a few old and broken. But notwithstanding the mass of corpses in this little chamber, which is not more than about twelve feet square and very low, there is not the least offensive odour; and from the great dryness of the soil, not even the disagreeable smell usual in underground vaults. The principal vaults are in a long corridor under the centre of the church, of which there are thirteen chambers; most of these are the burying-places of particular families. In one of these were deposited the remains of the two unfortunate brothers Sheares, who were executed for rebellion in 1798. They were, until the last few years, in a state of perfect preservation; but for some reason or other have

been removed to a vault nearer the entrance of the passage, which is not as dry as the rest, and indeed seems the only damp vault among them. They have since rapidly decomposed, and are now almost mere skeletons. They lie in two uncovered coffins by the side of each other, their skulls still remaining on their chests, where their severed heads were placed after their execution.

From the public buildings of Dublin, we pass to the people; and in treating this branch of our subject, we necessarily introduce some observations on the state of society in the capital, which, here as elsewhere, may be presumed to give its tone to that of the provinces. Throughout Ireland, unhappily, persons in the same grades of life, deriving equal advantages from education, station, and "fitness" in all respects, are divided, too generally, by a bar—Religion—more insurmountable than that which in other countries separates the patrician from the plebeian. The laws of "the Pale"—"Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate"—were not more rigidly exclusive, in ancient times, against "the mere Irish," than are, in some districts, the habits, and customs, and prejudices, which keep apart the Protestant and the Roman Catholic—an evil for which a growing intelligence, a more universal spread of knowledge, and a more even-handed dispensation of justice, do not appear to be providing a sufficient remedy.<sup>49</sup>

It is not in Ireland as it is in England, where in private life the religious creed of a person seldom, and the political opinions still more

rarely, form subjects of inquiry; where men meet in "keen encounter" daily in public, but exclude all consideration of them from the social circle; and where, often, parties most hostile upon debatable ground are cordial even to friendship when meeting upon ground they consider neutral. In Ireland, most unhappily—as if by instinct, as if by mutual and *natural* consent—the two classes do not mingle: here and there, indeed, may be met a solitary person of the opposite faith in an assembly of those from whom he differs; but he is obviously ill at ease, and suspicion, the bane of pleasant and profitable intercourse, seems to influence his associates for the time as well as the single guest. This canker at the core of society in Ireland is the origin of incalculable mischief; and its continuance is greatly to be deplored, when so many sources of prejudice are rapidly disappearing, and the educated of all persuasions are everywhere so completely on a par.

The difference between the higher classes in Ireland and those of England is, of course, very slight, in all the essentials that are understood to constitute "good society." Of late years, indeed, the intercourse between the two countries, so frequent and so continued, has nearly removed a distinctive character from either. The peculiarities of the old Irish gentry are all but extinct; the originals of the past century bear but a very remote resemblance to their successors;—the follies and vices—the drinking, duelling, and "roistering," in former times con-

sidered so essentially "Irish," belong exclusively to the ancestors of the present race. Such anecdotes as that told, upon good authority, of the father of Toler—afterwards Lord Norbury—who provided for his son by giving him, at his outset in the world, "a hundred guineas and a pair of duelling-pistols," no more illustrate the Ireland of to-day, than the Smithfield fires do the justice of England. The habits once fashionable are no longer tolerated; and the boasts and glories of a past age are scorned and execrated in this. It was, indeed, always acknowledged, that although the "Irish gentleman" was often an object of suspicion, the "gentleman from Ireland" was ever an example of courtesy, good breeding, honour, and intelligence.

In higher society, therefore, little of distinctive character will be perceived, except in that ease and cheerfulness of manner which make a stranger feel instantly "at home," and the peculiar *tone* of the Irish voice. We do not mean that the better educated have what is understood by "the brogue;" but there is an intonation that belongs to Ireland which is never lost, and cannot be disguised.

The society of the middle class, or rather of the grade above it—the members of the learned professions, and persons on a par with them—is unquestionably agreeable and invigorating in the provinces, and equally so, but more instructive and refined, in the capital and the larger towns. It is everywhere frank and cordial,

tempered by playful good-humour and a keen relish for conversation; and is always distinguished by the cheerfulness that borders upon mirth, and the harmony produced by a universal aptness for enjoyment.

The women of Ireland—from the highest to the lowest—represent the national character better than the other sex. In the men, very often, energy degenerates into fierceness, generosity into reckless extravagance, social habits into dissipation, courage into profitless daring, confiding faith into slavish dependence, honour into captiousness, and religion into bigotry; for in no country of the world is the path so narrow that marks the boundary between virtue and vice. But the Irish women have—taken in the mass—the lights without the shadows, the good without the bad—to use a familiar expression, “the wheat without the chaff.” Most faithful; most devoted; most pure; the best mothers; the best children; the best wives;—possessing, pre-eminently, the beauty and holiness of virtue, in the limited or the extensive meaning of the phrase. They have been rightly described as “holding an intermediate space between the French and the English;” mingling the vivacity of the one with the stability of the other; with hearts more *naturally* toned than either: never sacrificing delicacy, but entirely free from embarrassing reserve; their gaiety never inclining to levity, their frankness never approaching to freedom; with reputations not the less securely protected because of the absence of suspicion,

and that the natural guardians of honour though present are unseen. Their information is without assumption; their cultivation without parade; their influence is never ostentatiously exhibited; in no position of life do they assume an ungraceful or unbecoming independence; the character is, indeed, essentially and emphatically, feminine; the Irish woman is "a *very* woman," with high intellect and sound heart.

In writing of Irish women, we refer to no particular class or grade; from the most elevated to the most humble, they possess innate purity of thought, word, and deed; and are certainly unsurpassed, if they are equalled, for the qualities of heart, mind, and temper, which make the best companions, the safest counsellors, the truest friends, and afford the surest securities for sweet and upright discharge of duties in all the relations of life.<sup>50</sup>

In Ireland, as yet, the aristocracy of wealth has made little way; and to be of "good family" is a surer introduction to society, than to be of large fortune. The prejudice in favour of "birth" is, indeed, almost universal, and pervades all ranks. Consequently, classes are to the last degree exclusive; and their divisions are as distinctly marked and recognised as are those determined by the etiquette of a court. Hence arises that perpetual straining after a higher station, to which many worthy families have been sacrificed: persons in business rarely persevere until they have amassed fortunes, but retire as early as possible after they have ac-

quired competence; and the subdivisions which their properties necessarily undergo, when junior branches are to be provided for, creates a numerous class—almost peculiar to Ireland—of young men possessing the means of barely living without labour; disdaining the notion of “turning to trade;” unable to acquire professions, and ill-suited to adorn them if obtained; content to drag on existence in a state of miserable and degrading dependence, doing nothing—literally “too proud to work, but not ashamed to beg.” This feeling operates upon the various grades of society; and the number of “idlers” in the busy world is fearfully large; from “the walking gentleman” of the upper ranks, to the “half-sir” of the middle, and “the jackeen” of the class a little above the lower; the walking gentleman being always elegantly attired, of course always unemployed, with ample leisure for the studies which originate depravity; the “half-sir” being, generally, a younger brother, with little or no income of his own, and so educated as to be deprived, utterly, of the energy and self-dependence which create usefulness; the “Masther Tom,” who broke the dogs, shot the crows, first backed the vicious horse, and, followed by a half-pointer, half-lurcher, poached, secretly, upon his elder brother’s land, but more openly upon the lands of his neighbours; the “jackeen” being a production found everywhere, but most abundantly in large towns. Happily, however, the class is not upon the increase. The “jackeen” might have been seen—

regularly a few years ago, and now occasionally—at early morning lounging against the college rails, with the half-intoxicated, half-insolent air that betokens a night passed in debauch; his stockings, that had once been white, falling from under the drab-green, ill-fitting trousers over the shoes; his coat usually of green; his waistcoat of some worn and faded finery; and the segment of collar that peeped above the stock, fashionable in cut, but not in quality, was crushed and degraded from its original propriety; his hat, always a little on one side, had a knowing “bend” over the right eye; one of his arms was passed, with that peculiar affectation of carelessness which evinces care, through the rails, and brought round so as to enable the hand to shift the coarse and bad cigar that rested on his lip—there was a torn glove upon the other; and his dull blood-shot eyes winked impudently upon every girl that passed.<sup>51</sup>

There is one topic that may be treated in connection with this subject, upon which we feel bound to offer some comments—the condition of domestic servants in Ireland. Generally speaking, it is very bad, and calls loudly and earnestly for alteration and improvement. They are insufficiently remunerated; little care is bestowed upon their wants; they are seldom properly fed and lodged; they are rarely instructed in habits of order, neatness, and regularity; and an odious and evil custom largely prevails, by which the domestic is often either half-starved or forced into dishonesty. We allude to the mode of pay-

ing servants what is called "breakfast money;" that is to say, an allowance of money (usually half-a-crown a week) to supply themselves with bread and other necessary food. The almost inevitable consequence is, that of the weekly allowance they contrive to save a considerable portion, or nearly the whole—usually with a view to devoting the quarter's wages, untouched, to the necessities of their more miserable families "at home"—a custom so general as to bear almost to be characterised as universal among Irish servants; and they are thus subjected to severe privations in the midst of plenty, if they scrupulously abstain from taking that which, by this rule, is made not to belong to them.<sup>52</sup>

It is the servant's *duty* to be honest, faithful, sober, civil, and industrious; to remember that he is paid not only for his labour, but his time; that both are his employer's property: this is his *duty*. His *interests* demand that he should be watchful to ascertain his employer's habits, *small* wishes, and peculiarities, and to minister to them zealously and kindly: this will win him, perhaps, his master's regard; but, at the least, it will increase his value, and he will be happier for it in the end; for a bland and yielding temper is ever wiser than one that is stern and stubborn. But the duty is not, as some ladies and gentlemen seem to imagine, entirely on the side of the servant to the employer. In our social state, all duties are more or less reciprocal; and often, when we have heard unthinking people complain of the insolence, stupidity, and stubbornness

with which their servants perform their duties, we have been tempted to inquire how *they* have performed *theirs*. It is not the mere duty enforced by law that is to be taken into consideration; the *law* compels the servant to be honest, or he will be punished; the law obliges the master to pay the servant his wages; but the duties to be exercised where the law has no power, chiefly contribute to mutual comfort. Does the employer bear in mind that he is guilty of *injustice*, if he expect the perfection in a servant which he well knows he does not himself possess? Does the servant call himself honest, because he does not take money, though he wastes and destroys? In England, servants are well paid, well fed, well housed; the evils they suffer are minute, indeed, in comparison to those endured by the Irish servant. The maid-of-all-work, in a middle-class English family, has a fagging life of it, but gets through, if orderly, as much work as two Irish servants will, in the same capacity, and with half the actual labour; but let it be remembered, that she receives more than double the wages of a person in the same position in Ireland, and is much better fed, and far better treated. Respectable tradespeople in England, and the small class of farmers, continually send their children to service; consequently, respectable servants may be always obtained by those who give good wages; and of all false economics, paying a servant badly is the most false. England may be considered as one huge hive, where every bee must gather its own

honey. In Ireland, a foolish pride, and, I must add, careless treatment from their employers, prevent even the more respectable artisans and peasants from sending their children to service.<sup>53</sup>

The greater number of Irish servants employed by the middle classes are taken from the very lowest and *poorest* in the country. We repeat, they are not properly fed, they are not properly lodged at night, and their wages are not in proportion to their labour—we mean even at the Irish rate of remuneration. Our hearts have ached for these poor, ignorant, but warm-hearted and affectionate creatures. We have seen the mistress of a house—perhaps an opulent tradesman's wife—such a woman as in London would give her maid-of-all-work ten or twelve pounds a-year, her tea, and either a pint of beer *daily*, or beer-money, and her nursemaid eight pounds, with the same allowance—employing a bright-faced but half-clad girl, who had to do everything, as best she could, for *four pounds a-year*—wash, iron, cook, clean, scour, scrub, and wait upon company; and yet her mistress desecanted long and loudly on the impossibility of obtaining—"good servants!" Now, in England, the middle class (the class that stamps the character of a country) prepares, as it were, the servant for a higher step. The poor Irish lass has no hope of a higher step, because she has learned nothing where she had been. She is constantly obliged to make one thing do duty in half-a-dozen ways, where there is a total want of "system;" and has no idea that, unless the fur-

nishing, cleanliness, comfort, and arrangement of a kitchen are attended to, there can be nothing well ordered throughout the house. Little or nothing is done to raise the poor servant in the scale of moral or intellectual being; no effort being made to improve her habits or her tastes, so that she looks upon the brushing and cleaning up-stairs, in some degree as a work of supererogation. She does not *see* the necessity of it—she does not reason as an English servant does—“I cannot sit down to my supper till I have cleaned my kitchen.” And why? Because there have been no pains taken to improve *her knowledge of the decencies of life*. We write of the habits of the middle class, and a step below them; and we say, that until they treat their servants better, and pay them better, they cannot have decent servants. Our domestic comfort, here and everywhere, depends on our servants; and surely it is worth while to consider how we can best obtain that comfort. If the money expended by careless habits in Ireland were saved by prudence, the gentleman-farmer, the town-tradesman, the person of limited income, would be able to pay servants so as to induce well-brought-up respectable young men and women to go to service. A servant would consider herself well paid, and would be well paid in Ireland, who received seven or eight pound a-year. Let her have her breakfast, her dinner *at one* (a servant’s health and habits of *order* are strengthened by the system of early dining), and a third meal of plain wholesome food. Do not

degrade her by supposing she would steal food like an animal. Do not treat her as a thief, *or you will make her one*. Feed her entirely without reference to "breakfast-money." There is something inexpressibly humiliating in bread being *locked up* from fellow-creatures who are labouring for you. In service, as in matrimony, there can be no "separate maintenance" without evil arising. Let the servant have her money free of her maintenance; that is one step towards establishing a better order of things. Remunerate her for her labour *honestly*. Pay her enough to enable her to be always clean and decent in appearance.

We hope these comments will not be considered dull, and, still more earnestly, that they may not be taken as offensive. The subject is one of very vital importance; and in directing attention to it, we may be the means of doing essential good to both the employer and the domestic. Unless truths are conveyed in plain and direct terms, they have usually little weight. The unselfish attachment, ready industry, willingness to labour, and fidelity of the Irish servants, are appreciated even where their careless, unformed, and *uneducated* habits militate against them; and it is unquestionable, that a more careful training, under a better order of things, would render them infinitely more valuable auxiliaries to a household, either in Ireland or in England.<sup>54</sup>

But this branch of our subject let us illustrate by an anecdote.

Mrs. L. was a lady in London, who, when she advertised for a housemaid, added the very unamiable, but by no means unfrequent, "P.S. No Irish need apply." Notwithstanding, a very decent, pretty, and respectable-looking young Irish woman did present herself in the lady's drawing-room as an applicant for the situation.

"I told you," said Mrs. L. "that no Irish need apply."

"It was on the paper, I know, ma'am," answered the girl; "but I thought if I had a good character, and could do my work well, that no lady would refuse me bread because of my country." Mrs. L. was a young housekeeper, and she had worded her advertisement by the advice of friends; persons who cherish a prejudice as if it were a perfection, and forgetting altogether how frequently they have had idle, dirty, careless, and dishonest English servants, pour out the vial of their wrath upon the Irish, from whom they withhold the power of exhibiting their advantages by contrast. Fortunately for Kitty Gallagher, however, Mrs. L. was considerate as well as just. She looked into the poor girl's open and honest countenance as she stood with the flush of humble indignation on her cheek, inquired carefully into her character, and examined her three or four written discharges, which of course "went for nothing," but subsequently called on two persons who had known her; and the result was her engagement.

Mrs. L. was the wife of a highly-respectable mercantile man; one of a class who, of all others,

entertain great mistrust of the Irish people; their methodical and business-like habits preventing them from making allowance for the volatility and heedlessness of their mercurial neighbours. Mrs. L. had consequently to encounter the "astonishment" of her acquaintances, and the warnings of her husband.

With every desire to do right, and habits that were tolerably clean and very active, Kitty found she had so much to learn that she frequently cried herself to sleep; as she told us herself, "it was not the hard work that overcame her"—she could do ten times as much, and think nothing of it—but "the particularity"—the necessity for spotless stairs and carpets, for stoves polished like mirrors, for a total absence of dust everywhere; for a manner, staid, silent, smileless, and of distant respect; for a noiseless step, and a voice never heard except in the most soft and brief reply; then the getting up fine things:—she could have washed, to make like snow, tablecloths, sheets, and dresses, but the difficulties of small-plaiting and clear-starching, the very clock-like regularity of the house, "broke her heart,"—there was a place for everything, and everything must be in its place. Then her fellow-servants would set her wrong instead of right, and sneer at her afterwards; they ridiculed her country, and wondered she could eat anything but potatoes, like all her people. Though loving to laugh, she did not relish being laughed at; and between her desire to do well in all things, and her national sensitiveness, poor Kitty had

enough to encounter during the first twelve months of her servitude. On the other hand, Mrs. L. more than once fancied she had acted imprudently. Kitty was not only blamed by the other servants for what she did, but for what she did *not*: her eagerness to please frequently occasioned blunders and mistakes; her phraseology was perplexing; and her foot was not as light, nor her "manner" as fully formed, as that of a London servant. But then her habits were very inoffensive. She was ever cheerful—willing to assist in every one's work; no matter how late or how early her services were needed, she was always ready. By degrees, she blundered less, and absolutely dusted both corners and skirtings without "following." Then she was so humble when reproved, so happy when praised! At first, a sort of womanly spirit prevented Mrs. L. from confessing she was wrong in her judgment, and by degrees—slow but sure degrees—Catherine established herself in her mistress's good opinion. We have observed a great number of the Irish in England, of all grades and classes. No instance has ever occurred within our knowledge where they failed in attaining their object, except by being drawn off from it to run after something else; when they really persevere, when they add to their native energy a singleness of purpose, *we never knew them fail*. Kitty, in her humble way, was evidence of this; she felt deeply grateful to her mistress for having made an exception in her favour; she had good sense enough to understand

that she had bettered her condition, and to feel that, in England, girls "with two or three hundred a piece" were not ashamed to go to service. She resolved to master the difficulties with which she was surrounded, and to keep her place; gradually, her good humour and good nature became appreciated. Mrs. L.'s two little ones caught scarlet fever, and when the nurse declared she was afraid to remain with her charge, Kitty volunteered to take her place. "I am not afraid," she said; "and sure God can keep the sickness from me by their bedside as well as by my own; and if I was to go, His will be done! but I am not afraid." Night and day this girl watched with their mother over the children; at her request, no stranger smoothed their pillows or aided her exertions; what she lacked in skill, she made up in actual tenderness, and her quickness and attention never wearied: in time, the children recovered, but they had become so attached to their Irish nurse, that they entreated their mamma to let her remain with them, and the former nurse took Kitty's place. When Kitty was a girl, there were no National Schools, and at that time she was so ignorant of "book learning," that she did not know her letters; but she managed to learn them from the children, and concealed her deficiency so well, that Mrs. L. told us it was not until Catherine *could* read, that she confessed how entirely uninstructed she had been. During a period of five years she continued in her place, unspoiled by much kindness; and frequently did her mistress boast to her ac-

quaintances of the treasure she possessed in an Irish nurse: it was quite true that Catherine's accent was anything but correct, still her mistress declared it to be "her only fault," and one for which her fidelity and good conduct amply atoned. Love now somewhat interfered with her duties: a master carpenter paid his addresses to the kind Hibernian; her mistress was too just to prevent her settling respectably, and as her intended husband had formed an engagement to go to New York the following spring, Kitty decided on remaining with her "darlings" until within a week of his departure, when she was to exchange the guttural of "Gallagher" for the more euphonious name of Miller. Hitherto, Mr. and Mrs. L. had enjoyed in life uninterrupted sunshine—everything prospered which the merchant undertook; but a few eventful months made a terrible change in their circumstances; loss followed loss with fearful rapidity, until at last their house was advertised to be sold, and Mrs. L., firm and patient in adversity as she had been cheerful and considerate in prosperity, placed Kitty's quarter's wages in her hand, and told her that, for the future, she must herself attend to her children: her voice faltered as she thanked the poor Irish girl for the care and tenderness she had bestowed upon them; and she added a wish, that as the time had arrived when Kitty was to be married, she would inform her of her prospects, after she and her husband had been some time in New York, and rely upon Mr. L. to remember her faithfulness, if ever he

had the power to serve them. We quote Mrs. L.'s own words. "Catherine," she said, "stood without replying until I had done speaking. I was more agitated at parting with her than with all my other servants: though they were all excellent in their way, yet she had evinced more affection towards me and mine in an hour, than the others had shown in a year."

"Is it to leave you, ma'am, you want me, and to leave the young master and miss? Ah, then, what have I done, to make you think I've no heart in my bosom? I'll be no burden to you; but I'll never leave you. Leave you in your trouble! Sure, it's neither peace nor rest I'd have by day or night, to think it's my two hands you'd be wanting, and they not in it. And as to Robert Miller, it will be better for him to be by himself for the first two or three years; and so I told *him this morning when we parted*. 'I'll never leave the mistress in her trouble, Robert,' I said; 'and if it's any bar, why I'll give you back your promise;' and he would not hear of that, but took on a good deal at first; only it's all over—time and distance are nothing to true hearts, and if he does forget me, why I'm doing my duty still. I'll never leave you in your trouble." "Her devotion, so simple, so perfectly unaffected," added Mrs. L., "drew more tears from my eyes than my own sorrows. I had nerved myself for them, but this overpowered me; the children became wild with joy when they found Kitty was to remain with them; and she certainly was the good spirit of comfort

in our humble cottage. But this was not all; she had saved in my service about fifteen pounds, and every farthing of this money she spent in buying in, at the auction which finished the desolation of our once happy home, such small things as she believed me most attached to; these she had conveyed to our dwelling secretly, and then, with a delicacy which must be innate, she entreated me to forgive the liberty she had taken, and endeavoured to persuade us she had but returned to us our own. I often think that my husband's proud spirit would have been bowed even to breaking, but for the true nobility of Catherine's heart; toiling as she was in all capacities for our sakes, I never saw a shadow on her brow. She was an existing proof (amid much that led us to believe the contrary) of the disinterested generosity of human nature; she taught us the value of usefulness—she made us ashamed of our prejudices, and never did she once make us feel that she had sacrificed a pin's worth to our interests."

This is no romance—it is simple and unvarnished truth; both the mistress and the servant are intimately known to us; we have not added an iota to the story as the former told it to us. Kitty's generosity of character did not effervesce; during a period of three years she remained firm to her purpose, because Mrs. L. needed her services. At length a distant relative of Mr. L.'s died, and as next of kin Mr. L. inherited a very comfortable property; then, indeed, Mrs. L. found Kitty more than once weeping over the letters she could hardly read, but

which, nevertheless, she knew by heart. It was not, however, until she had succeeded in training "a cousin of her own," whom her mistress not only consented, but was happy to receive, that Kitty performed her promise, and rewarded her lover for his constancy.

How many other examples of devoted and disinterested attachment of Irish servants to their employers we might add to this, and yet record only cases entirely within our own knowledge!

May we not hope that the prejudice against them in England, so rapidly diminishing, will be, ere long, altogether gone; and that, when their advantages—of faithfulness, industry, and willingness to labour in all ways, and on all occasions—have been considered and appreciated, they will acquire those, perhaps, equally essential habits of neatness and order, into which they have hitherto not been properly disciplined, because kept far too much away from opportunities of improvement? <sup>55</sup>

There is a district of Dublin that possesses many remarkable and peculiar features; it is still called "the Liberties"—a spacious western tract in the most elevated and airy part of the city. It derives its name from certain privileges and immunities enjoyed by the inhabitants, having manor courts of their own, with seneschals to preside in them; but that of Thomas Court and Donore, is properly confined to the liberties, and is that from which it takes its name. This court is of very ancient foundation, being held under

the charter of King John. It contains within its precincts forty streets and lanes, called the Earl of Meath's Liberties, and a population of about 40,000 souls. It has no criminal jurisdiction; but its authority in civil matters, and the amount of sums to be recovered, is unlimited. In all cases under forty shillings the seneschal decides alone; when the sum is greater, he is assisted by a jury. He has a court-house to sit in, and a prison to confine debtors.

The present state of this once flourishing region forms a strong contrast to its former; but it still retains many evidences of what it has been. In passing along its desolate streets, large houses of costly structure everywhere present themselves. Lofty façades adorned with architraves, and mouldings to windows, and door-cases of sculptured stone or marble, grand staircases with carved and gilded balustrades; panelled doors opening into spacious suits of corniced and stuccoed apartments—all attest the opulence of its former inhabitants. They are now the abode only of the most miserable. As they were deserted by the rich, they were filled by the poor; and as they decayed, they became the resort of the more abject, who could find no other shelter. So crowded were they at one time, that 108 persons were found in one house lying on the bare floor, and in one room seven out of twelve were labouring under typhus fever.

It sometimes happens that a sudden stagnation of employment among the poor manufacturers still lingering there, causes a pressure of

great temporary distress, and then they descend in masses to beg for relief in the lower and more prosperous parts of the city. They resemble an irruption of some strange and foreign horde. A certain wildness of aspect, with pallid faces and squalid persons, at these times, mark the poor artisans of the liberties, as a distinct and separate class from the other inhabitants of the metropolis.

It is singular that the tide of wealthy population in Dublin has taken a contrary direction from that of London. They have deserted the high, airy, and salubrious site of the west end, which is now desolate, and selected the flats and swamps of the east. Thus, by a strange perversion of taste, the elevated site and wholesome air are left to the poor, while the rich have emigrated into the unwholesome morass.<sup>56</sup>

During a recent visit to the "Liberties," an incident occurred to us that may, perhaps, interest the reader. "Did you never see a handloom at work?" said our friend and guide. "Come in here, then." We followed down a few damp steps—narrow and dirty, with hardly room for one at a time to descend, until we heard the *clank-clank* of the passing shuttle, which during our sojourn in the north we had learned to distinguish from every other sound. The room was light enough, and tolerably clean; for which, when we observed a temperance medal hanging to the loom, we could readily account. There was no squalid poverty; nothing of that apparently wasting misery which glares from

sunken eyes, and speaks without the aid of words from pallid lips. Clean poverty is disarmed of half its bitterness—and, as we have said, everything was tolerably clean. A gentle-looking little girl was seated by the fire, feeding a sickly infant; and a boy, barefooted, barelegged, and hardy, held his book in his hand, but stared, with all his eyes, at “the quality.” The loom (it was an old-fashioned tabbnet loom) stood of course, as near to the spattered window as possible; a bed was raised a few inches from the damp earthen floor by means of transverse boards, but destitute of anything like curtains to hide the four thin posts and iron rod which showed that curtains had either been, or were intended to have been, there; there were two chairs, a stool, a wooden cradle, and sundry pieces of crockery-ware, on an old dresser—broken in general, but more abundant than usual in a “small” mechanic’s chamber. The tea-pot looked black and shiny; and a woman’s bonnet and shawl hung upon one of the posts of the poor bed; a bird, in what had once been a gay cage, rested against the window; it was standing in the bottom of its cage—we could not, therefore, tell what bird it was. “Well, Michael,” said our friend, “how goes it? your little maid keeps your room nicely. Why, Mary, your tea-pot shines like jet.” Mary replied with a smile and a curtsy; and the weaver laid by his shuttle, and answered that “glory be to God, he was better—better than ever he expected to be, and easier in himself.” The next question was as to the education of his

children: the boy, he said, went to school, but Mary could not be spared from the baby, it was so delicate: "I teach her myself, now and again, but she'd rather be bustling like her poor mother (God be good to her!) about the house than at the book. Mary hasn't the making of a scholar in her." "If she is as good a woman as her mother, she will do very well, Michael, for all that," observed our friend. "The Lord above bless you for that true saying! She will do very well, as I know to my blessing and my loss; I haven't been able to feel so as to move them yet," he said, pointing to the bonnet and shawl; "they stay there just where she left them the morning she took her death. It's a fine thing to have great faith, sir, for surely it's sorely tried. I know the removal was for her good; but when I look round on this lonesome room, it's very hard to think it for mine."

"You may feel this at first," we said; "but we hope you may be brought to feel, as well as to say, 'God's will be done.'"

"She was from the country," continued the poor man, whose heart was evidently full of the one subject, "and the day I married her she was just sixteen, and had never been near a town, or seen a soldier, only spent her days in the open fields, haymaking and milking, and tending her uncle's sheep. He was a man well to do; but she was the eldest of five orphans, that he brought up with his own sister's children, poor things! and he made no differ in them, only she loved me, poor girl, and I told her, with all the

courage I had, that Dublin was a dark place for the poor. She laughed at that, and 'deed I've since thought she did not know what darkness was—*then*; anyhow, I had a better room to bring her to than this, though *this* is not bad; it's a palace to many. She was so light-hearted, she made every place lightsome; but I remember how seriously she asked me one day, if 'the sun ever shone in Dublin.' It is not to say that she never gave me an uneasy word; but she never gave me one that wasn't a blessing; even when I took a drop too much of a Monday she'd strive to make me at peace with myself, while she'd wind round to the moral of everything, so that I might not do it again. No one ever said she was a beauty, yet I never looked off my work into her face that I didn't think her an angel. Somehow she never throve here, though she lingered with me for eight years, poor girl! She'd smile and shake her head when they called this the 'Liberty.' She had some notion, when I told her I lived in the *Liberty* of the city of Dublin, that it was a fresh, country sort of place; she had more innocent turns in her head than her own child. Why, she'd burst out crying at a handful of daisies, and keep the bit of bread out of her own mouth to buy a halfpenny bunch of primroses. But I beg your honour's pardon," continued the poor weaver, "only when I think of her my heart seems so full that I'm thankful to any one that'll listen to me."

We observed that the frame of his loom was stuck over in many places with ballads; indeed

we have seldom entered a weaver's room without perceiving a similar display; and the songs so fixed are generally pretty sure indexes to the opinions of the owners. In Dublin such scraps were chiefly political; in the north they were more general, and a number of old Scottish songs were to be found in the most prominent situations.

"I used to take great delight in them once," said the man, seeing that we noticed them; "but, somehow, I don't mind them now: the little girl puts up a new one now and again, but I don't care about them." "Father," exclaimed little Mary suddenly, "father, there's something ails the bird." In an instant the cage was opened, and the bird struggling, in a fit, on his hand. "It's not dying, father, is it?" she inquired in a voice of deep anxiety; "sure mother's bird ain't dying, father?" she repeated. The poor little fluttering thing (a grey linnet) gave one or two more struggles, its little beak opened, and then it lay, stiff and cold, upon its master's hand. "Don't cry, Mary; there: go mind the child; don't cry, darlint; sure we've lost a dearer bird than that—ay, and a singing-bird too: your little sister's wanting ye, Mary." The man looked on the dead bird for a minute without speaking, and the tears that had gathered in his eyes rushed down his face: he turned away to hide his emotion, and then placed it softly in its cage, while the little girl sobbed aloud.

"It's nothing but a bird, a poor common bird, I know," he said; "and there are thousands like it sporting through the green woods; and it isn't

that its little breath is gone I'd care for; but my poor woman, when she went home to see her people, about four months before the babbie was born, brought back the bird with her, and the word she spoke was so strange! 'Michael,' she says, 'it will sing for you when you're at your work; and maybe when I'm not here to sing for you, it will.' And so it did, both night and day, poor little thing! but, like herself, it will sing no more—no more." He covered his face with his hands, and wept bitterly.

In the Liberties, almost entirely reside the artisans who have made the Irish tabbnet famous throughout the world, for its supremacy has survived all attempts at rivalry; and the beautiful fabric is everywhere esteemed and admired. The manufacture, which is exclusively confined to Dublin, was introduced into Ireland by certain French refugees who settled there after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. There are, as nearly as we could ascertain, between six hundred and seven hundred persons employed in its production; but the estimate includes weavers, warpers, winders, and dyers. They are principally heads of families, and earn from ten shillings to twenty-five shillings a week (the higher wages being obtained by the weavers employed in producing brocaded or figured poplins, and who are, necessarily, the most skilful and ingenious workmen). There are not more than two hundred looms at work in the city and neighbourhood of Dublin; and, as we have intimated, there is not one in any other part of Ireland.<sup>57</sup> The

average produce of each loom is four yards per day (of the plain tabbnet) ; but each loom employs three persons. The trade, and the profits derived from it, are consequently limited; yet it is, strictly speaking, the only national manufacture,<sup>58</sup> if we except that of linen.

The other manufactures that flourish in Dublin, unhappily, require but a very brief notice. In woollen cloths, the produce is of great excellence;<sup>59</sup> several iron works are prosperous; the manufacture of glass is carried on to a considerable extent; there is much trade in tanning; in guns and rifles, the establishment of Messrs. Rigby has a European fame; and so have the carriages of Messrs. Hutton; the porter, if we may class it under this head, of Messrs. Guinness is preferred to that of any other brewery in all parts of the world. The amount of its consumption in London alone is immense.<sup>60</sup> In several minor articles, also, the artisans of Dublin have manifested great skill—such as boots and shoes, cutlery, gloves, &c. But until agitation is permitted to cease, and the natural energies and abilities of the people are directed into a proper channel, Irish manufactures will be but as a small grain of sand on the sea-shore, in comparison with the vast resources and capabilities of the country. Various efforts have been made of late to compel, rather than to induce, the exclusive use of commodities made in Ireland; they seem to have led to no beneficial result beyond a momentary impulse. It will be obvious to all who reason calmly upon the subject, that such a

mode of promoting the welfare of Ireland is visionary, at least, if it be not absurd. Ireland, we repeat, requires nothing but repose to flourish as a manufacturing country; not merely with a view to furnish with necessaries its own population, but to become a huge storehouse for the supply of every nation of the world. The manufactories which, at the present moment, produce articles of a superior order, subsist not by the home consumption of their productions, but by their export trade.

The Liffey is crossed by no fewer than nine bridges, within a distance of little more than three miles. One of the most remarkable of these, the "Barrack Bridge," was formerly called the Bloody bridge; tradition traces its ancient title to a sanguinary conflict fought in its vicinity A.D. 1408, between the native Irish, led by a chieftain of the O'Kavanaghs, and the army of the Pale, under the command of the Duke of Lancaster, who was mortally wounded in the encounter. The erection of a grand Gothic gateway—the entrance to the "Military Road"—gives to the bridge a peculiarly striking character, and restores it to the olden time.

The public charities of Dublin are very numerous, and almost as varied as the ailments and wants of human-kind. It is to-day as it was many centuries ago, when old Stanihurst, writing of the city, says, "What should I here speake of their charitable almes, dailie and hourely expended to the needie!" There are hospitals for the diseased and aged; asylums for



The Bloody Bridge  
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ability of producing the welfare of Ireland is visionary, at least, and is to be not shared. Ireland, now repaid for everything but begins to flourish and flourish the country; not simply with a view to the necessities of its own population, but to become a huge storehouse for the supply of the necessities of the world. The nation, however, at the present moment, produces goods in a superior order, subject not by the consumption of their productions, but by the export trade.

The bridge is named by no fewer than four names, within a distance of little more than three miles. One of the most remarkable of these, the "Blarney Bridge," was formerly called the "Bloody bridge;" tradition traces its ancient title to a sanguinary conflict fought in its vicinity A.D. 1408, between the native Irish, led by a chieftain of the O'Kavanaghs, and the army of the Pale, under the command of the Duke of Lancaster, who was mortally wounded in the encounter. The erection of a grand Gothic gateway—the entrance to the "Military Road"—gives to the bridge a peculiarly striking character, and restores it to the olden time.

The public charities of Dublin are very numerous, and almost as varied as the ailments and wants of human-kind. It is to-day as it was many centuries ago, when old Sturtevant, writing of the city, says, "What should I here speak of their charitable almes, dailie and hourly expended to the needie?" There are hospitals for the diseased and aged; asylums for

The Bloody Bridge

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the blind, the insane, the destitute; societies to assist the "stranger," the industrious, and the "unfortunate;" fever hospitals, lying-in hospitals, dispensaries, schools for the instruction of the deaf and dumb—in short, benevolent and charitable institutions are almost as numerous as the streets; and nearly the whole of them are supported entirely by voluntary contributions. We have frequently had occasion to observe that nothing renders a native of Ireland, of any grade, more wretched than *having nothing to give*. The people are essentially charitable; one can hardly enter a house where the ladies, young and old, are not engaged in the promotion of some plan for the relief of their fellow-creatures. They bestow quantities of food and clothing, and are truly zealous of good works. The sums expended in private charity, considering the limited means of the expenders, is astonishing; they are ever anxious to relieve, even beyond their means, the wants of others. "Fair beggars" attack on all sides, to claim aid for some favoured charity or distressed family; and no city in the world can better sustain or better manage charitable institutions than Dublin.

Institutions for promoting science, literature, and the arts, are far more limited; first in rank and in utility is the "Dublin Society," occupying Kildare House, purchased in 1815, from the Duke of Leinster, for £20,000—a noble mansion, "long celebrated as one of the most splendid private residences in Europe." The society originated in the meeting of a few eminent men

in 1731; in 1749 it received a charter of incorporation, as "The Dublin Society for promoting husbandry and other useful arts." That great benefit has been derived to Ireland from the exertions of this institution is undeniable. To the Botanic Garden we shall refer presently; its museum contains a rare and almost perfect collection of the natural productions of the country; its schools have been rendered valuable auxiliaries for the spread of information; and it has been eminently successful in carrying out the object for which it was established—in "promoting husbandry and the useful arts."<sup>61</sup> Next in importance, is the Royal Irish Academy, incorporated in 1786, "to promote the study of science, polite literature, and antiquities." The society possesses an extensive library, consisting chiefly of "Transactions" of foreign societies and of books relative to Ireland—a subject to which, very properly, its attention is principally directed; premiums are given, occasionally, for successful essays, and the volumes of its "Transactions" contain a vast mass of important and valuable information upon a variety of subjects—abstract science, polite literature, and the antiquities of the country. The most valuable part of the "Transactions" (of late years), however, are the papers on purely scientific subjects—viz., mathematical and physical; these contain more that is "new," and hold a higher rank than the publications of any similar body in Europe. A museum is attached to the institution, which contains a collection of rare and

interesting Irish relics. The "Natural History Society," which consists chiefly of younger gentlemen labouring for the acquisition of knowledge, has already formed a museum of great value.

"The Royal Hibernian Academy," was chartered in 1823, for the promotion of the fine arts. It consists of fourteen academicians and ten associates. The members possess a noble and spacious building in Abbey Street, erected for them by the late Francis Johnston, Esq., architect; the munificent artist having given them a lease of it for ever, at the annual rent of five shillings.<sup>62</sup>

The Royal Irish Academy and the Royal Hibernian Academy receive, each, a grant of £300 per annum from Parliament; we have shown how the former expend it, but truth forces the admission that we have not been enabled to ascertain its advantageous employment by the latter. In Ireland, indeed, the Fine Arts have made but little progress; until of late, there was no effort to extend their influence; and for recent beneficial changes, Ireland is not indebted to the "Royal Hibernian Academy."

Before quitting this branch of our subject, we must briefly describe the *edifice* occupied by the National Board of Education. The advantages derived from its establishment we shall refer to in a future page, when treating of the educational institutions of the Irish metropolis.

The building is situated in Marlborough Street, from which it is separated by a handsome

iron palisade, on a granite base, broken in the centre by two massive Doric lodges. The principal front consists of two buildings, arranged symmetrically, with an opening in the centre. They are faced with granite, and present each a plain but elegant Grecian façade of eighty-eight feet, having a small hexastyle portico over the principal entrance.

Of these buildings, that to the right contains the board-room library, apartments of the resident commissioner, and the official establishment; while that to the left is devoted to the training of teachers for primary schools. About two hundred receive instruction at one time, the course occupying six months, making a total of four hundred persons trained up each year; of these, three hundred are supported by the Board during their stay.

At the distance of 60 yards in the rear are seen the model schools; of these, the centre building only is ornamented. It consists of a dipteral portico inantis, surmounted by an octagonal bell tower. The male school is to the right; the principal room (or school hall) is 80 feet long, by 50 wide, and 25 feet high; it is calculated to accommodate six hundred pupils. The female school (to the left) accommodates four hundred girls; the school hall is 61 feet long, by 50 wide. The infant school (in the centre) is 60 feet by 30, and accommodates three hundred children. The system pursued consists of a combination of the monitorial and simultaneous methods, for both of which ample means are provided. In

the rear of each school is a large paved exercise-ground, furnished with gymnastic apparatus, and surrounded by gardens. These schools are made subservient to the training of teachers for primary schools, who, after receiving morning lectures from the professors, spend a portion of each day in learning the practice of teaching.

“Hotels” are to be encountered in all the fashionable streets; the majority of them are exceedingly well conducted, and upon a very liberal scale. The most popular, perhaps, is “Gresham’s,” in Sackville Street; but the old establishment of “Morrisson’s” sustains its reputation for comfort, attention, and moderation of charges.

The Theatre in Hawkins Street is, and has long been, under the able and efficient management of Mr. Calcraft. It is an elegant building, erected in 1820, by Samuel Beasley, Esq.<sup>63</sup>

The immediate vicinity of Dublin, in all directions round the city, is of great interest and beauty. The banks of the Liffey, from the quays to a considerable distance beyond Leixlip, and into the county of Kildare, are highly picturesque; the natural luxuriance of the soil has been improved by taste and cultivation, and stately mansions and graceful cottages crown the heights of the green hills by which the river is everywhere bordered. The Phoenix Park will be taken in this route, for the public road runs directly under it. In the park is the residence of the Viceroy; and where, of late years, the representative of the sovereign, in Ireland, has

constantly resided, being more healthful, agreeable, and convenient than the "Castle." "The Lodge," as it is called, has little pretensions to magnificence. The park contains about 1,000 acres, admirably laid out; the trees are finely grown; it is "kept" with exceeding care; and is deservedly classed foremost among the public promenades of Great Britain. Dr. Walsh, indeed, who has visited nearly every continental kingdom, does not hesitate to say that, "viewing all the particulars which should distinguish a place set apart for public recreation, the Phoenix Park, on the whole, would not suffer on comparison with any other in Europe." Nearly at the entrance from the city is a huge heap of stones, dignified by the title of "The Wellington Testimonial," as ungainly and ungraceful an example of bad taste as the kingdom could supply;<sup>64</sup> and on the Kildare side is an erection equally unmeaning—a tall Corinthian column, surmounted by a Phoenix.<sup>65</sup> The Zoological Society have their gardens within the park, a portion of it having been allotted to them in 1830, by his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, then Lord Lieutenant.

South-west of the city, about four miles, is the village of Clondalkin, with its round tower, in a perfect state of preservation. Its height is about ninety feet, and it measures fifteen feet in diameter; its base was, however, about sixty years ago, encased with strong mason-work, in order to protect it from the assaults of time; and, strangely enough, a few years after it was judi-

ciously guarded, a catastrophe occurred that would otherwise have levelled it with the earth. Extensive powder-mills in the neighbourhood blew up; yet the tower withstood the shock, although (to quote the newspapers of the day) "the earth seemed to shake from the very centre, and ponderous masses of many tons in weight were cast to the distance of five or six fields." Immediately adjoining the round-tower are, as usual, the ruins of an ancient church; and it is certain that an abbey was founded here at a very early period.

The southern suburbs and vicinity of Dublin are less interesting than those to the north; but there is one district that immediately adjoins the city, concerning which some remarks are necessary. The far-famed "Donnybrook" is now but the shadow of its former self; we have, indeed, had

"The luck to see Donnybrook Fair"

before, fortunately for the inhabitants of Dublin, it had "fallen from its high estate."<sup>66</sup> Although the Irishman is no longer there "in his glory;" tents are still annually "pitched" upon the sodden sward, where they have been erected for centuries; itinerant "play-actors" continue to gather there once a year; the beggars yet make it a place of rendezvous; lads and lasses assemble even now to dance under roofs of canvas; and the din of harsh music from the "shows," mingled with the almost equally discordant squeakings of a score or two of bagpipes, still keep alive the memory of

“Donnybrook capers, that bother’d the vapours,  
And drove away care,”

during the long celebrated and verse-commemorated month of August.<sup>67</sup>

In the autumn of last year we were curious to ascertain the difference between the Donnybrook of yesterday and that of to-day; and, prepared as we had been for the wonderful changes which a few eventful years have wrought in the habits of the people, it was with utter astonishment we noted the contrast between the reckless “devilry” of a former time, and the decent hilarity of the present. We have given, in a note, some idea of the depravity to which it was for a long period the annual usher; regularly filling the jails with culprits, and the streets with degraded women. Every fair in Ireland was, indeed, bad enough; but that of Dublin surpassed them all for dissipation and vice: a large proportion of the lower classes, for many months after the saturnalia, had to endure the penalties of want or the punishment of crime. To the disgrace of the country these evils were tolerated for centuries; at length they were to some extent checked by a more efficient police; and the “Temperance movement” has entirely removed them. The humiliating picture of a distinguished foreigner is no longer such as he can justly draw to excite the disgust of his own countrymen.<sup>68</sup>

We entered the fair twice—at mid-day, and again in the evening, a short time before the

sports terminate by order of the magistrates. We saw, indeed, crowds of people amusing themselves; the merry-go-rounds and hobby-horses "crammed;" the shows thronged; and several tents filled with dancers and gossipers; but of scenes which the German tourist honours with the term "national," we beheld literally none; we heard nothing, and noticed nothing that could offend the most scrupulous; there was no quarrel approaching to a brawl; we did not encounter a single intoxicated person of either sex; and the next day our inquiries from a competent authority, as to the amount of charges at the police-offices incident to the Fair, were answered by the expressive word "nil."

The Botanic Garden is situated on the north side of Dublin, at Glasnevin, about two miles from the centre of the city. A more admirable site could not have been selected; a clear stream—the little river Tolka—runs through a miniature valley, to which the ground gradually slopes; the tall and finely grown trees are sheltered from the north and east winds by adjacent hills; and the neighbourhood has long been celebrated for its salubrity and its mild temperature. The garden contains about twenty-eight acres, and is, we believe, the largest in Great Britain. It originated in the year 1790, when Dr. Wade presented a petition to the Irish Parliament, by the hands of Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, the result of which was an annual grant for its establishment and support. It has ever since been an honour and a credit to the city, having

been at the outset, most judiciously and tastefully laid out, and its several curators having been men of judgment and practical knowledge. A more delightful, interesting, or instructive promenade is not to be found in Great Britain; <sup>69</sup> on two days of each week it is opened to the public, but to the studious it is accessible at all times by an order easy to be obtained. Dr. Walsh thus wrote of the garden in 1818:—“Nothing can exceed the command of aspect which the irregular beauty of the surface presents, and of which the planners of the garden have been careful to avail themselves; having ample room for every botanical purpose, they have not sacrificed taste to convenience, or disturbed such objects as contributed to the beauty of the old demesne.” The garden has since undergone material improvements, while it has lost nothing of its former interest and value; very lately, however, in consequence of the withdrawal of the Government grant from the Dublin Society, and the consequent inability of sustaining the garden with requisite care, serious alarms have been manifested as to its deterioration, and, indeed, its ultimate abandonment—an event that could be characterised only as a public calamity.

Adjoining the garden is a public cemetery. There was no subject in Ireland which contributed more to keep alive the asperity of parties than that of burials. By an anomaly peculiar to the Irish character, the angry passions which agitate men in life were not relinquished in

death; every funeral was a signal to renew them, and the embers of discord were raked up and fomented even among the ashes of the dead. An obsolete fragment of the penal statutes continued unrepealed till a late date. It prohibited Roman Catholic priests from officiating in Protestant churchyards, even for a member of their own flock. This, which was fast falling into disuse, was revived with great strictness by a late archbishop. On one occasion, when the funeral procession came to the grave, and the priest began the service for the dead, the sexton interfered to prohibit him. The people could hardly be persuaded to submit to a law the existence of which they doubted, and which, if it did exist, was repugnant to every Christian feeling. Scenes, therefore, of the most painful kind took place in St. Kevin's, St. Michan's, and other churchyards, and the silence and repose of the grave were daily disturbed by fierce and angry squabbles between the sexton and the mourners over the uncovered coffin.

To put an end to this state of things, Lord Plunket, then attorney-general, brought in a bill by which a Protestant incumbent might give permission to a Roman Catholic priest to perform the service on his "asking permission in writing." But this did not satisfy the angry parties. The one would not ask the boon in the prescribed form, and the other would not compromise their "privilege" if the minutest formula were omitted. The evil remained unreduced, and the "squabbles" of St. Kevin's and

St. Michan's were renewed in St. Bride's and St. Thomas's. The Catholic Association were at this time about to terminate their sittings, and there remained a balance of money in hand which they did not know how to dispose of—owing to the multitude of claimants. It was therefore proposed that it should be allotted to the establishment of a Catholic cemetery. "No," argued one, "let us not perpetuate animosity in this way; let our bodies at least lie side by side in the same graveyard." He was not listened to, and the sum of £1,000 was allotted for a separate burial-ground. It was commenced on the south side of the city, beyond St. James's Street, and laid out with all the regularity and attention to ornament of a Père la Chaise, planted with trees and flowering shrubs, and proved a striking contrast to the filthy and disgusting state in which the old churchyards were kept. The profits arising from the fees are not divided by the company for their private emolument, but form a fund for the purposes of education. The success of this attempt induced the promoters to establish another, on a larger scale, contiguous to the Botanic Gardens; and it was so much "thronged" that it has been lately found necessary to close it. Protestants were invited to use it, and a chapel has been erected in it, in which clergymen of all religious persuasions may perform the service according to the rites of their own church; very few, however, have availed themselves of this privilege. Curran, the celebrated advocate, has a monument in it, and a

tomb was commenced for Ruthven, the city liberal member for Dublin; but it was little more than commenced, and the fragments of it lie neglected and trampled upon.

A third cemetery has been established at Harold's Cross, exclusively Protestant. It is of equal size with the former, and laid out in plantations and gravel-walks with great taste and beauty. Meantime the city churchyards are falling into daily disuse; and so far, the removal of putrid bodies festering among the crowded streets of the metropolis is a public benefit; but it has materially diminished the already curtailed income of the Established Church. St. James's and other churchyards were favourites with the Roman Catholics, because some spiritual benefit was supposed to be annexed to interment there. This superstition, however, has yielded to the popular feeling in favour of the new cemeteries, and has deprived the parochial clergy of a considerable part of the income arising from burial-fees.

The village of Finglas stands about three miles west of Dublin. It was early distinguished for its salubrity, and acquired the name of Fioun Glass, "the fair or pleasant green." It was the favourite residence of St. Patrick,<sup>70</sup> who predicted that it would be the future capital of Ireland—that it should be "lifted up into the throne of the kingdom"—and, in the meantime, conferred on it various gifts; among the rest a Well of many spiritual and physical virtues. It was particularly

miraculous in restoring sight to the blind, and the quantity of rags hung round it, as *votivæ tabellæ*, attested the number of its cures. It is slightly chalybeate, and had some efficacy in cases of ophthalmia from its tonic quality. The reputation of these natural and preternatural properties induced a celebrated quack, who assumed the name of Achmet, to build a pump-room over it, and for some time it was much frequented.

Finglas is distinguished as the scene of many historic events. Here it was that O'Connor, paramount king of Ireland, awaited the coming of the Anglo-Normans to decide the fate of Ireland. Thus the battle of Finglas attached Ireland for ever as an appendage to England. It was also hither that James fled after the battle of the Boyne,—“stopping to take breath at Finglas wood.” He was speedily followed by William, who encamped here with an army of 30,000 men. Hence he despatched the Duke of Ormond to take Dublin, and in the meantime strongly fortified his camp against any enemy. Part of these works forms one side of the garden of the glebe-house, and part is still very perfect in a meadow adjoining, called to this day the “King’s Field,” overlooking and commanding the then high road leading to the capital by Cardiff’s bridge.

Among other remnants of antiquity is a ponderous stone cross, of rude but curious sculpture. The parish stands in the barony of Nethercross, so called, it was said, from a cross

of great antiquity which stood there, but which had disappeared. The tradition was, that a detachment of Cromwell's soldiers going to the siege of Drogheda, in passing by, had dashed it down as an emblem of superstition, intending to break it into pieces on their return; but the inhabitants, to protect it from further profanation, buried it, and when the soldiers came back it was not to be found. The rumour of the circumstance induced the Rev. D. Walsh, then curate of the parish, to search for it. After long and fruitless inquiries he met with an aged man, who told him that his grandfather had pointed out to his father the place where it had been buried. Taking the old man for his guide, and some labourers to assist him, he began to dig, and actually found the cross where it had been buried nearly two hundred years. It is of granite, with the arms issuing from a solid circle; curiously but rudely sculptured, and weighing with its plinth several tons. It now stands in the old churchyard; but it is the intention of the discoverer to have it erected in the area in front of the new church, now building, as an appropriate ornament.

Among the customs of the village is a May fair, formerly celebrated with great pomp. A queen was crowned, and a court appointed to support her dignity, dressed in gorgeous apparel, and great crowds were in attendance from the city for several days to do her homage. But the scene of dissipation and profligacy into which it degenerated, caused it to be utterly discour-

tenanced. The last unfortunate queen died, not long ago, and she had no successor; although the semblance of the fair is still kept up.

The village was formerly the abode of opulence and fashion, and supported two sedan-chairs to convey the company to its evening card-parties. But the mansions of the fashionable are now deserted. Some are in ruins, and some are converted into lunatic asylums; while the population, consisting of 800 individuals, are among the poorest and most destitute in the empire.

About four miles north of Finglas, and on the road to Drogheda, is the ancient town of Swords, with its ruined castle, its round tower, and its monastic remains. The castle is very picturesque, standing on the banks of a clear and rapid river. It was formerly a palace of the Archbishop of Dublin, and must have been a strong as well as an extensive pile. It consists of ranges of embattled walls, flanked with towers. Swords was formerly a place of considerable importance, having had the honour to be repeatedly burnt and plundered by the Danes, who destroyed it no fewer than four times during the eleventh and twelfth centuries. It has also occupied a prominent station in the history of a more recent age: in this town the first Irish army of the Pale assembled on the 9th of November, 1641, preparatory to that frightful civil war which caused such calamities to the country; and here they were defeated and put to the rout by the forces under Sir Charles Coote, on the 10th of January following, when he beat them from

their fortifications, killing two hundred, without any material loss on his side, except that of Sir Lorenzo Cary, second son of Lord Falkland, who fell in the engagement.

Of the numerous ecclesiastical edifices, there are now but few remains; the round tower—seventy-three feet in height—and the abbey belfry, a square building, of no more remote antiquity than the fourteenth or perhaps the fifteenth century, and the modern church appended to it, convey but a very faint idea of the grandeur of the olden time.

But, like most of the ancient towns of Ireland, Swords was of ecclesiastical origin. A monastery appears to have been erected here as early as the year 512, by the famous saint Columbkille, who appointed St. Finian Lobhair, or the Leper, as its abbot; to whom he gave a missal, or copy of the gospels (then a rare treasure), written by himself. St. Finian died before the close of the sixth century. In the course of time this monastery became possessed of considerable wealth, and the town rose into much importance. It contained within its precincts, in addition to St. Columbkille's church, four other chapels, and nine inferior chapels subservient to the mother church. Hence, on the institution of the collegiate church of St. Patrick, it ranked as the first of the thirteen canonries attached to that cathedral by Archbishop Comyn, and was subsequently known by the appellation of "the golden prebend, on account of its great value arising out of its considerable

demesne, and tithes issuing from a large and fertile district." Near a small chapel, dedicated to St. Bridget, stood an ancient cross, called "Pardon Crosse."

Some few miles farther north is the small town of Lusk, which almost answers to the description we have given of Swords; for here, too, in the earliest age of Christianity, an abbey was erected with its attendant chapels and cells; and here also the church was castellated for the defence of the monastic establishment. The architecture of this building, however, is remarkable and peculiar: it consists of two long aisles, divided by a range of seven arches; the east end is the present church; at the west end is a square steeple attached to three angles of which are round towers; and near the fourth angle is an insulated veritable "round tower," in a good state of preservation though deprived of its cap. Beneath the steeple is a stone-roofed crypt, in reference to which Grose takes occasion to remark,—“I know from abundant evidence, that all our most ancient religious edifices began in the ninth century with stone-roofed crypts, near which were erected our round towers; and numberless proofs occur of these being the work of the Oastmen.”<sup>71</sup>

Returning towards Dublin, but along the coast, about a mile to the left of the road, is one of the most venerable and interesting castles of Ireland—the castle of Malahide, the old fortified mansion of “the Talbots”—happily not a ruin, for it is still the residence of the estimable repre-

sentative of the Anglo-Norman who won the land with his sword in the reign of the second Henry. It retains many marks of antiquity; it is an extensive square building, flanked by circular towers, having received considerable additions of late years; but they have been made in keeping with its ancient character—and a very slight effort of the imagination will link its existing state with the history of the olden time.

The property has been held by the Talbots from the period of their first settlement in Ireland to the present time; they were deprived of it during the troubles that followed the melancholy year 1641, but it was returned to them at “the Restoration.” In 1653, a lease of the castle and the lands adjacent was granted to Miles Corbet, one of the regicides, who made it for several years his place of residence. He must have led a very retired life in his new possession, for little or nothing is known of his career in Ireland; even the traditions of the peasantry are silent concerning him; the only one that exists having reference to his pollution of the old walls—being that, when he first entered them, a small carved statue of the Virgin miraculously disappeared, and as miraculously returned to its proper place when the intruder embarked on shipboard at the neighbouring port, and sought safety on the Continent. The circumstance may be very easily accounted for without the aid of supernatural influence; for the beautifully-wrought model would, no doubt, have been consigned by the hands of the puritan to

the fire: it now forms a conspicuous ornament over the old carved panels of the fire-place. Many of the apartments are wainscoted with oak; in the various compartments of which have been let in a series of finely-wrought *alto rilievos*, the subjects being scriptural. The hall is perhaps one of the purest examples of Norman architecture to be found in the kingdom. The mansion is beautifully furnished, and in admirable taste; and the collection of paintings, although not extensive, is unsurpassed in value. Among them are choice specimens of the old Dutch and Italian masters, in excellent preservation; but the assemblage of portraits is of deeper interest. Close to the castle are the ruins of an ancient church, surrounded by chestnut-trees of magnificent growth; it adds greatly to the impressive character of the whole scene, associated as it is with the memories of its heroic founders.<sup>72</sup>

Some three or four miles nearer to Dublin is the singular church of St. Doulough; forming, with its holy well and its stone cross, an assemblage of relics of antiquity, which rank among the most remarkable and interesting in Ireland. The church is one of the few remaining stone-roofed structures, which Dr. Ledwich considers to have been erected by the Danes, but to which other antiquaries assign a date much more remote.<sup>73</sup>

As we alighted to view the old church of St. Doulough, on our road from Malahide Castle, where we had enjoyed the hospitality of its noble

lord and his estimable lady, the carriage was surrounded by a troop of beggars—three women, two men, and a due proportion of children; a halfpenny to each sent them cheerfully away, and left us free to examine the churchyard without interruption. You may journey many a mile in England, and the people you will meet are in their manner and deportment so much alike, that they appear, if not members of one family, to have been all educated in the same school. It is otherwise in Ireland; everywhere there is some national characteristic, the ramifications of which are various and numerous. The English pauper is at once bowed down by misery, and murmurs and complains under its endurance from first to last. The Irish beggar wrestles with distress; he can exist upon so little food as to seem almost able to live without it; but he cannot do without his jest;—there are moments when the heart beats lightly, even in his starving bosom. The poverty of the English, except at stated times, is sullen; the poverty of the Irish is garrulous: the Englishman takes relief as a right; the Irishman accepts it as a boon. You may aid half a dozen English paupers without receiving thanks; you cannot relieve an Irish beggar without being paid in blessings.

On proceeding to the churchyard, our attention was arrested by a young woman, whom we at once perceived to be “no beggar.” She was seated near a humble tombstone. Sorrow had evidently saddened her soft expressive face. She was very decently clad, and her straw bon-

net, trimmed with a broad band of crape, betokened widowhood. A bright-looking child was placed, according to the custom of the country, on her back, under the folds of her ample cloak—its little face and chubby arms just visible above its mother's shoulder. The little creature was lost in admiration of its fingers, which it expanded and contracted with instinctive delight in newly-discovered power; its round black eyes sparkling, and its young voice crowing forth its glee. The thoughtlessness of the young child—too young to know what grief meant, and conscious of nothing save the joyous vibrations of its own heart—was, indeed, a contrast to the mournful aspect of its parent, whose features appeared subdued by the wearing anguish of bereaved affection; her eyes filled with tears, which she wiped away patiently; there were no sobs, no violent emotions, but the round drops welled as if their source were in her heart. The tomb she sat by was near the corner of the graveyard, and to avoid disturbing her, we were going round by the other side. She saw this; rose up, curtsied, and said, "I beg your honours' pardon, if I'd seen I was in the way, I'd have moved long ago; but the trouble blinded my eyes: the way's clear now. Sure it's wet your feet you would in the long grass." Her voice was as sweet to hear, as her gentle face to look upon; and a word or two expressive of the sympathy it was impossible not to feel, drew forth her story, which truly had but little story in it, and in her own words ran thus:—

“ I am a lone woman now, though I’ll not be in my twenty-one until next Candlemas. If I live to see it, it will be in a far land. My husband was a fine workman; and both my noble lord and my lady, up at Malahide Castle, kept him in constant work; God bless them for their good hearts! and every one said, I was the lucky girl to have such a boy; and, indeed, I knew it, and always thought him too good for me; and sure I was right; for if he wasn’t I’d have had him still. The thirteen months he was left with me, he never gave me an aching heart, or as much sorrow as made me shed a tear.

“ One Sunday morning—we’d been to mass, and I was a little tired after the walk, for this craythur at my back had not come into the world then—and he says, ‘ Mary, darling,’ (sure darling was the hardest word ever came out of his lips to me; but what need I say that, for the sound of his voice would make hard words like honey,) ‘ I’ll just go down to the bay for a bit, to meet one or two of the boys, and have a walk upon the sand, and be back for the cup of tea you always make of a Sunday.’ So I said, ‘ Very well;’ and he kissed me; and then, after he went out at the door, he looked in at the window and came back again. ‘ And, jewel,’ he says, ‘ maybe you’d rather I’d not go; and if you would, say so.’ And, God help my foolishness! I said, ‘ Go;’ though somehow, whenever he went out of my sight, I felt as if I should never see him again. And I thought to myself how fond the neighbours were of unlacing a boat of

a Sunday afternoon, and taking a spell upon the water; and so I put on my shawl, and sure enough, when I got down on the strand, he and three others were just moving up and down—this way—as I move this feather, up and down, on the little shining waves, that looked like crystal for clearness, and yet were as blue as the heavens above them. ‘Are you afraid for your husband, Mary aroon?’ said one of the young girls that was down on the strand. ‘Not afraid, Nancy,’ I made answer; ‘for the good Lord is above us all; but the ocean’s mighty treacherous.’ ‘Well,’ she said, turning her face and hiding it on my shoulder, for her sweetheart was in the boat as well as my husband; ‘I’d rather James wasn’t in it, but did not like to say so before the other young girls, because they’d be laughing at me.’ So we two sat together, holding each other’s hands and watching the bit of a boat, until it danced on a sunbeam out of our sight. Presently I felt a little breeze of wind cold on my cheek, and it made me shrink.

“‘What ails ye?’ says Nancy. And I answered ‘Nothing,’ for I was ashamed; but again it came stronger than before—yet not strong, only like the sigh of the wind, and the sky and sea as quiet as ever; but I could stay no longer on the strand, thinking I’d see farther if I was on the cliff; and Nancy at first didn’t like to follow me, because of the others laughing; but she grew so anxious that she left them at last, never heeding: and, sure enough, they did laugh, and sing, and dance on the strand, to the music of

their voices, and the waters, and their own light hearts, while we sat watching the sea from above, as before we had watched it from below. And boat after boat, and sail after sail, came and went, but not the one we looked for; until at last we saw it, and clasped our hands, and thanked God; and I never took my eyes off it. And I had just said that we'd go down to the strand again, and be ready to meet them, when I saw they were trimming a sail. In another minute it was up, and I trembled then worse than ever; for I thought of the sudden gusts of wind,—and just as I thought, it gave a whirl and a flap, like the wing of a wounded sea-bird. Oh, my God! they were gone!

“I don't know what followed. The last thing I saw I have told you; *there* in the sight of my eyes, and *gone*! The next thing I remember was waking up as from a dream, and finding my dead husband in the little room, and a live baby on my bosom; and they wanted me not to go near him: but I did. I laid his baby on his arm, and looked at them both together; and then, for the first time, I rained down tears, as well I might, and after that I prayed. I laid him there,” she added, “and James is next to him. Poor Nancy has never been rightly herself since; and to-day I came here, maybe for the last time, for my father is going to emigrate, and I am going with him. That's his grave,” she added, pointing out one that was distinguished from the rest by a new stone cross at the head, and a small stone at the foot. “It looks clean and cheerful

for a grave," she said, with a faint smile, "and the sun is beaming on it, as it would on a flower-garden; and he's buried in his own land, among his own people. But I—but I," and her feelings overpowered her. She fell upon her knees on the turf, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes poured forth a few broken words of prayer to the Almighty, that, go where she would, endure what she might, he would permit "her bones" to be laid beside his, and that in death they might not be divided. She uttered her petition in strong agony of mind; then flung herself upon the grave in the abandonment of sorrow, and embraced the very clay. The baby looked terrified; and as the mother placed it on the grave speaking as if it could remember where its father lay, its little hand clutched a tuft of grass, and plucked it up. Again her tears burst forth, while she carefully folded up the memorial gathered by the unconscious infant, and placed it in her bosom.

We have—as we intimated we should be compelled to do—taken but a very superficial glance at the objects of interest with which the vicinity of the city and the county of Dublin so largely abound.

The county of Dublin is bounded on the north and north-west by the county of Meath; on the west and south-west by that of Kildare; on the south by that of Wicklow; and on the east by the Irish Sea. It comprises, according to the Ordnance survey, 240,204 statute acres; of which

229,292 are cultivated, the proportion of unprofitable mountain and bog being consequently very small. In 1821, the population, exclusive of that contained in the metropolis, was 150,011; and in 1831, it had increased to 183,042; but in the census of 1841, it was returned as only 140,047. It is divided into six baronies—Balrothery, Castleknock, Coolock, Nethercross, New-castle, Half-Rathdown, and Upper Cross.

There are two institutions connected more especially with Dublin that demand a less limited notice than we have been enabled to give to others—the “Ordnance Survey,” and the “National Education.” Of the former we can speak only in terms of unqualified praise; but the latter we approach with considerable hesitation; for it is the subject of all others that has been most pertinaciously forced into the political arena, out of which it should have been as cautiously and perseveringly kept. Unhappily, in Ireland, we too often realise the fable of the gold and silver shield; seeing only one side of an object, and “going a warfare” because the party opposite cannot behold it exactly in the same view.

The survey of Ireland was undertaken by Government, on the recommendation of a committee of the House of Commons, which sat in 1824, of which the present Lord Monteagle was chairman. The immediate object to be obtained was a map sufficiently accurate and minute to form the groundwork for a new valuation of the country. The reader may, or may not, be aware, that in Ireland various expenses are borne by

the counties, which in England are the charge of local trusts, or committees, under special acts of parliament; and the rates, or cess, as these assessments are commonly called in Ireland, are levied from the proprietors on the fiat of the respective grand juries. They amount on the whole to a very considerable sum, at present about £1,200,000 a year; and it is obviously of very great importance that so large a taxation should be levied, on such a scale as to press equally on all. No such scale, however, existed, worthy of the name. In some counties the scale was of the date of Elizabeth, in some of James I., or of William III.; in many there was no scale at all, but all townlands paid equally, whether small or large: each of these, however, was probably fair at the time it was established; but townlands originally rated the lowest, perhaps covered with wood or waste, have since been so improved as to be made more valuable than those once better. Many lands were wholly exempted, having been, at the date of the scale, wild, and unpenetrated by roads, and the exemption still continued although these very lands may have been, under the grand jury system, in many cases those most benefited by the expenditure of county money, to which they contributed nothing; new roads having opened them to markets, and rendered them generally accessible.

The origin of townlands, under the various denominations by which they are known in different parts of the country, is of great antiquity. In the published memoir of the Ordnance Sur-

vey of Templemore, p. 208, we are informed that "the term townland is now applied in a more general sense than anciently. The Irish designation, *baile biatach*, victuallers' or farmers' town, originally denoted a tract of land, which constituted the thirtieth part of a *trioca cead*, or barony; and all the lesser divisions were known by the various appellations of quarters, half quarters, ballyboes, gneeves, tates, &c. In the Ordnance maps, however, in accordance with prevailing usage, all these names of subdivisions are discarded, and the name townland is applied to every such division, whether great or small." Sir William Petty remarks on their inequality even in his time: "As to these town-lands, plough-lands, colps, gneeves, bulliboos, bullibel-las, horseman's beds, &c., they are at this day manifestly unequal, both in quantity and value, being made on grounds that are all obsolete and antiquated." The evil continued without interruption to our own time. In 1815, a select committee of the House of Commons recommended that "some mode should be taken to render grand jury assessments more equal, by correcting the defects arising from apportioning the county rates according to old surveys, calculated on the measure of land formerly deemed profitable." In the subsequent year the same subject was again adverted to by the same committee, stating that "the different modes of levying the grand jury presentments, from the inequality of their pressure, arising out of the distance of time and unsettled state of the country when such ar-

rangements were made, require immediate and complete alteration." Indeed no stronger case can perhaps be mentioned, than that, even to this day, the new survey not having come into operation, the county of Dublin, the metropolitan county, is assessed by a scale dividing the county into arbitrary *parts*, the number of *acres* not being known at the time the ancient scale was made.

The period at which the survey began, was also one of great interest to Ireland, from the attention given in parliament and elsewhere to its backward state in roads, drainage, the improvement of rivers, internal navigation, and other measures of local improvement. For all such operations correct topography was the indispensable basis, and these objects, accordingly, did not escape the care of the remarkable person to whom this great operation was intrusted. After much inquiry, the committee of 1824, already referred to, in recommending the immediate extension of the Ordnance survey of England into the sister island, and an enlargement of the scale from one to six inches, in order to meet the civil purposes for which it was intended, had dwelt on the importance of military control, and organization, in the management of operations so extensive, and embracing the labours of so large a number of persons; and in pressing the subject on the Ordnance, it was urged, that "the general tranquillity of Europe enables the state to devote the abilities and exertions of a most valuable corps of officers to an undertaking which, though not unimportant in a

military point of view, recommends itself more immediately as a civil measure," and dwelt on "the high character of the officer who conducts the survey of England, as affording sufficient security for the successful completion of the work."

Colonel Colby, of the Royal Engineers, was accordingly directed by the Duke of Wellington, at that time Master-General of the Ordnance, to make arrangements for extending the general survey to Ireland; and he proceeded to organize a sufficient force of officers and men to assist in its direction and execution, to whom large numbers of other persons were added from time to time, to expedite the great work. The mode of survey to be adopted, must, it was obvious, embrace not only present wants, but be sufficient for future use; and be not only available for the townland valuation, but topographically suited to subserve the general purposes of the civil engineer, without abandoning that high ground of scientific research which renders its labour available and indispensable to various physical problems, more especially those dependent on a correct knowledge of the magnitude and figure of the earth. Among the earliest objects, was a correct determination on the earth's surface of a line in actual feet and inches, as the basis of linear and superficial measure to be applied to the new survey. This operation, which to uninitiated readers may appear perfectly simple, involves in reality very considerable difficulties, because, as only a short distance can be so measured, and from that distance the longer lines of the tri-

angulation have to be inferred by computation, the error, if there be any, will be multiplied; and an error which would be insensible in a few inches or a foot, would become very serious if extended into a hundred miles; and more so still, when used as the groundwork for a whole arc of the meridian, and applied to the observations with which the astronomer endeavours to scan the planetary spaces. The measurement of a base, as it is technically called, has accordingly been in all great surveys an object in which the utmost care has been bestowed. Rods of glass or of wood, and chains of elaborate workmanship, had been employed for this purpose; but each had proved liable to some peculiar objection, and all were subject to variations from changing temperatures.

Colonel Colby devised an entirely new apparatus, and for the first time applied to geodetic operations the principle of compensating expansions in metallic rods. With these instruments the base was successfully measured; and it may not be unworthy of notice, that as those instruments were constructed from the parliamentary standards of 1825, and those standards were destroyed by the conflagration which burnt in 1836 the venerable edifices at St. Stephen's,—the base line measured on the shore of Lough Foyle in Ireland remains at this day, perhaps, the best standard of the empire; and being, as it were, recorded on the surface of the earth, by the erection of permanent marks at its extremities, is in no danger of destruction. The

ingenuity of the late under-secretary for Ireland, Lieut. Drummond, was also successfully exerted at the commencement of the survey, in the invention of the lamp which bears his name, and other instruments for facilitating observations of the more distant stations.

Concurrently with these initial operations of the Ordnance, the Irish Government had taken steps for marking out and showing the boundaries of the counties, baronies, parishes, and townlands; and now, from the base, a network of triangles was extended over the island, which, owing to the powerful means employed, were rendered of extraordinary magnitude, the points of one triangle being 101, 93, and 86 miles asunder. These, gradually diminishing, contained within them other triangles, successively smaller and smaller, till every boundary was crossed by various lines, and each townland consisted of portions of triangles, whose measurement has thus been traced in unbroken succession from the original base.

By an ingenious and very simple system of levelling, the altitudes of numerous points were ascertained; indeed, so thickly are the maps studded with them, that it may be safely said, there is no spot on the surface of Ireland, but within a quarter of a mile of that spot, a point shall be found whose height in feet above the level of the sea is given on the maps. Already twenty-six counties are published, and the remainder, we learn, are in process of engraving.

The central office of the survey was estab-

lished in the Phoenix Park, near Dublin; where, during the meeting of the British Association in 1835, it very deservedly attracted the attention of the eminent men of science there assembled. From that station, the director, Col. Colby, controlled the operations of his immense force, amounting to more than 2,000 surveyors and others—of whom but 20 were officers, and about 200 soldiers; by this means the whole machine was wielded with the energy of a single will, and the plans which began at first but slowly, in the year 1830, were gradually completed and produced at a rate of more than two millions of acres in a year. They were then forwarded to the central office, and another step began, viz., to fit them for the public by engraving. Persons were employed to examine them closely by a peculiar system devised for that purpose, and from hand to hand each plan was passed, till transferred to copper; when again, by divided labour, on a skeleton of trigonometrically-constructed points, they were ultimately engraved,—first in outline, in writing next, and then in the more elaborate work of ornament. Various instruments of considerable ingenuity have been invented and constructed for the execution of particular parts of this branch of the work, and of the whole establishment, the leading feature is a happy adaptation of the great principle of division of labour; till, by again and again repeating the same process for the same purpose, *making* has been converted into *manufacturing*.<sup>74</sup>

But there is yet a portion of the survey to which a few words must be given—The Memoir. This was intended to be a textual elucidation of the various parts of the work, which could not be exhibited on the face of the maps. One volume, containing the city of Londonderry and its north-western liberties, was published as an example, and by the public it was well received, —the whole edition being immediately sold. To the Government, however, it appeared costly. It has been stated that it would have involved an outlay of about one year's expense, in addition to what was required for the maps. It was stopped. Its general scheme was peculiarly simple, but pervading and comprehensive. Taking for the thread of connection, the order of time, and therefore beginning with geology, and its adjunct, natural history, it embraced in the second place antiquities, and finally the existing social and productive statistics of the country. Subsequently to the stoppage, however, one portion, the geology alone, has been partially resumed, and there is reason to hope the present Government is not indisposed to continue the other portions. If such should be the case, it will only remain matter for regret, that the simplicity and oneness of a complete work will have been abandoned for separate and disjointed fragments.

Of this work Lord Brougham is reported to have said, that it was a corollary from the survey more valuable than the survey itself; and it was of this branch Mr. Babbage strongly declared,

that its conductors had earned a right to the lasting gratitude of their countrymen as national benefactors. This branch is at present stopped.

Upon the value and beneficial working of this institution, all persons and parties are agreed; but it is far otherwise with regard to that which superintends a matter of still greater importance—the education of the people as a duty, and at the charge of, the nation.

The value of education to all classes of a community, from the highest to the lowest, is acknowledged universally: it is only as to the safest and wisest mode of bestowing education that men differ and dispute. It is admitted, not alone to open up new sources of rational enjoyment to mankind, and to give to individuals increased “power;” but to aid in extending and establishing virtue, in bettering the social condition, and in augmenting national strength. Those who so consider, and so describe it, cannot, therefore, hesitate to accept as an axiom, that to encourage, promote, and increase education, is a duty of the state. State assistance is required only by persons disabled, from local circumstances or pecuniary disadvantages, from obtaining it by other means: to such it should freely be given, and on a scale commensurate with the want of it. Unhappily, however, in Ireland, there are difficulties in the way of educating the people generally, which human wisdom cannot altogether remove: they are peculiar; exceedingly disheartening; often wilfully, if not wantonly, raised; consequently, not to be dealt

with by any ordinary process; and cannot fail greatly to embarrass any Government, that would legislate for the benefit and improvement of that country.

We have had occasion to observe upon the avidity with which the Irish seek, and have always sought, knowledge. This is indisputable. The ground was, therefore, prepared for the seed; yet, for centuries, a most cruel policy not only permitted it to remain waste and unprofitable, but actually made its cultivation penal; and when, at length, a more rational and generous principle prevailed, and education was not only tolerated but encouraged, the result was scarcely more advantageous to the people; for the mode in which it was proffered was so opposed to their prejudices, and, as they imagined, their interests, that they refused to receive it upon the terms on which alone it was to be obtained.

A brief review of the various plans for promoting what has been termed "National" Education in Ireland, may be necessary in order to comprehend the precise position of the existing "Government Board."

From a very early period, the clergy of the established church, in Ireland, were bound by oath, on admission to a benefice, to teach, or cause to be taught, the English language in schools under their control; but the statutes which so provided, fell into desuetude; the clergy very generally considered they fulfilled the contract by subscribing to one or other of the societies for promoting instruction; and cases are

recorded of their so literally construing the obligation, as to believe it terminated when "there were no children in their parishes ignorant of the *English tongue*;"—and yet they so argued, perhaps, neither irrationally nor unjustly; for the act of Elizabeth, to which we principally refer, was, undoubtedly, part and parcel of the state-project for extirpating the "mere Irish" in name and in fact.<sup>75</sup> Out of this enactment grew the "Diocesan Free Schools." These have been considered in a report of the "Board of Education," and bearing date the 21st April, 1809. It then appeared that "only ten of the dioceses were provided with school-houses in proper repair;" that "the whole number of effective schools in all the dioceses together was but thirteen;" that "the whole number of scholars in all the schools did not exceed 380;" and that "twelve out of thirty-four dioceses contributed nothing towards the object." In fact, the diocesan schools became mere private speculations; the master derived a pittance of £40 per annum from the diocese; a degree of dignity was conferred upon his "establishment;" and he received scholars, and remuneration for teaching them, as ordinary school-keepers do.

By Charles I., also, schools in Ireland were founded and endowed; and the second Charles granted several large estates for their maintenance. These were at Armagh, Dungannon, Enniskillin, Raphoe, Cavan, Banagher, and Carysfort; and, according to the report of the Board of Education, their estates extended to

13,627 acres. The number of boys then—*i. e.* in 1809—in course of education were 187 boarders, and 114 day scholars; all of whom paid liberally for their education. In one of these schools of “royal foundation,” there were neither boarders nor day scholars; and in another, the lands appertaining to which were capable of producing £2,000 per annum, there were 65 boarders, at 32 guineas per annum; and 12 day scholars, at 6 guineas. The “masters” were generally men of rank and fortune; and the “Board” pointed out leases as being granted by many of these schoolmasters ‘during incumbency,’ as if they had been in possession of church livings and glebe lands. To describe these schools as “National,” is therefore a mockery.

The “charter schools” were incorporated by act of the Irish Parliament in 1733. These schools were objectionable on other and stronger grounds; the avowed object of their “incorporation” was to teach the “poor Irish” the “English language and the Protestant religion.” In other words, the schools were machines for the manufacture of proselytes; and the “society,” who received, first from the private purse of George II., and afterwards from parliament, grants in aid of their project, carried it to such irrational lengths, that in 1775 they came to a resolution, confirmed in 1778, and not rescinded until 1803, “not to admit any but the children of papists into the schools.” These schools were consequently viewed with dislike, amounting to abhorrence, by the great mass of

the people and their teachers; and the children educated in them were chiefly the offspring of crime. Yet between the years 1789 and 1817, they received grants from parliament to the extent of £554,713. 12s. 9d. Irish currency; averaging £30,000 per annum, independently of the annual income of the society, not less than £10,000; while the average number of scholars scarcely exceeded 2,000.<sup>76</sup> It is, therefore, not surprising that Roman Catholic writers characterise these charter schools as having "filled Ireland with vice and dissension;" as "fruitful sources of enmities, prejudices, and immoralities;" that the Roman Catholic clergy should have execrated them in every possible way,<sup>77</sup> and that the Roman Catholic people, wherever virtue, honour, or decency existed, should have considered them as pest-houses, in which their children could only learn to be corrupt.<sup>78</sup> Thus, when a boy quitted one of these schools, he was regarded as a renegade by his neighbours; generally, he returned to the creed he had abandoned, without having been a free agent; or, under the name of "Protestant," he became too often a reproach of the faith he had assumed, and a warning to others against what they were thus induced to regard as the moral leprosy of conversion. There were other, but minor, evils connected with this "Association," to which it is needless to advert. We have known some of the masters, who farmed their lands almost solely by the labours of their pupils; bestowing upon them no sort of "learning;" and we could name

one in particular, who actually let out to hire as messengers the boys intrusted to his charge.

“The Association for Discountenancing Vice” was incorporated in 1800; it was supported by “voluntary contributions,” but was, if we mistake not, originally formed merely for the issue of books; and annual examinations were held in the several churches of the principal towns, at which Prayerbooks and Bibles, “according to the authorised version,” were distributed as prizes to the best answerers. We have at the present moment two copies of the Scriptures thus obtained by ourselves, in the years 1812 and 1813. Schools were established in connection with the Association about six years after its commencement; and for these parliamentary aid was obtained—of various amounts, but which for two or three years extended to £10,000 per annum. According to Dr. Elrington, in his evidence before the House of Lords, the numbers educated in these schools were, in 1822, 5,479 Protestants, and 4,672 Roman Catholics; in 1828, 13,189 Protestants, and 5,494 Roman Catholics; and in 1830 (after the withdrawal of the grant), 10,014 Protestants, and 3,772 Roman Catholics. “National,” therefore, assuredly, these schools were not.

In 1812, a new association, known as the “Kildare Street Society,” sprang into existence. It was, at once, largely and liberally patronised; its members were a “numerous and influential body,” and its exertions were infinitely more commensurate with the wants of the people.

Great good was undoubtedly effected by it; but it had to encounter the insurmountable difficulties raised by its predecessors—of prejudice, suspicion, and mistrust; and although based upon principles far more liberal, it was not framed altogether with a view to convince the mass of the community of the wisdom, charity, or generosity of its proceedings. The society expressly prohibited attempts at proselytism; and yielded, indeed, upon nearly all points on which the Roman Catholics demanded concession—upon all save one; they required that the Scriptures should be read in their schools. Unhappily, this was a barrier they could not overleap: here the society was compelled to stop; and thus were, for all practical purposes, as far from the goal as if they had never made an effort to reach it. An opinion largely prevailed among the Roman Catholics, that their secret but paramount object was to proselytise; an opinion that received weight from the over-zealous and most injudicious conduct of some of the members.<sup>79</sup> But, independently of any other cause, it was notorious that “the reading of the Scriptures, without note or comment, was inconsistent with the established discipline of the Roman Catholic church;” and that, consequently, the children of Roman Catholics, generally, would be precluded from the advantages offered by these schools as effectually as if the doors were closed against them. It was so in fact; for although a considerable number of Roman Catholic children did receive instruction in the schools of the society,

the number formed but a small proportion of those who required, and ardently longed for, education; and the parents of those who accepted the boon were placed in a position of perpetual hostility to their priests—out of which arose many degrading and disgraceful scenes.

Before we proceed to consider the “National Board,” which at present holds jurisdiction over “national education in Ireland,” it will be desirable to offer a few remarks upon the condition, as regards instruction, of the Irish people, who, all this while, were in little or no degree benefited by the national supply of means for their improvement—liberal as it undoubtedly was for upwards of half a century.

The “Irish schoolmaster” has been pictured by nearly every writer of fiction, who has dealt with Irish character; and although commonly represented as odious and dangerous, the portrait has been seldom overdrawn. The high estimate in which the people, generally, hold “learning,”—a fact on which we cannot lay too much stress,—induced them not only to tolerate his evil habits, but tacitly to allow him a very perilous influence over their principles and conduct. Upon this topic it is needless to enlarge; there is abundant evidence by which the origin of nearly every illegal association may be traced to the cabin of a village schoolmaster.<sup>80</sup> The “school-houses,” were, for the most part, wretched hovels, in which the boys and girls mixed indiscriminately; usually damp, and always unhealthy; so dark that it was a common practice

for the pupils to learn their lessons among the adjacent hedges; and if they acquired knowledge, it was, not unfrequently, knowledge that led to evil rather than to good. Mr. Wakefield gives a list of the books in use about thirty years ago, which he calls "The Cottage Classics of Ireland;"<sup>81</sup> much more recently, we have found the same works in circulation—and *found no others*—among the cabins of the humbler classes. Of late years, however, a vast improvement in this respect has taken place; and during our recent visits we found it difficult to obtain, at any of the low shops in the suburbs of large towns, copies of the books, of which formerly they were never without an ample supply.<sup>82</sup>

These remarks are necessary in order to exhibit, by contrast, the advantages obtained by a new order of things.

And so we proceed to treat of the existing "Board for the Superintendence of a System of National Education in Ireland,"—believing it to be, all circumstances considered, the wisest and most rational project that has been devised for educating the people, and the surest to attain the great aim and object of all education—right acting from right thinking.<sup>83</sup> We are very far from placing the system before the reader as in a state of perfection, or even of completeness; nor do we argue that errors which have been undoubtedly committed, could not (some of them at least) have been avoided. Of late, it has been the policy to conciliate the one party in Ireland without consulting the wishes or the interests of

the other; and a mistake was made at the outset which it will take years to rectify. The Board, as originally constituted, consisted of the Duke of Leinster, the Archbishop of Dublin, and Dr. Sadlier—three members of the Established Church; the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin and the Right Hon. A. R. Blake, a Roman Catholic gentleman, and the Rev. J. Carlile, and Robert Holmes, Esq., the one a Presbyterian, the other a Unitarian; men who, however estimable in private life, held opinions, political or religious, opposed to those of many whose suspicions were sure to be aroused, whose alarms were certain to be excited, and whom it was, at least equally, the duty of Government to have conciliated. In consequence, there was “not a single member of the Board in whom the Protestants of Ireland had the least reliance,”<sup>84</sup>—whether they ought or ought not to have had confidence in its judgment, integrity, and impartiality, is another question; but the Board was, undoubtedly, so framed as to increase rather than to allay the apprehensions generally entertained by the Protestants of Ireland, that “the education scheme” was a plan for their “discouragement.” This feeling, thus created, was certainly not diminished when they saw the school-houses spring up in the chapel-yards, or immediately adjacent to the Roman Catholic chapels, and the Roman Catholic clergymen employing and paying the masons who built them, nominating the masters and supplying the books.<sup>85</sup> The result was, that the Protestants

generally, and their clergy almost entirely, stood aloof from all contact with "the Board," declined to receive any portion of the state money, and permitted the Roman Catholics to possess unlimited control over the funds granted for the benefit of the whole community.

Unhappily, in Ireland, among the clergy of the Established Church, the Presbyterians, and the Dissenters, there are too many who have not received "that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues."<sup>86</sup> A cry was raised against the projected scheme from the very moment of its announcement—upon the ground that the reading of the Scriptures, entire, was not to be insisted upon in the schools. The Kildare Street Society had made this a *sine quâ non*, although they permitted the use of the Douay version; but they expressly forbade any interpretation of the sacred volume, or of any passages thereof, as an infringement of their primary rule against attempts at proselytism. The Education Board provided that "one or two days in the week be set apart for giving, separately, such religious education to the children, as may be approved of by the clergy of their respective persuasions."<sup>87</sup> This was, in reality, the only subject of complaint; yet it was one that gave rise to extensive bickerings, heart-burnings, and ill-will; and up to the present time, the Protestants generally, and their clergy almost universally, have not only taken no part in the state project, and derived no aid from its funds—they continue arrayed in hostility against it.

And this is grievously to be lamented; no doubt the evil is diminishing, and we trust will, ere long, be very considerably lessened: signs have been recently given, which lead to the conclusion that the Protestant clergy are now disposed to avail themselves of a power which the state is not only willing, but anxious to place in their hands, and to leave no longer the benefit to be derived from it, exclusively, at the command of the Roman Catholic clergy; the accession of the Presbyterian Synod has removed one very formidable barrier; and the clergy of the Established Church will, no doubt, consider it their duty as well as their interest—first, to give to their flocks all the advantages freely offered them, and which are their unquestioned right; next, to exercise their privilege of inspecting the schools in their several parishes; next, to superintend the spiritual and temporal instruction of such members of their own church as are pupils in these schools; and next, to build, at the public expense, the schools that may be necessary for the education of the people committed to their charge. Recent changes cannot but have tended largely to convince them, that instead of continuing to suspect a desire to discourage and depress the Protestants of Ireland, they may be assured of receiving the fostering care and zealous support of Government,—to which they are eminently entitled.

We should far exceed our limits if we were to attempt entering upon the less important points in dispute, or detailing the various argu-

ments advanced, pro and con, in reference to the institution. We must regard the existing "Board for superintending the Education of the Irish people," as a mighty engine for their moral and social improvement; believing that mistaken notions of religion will be far more surely removed by knowledge than by ignorance; and knowing that, whatever defects may exist in the present system, it is immeasurably superior to the old methods of educating the lower classes of the Irish. In lieu of the schoolmasters of former times,—whose characters we have briefly sketched,—have been substituted a set of men, properly taught and prepared for their important task in the "model schools" of the institution; paid by the public, and therefore responsible to the public; their habits ascertained before they are employed, and their conduct continually watched during employment by proper "inspectors," duly appointed, who, in their turn, are frequently examined by the Board, and called upon to report regularly concerning all subjects connected with their respective districts.<sup>88</sup> The school-houses, instead of being dark, close, dirty, and unwholesome, are neat and commodious buildings, well ventilated, and in all respects healthful. The books that have displaced the mischievous and deleterious publications formerly in universal use, are excellent in every sense of the term.<sup>89</sup> Lessons in virtue are conveyed in every page, with a degree of skill and judgment nowhere exceeded; they have been compiled with admirable tact, so as to

communicate information by the simplest process; and although there is a manifest want of books that shall interest and amuse while they instruct, those that supply extracts from writers of acknowledged worth are altogether unexceptionable. Above all, the placards posted conspicuously in some parts of every school contain, in themselves, a code of wisdom.<sup>90</sup>

Perhaps no public establishment was ever subjected to so severe an ordeal as the Education Board. Every one of its acts has been sifted and scrutinised with the nicest accuracy, in order to detect error; its schools have been "looked into" very closely and frequently, to supply evidence of wrong-doing; the characters of its teachers have been subjected to inquiries which few could have borne unscathed; every page of its publications has been scanned with a critic's eye—every sentence duly weighed, and every sentiment canvassed, to see whether some "lurking" danger might not be discovered; yet it is only bare justice to say, that during the ten years of its existence, the amount of its culpability has been marvellously small; that very few charges of impropriety or incompetency have been sustained, or even brought against the persons in various capacities it has employed; and that, beyond all question, it has laboured through "evil report" without manifesting a design or a desire to oppose and annoy those from whom it has received both opposition and annoyance. We believe that a willingness to conciliate the clergy of the Established Church and the Prot-

estants of Ireland, is as ardent and as earnest now as it has been at any period since the Board was established.<sup>91</sup> The charges that have been brought against the institution are, indeed, so limited in number and character as to excite astonishment, when we take into account the suspicious care with which it has been watched—

“ Men’s evil neighbours make them early stirrers,  
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.”

During our recent tours in Ireland we visited schools in nearly every county of the south, east, and north—inspecting, somewhat minutely, at least a hundred of them. We confess that conviction as to their unobjectionable character forced itself slowly upon our minds; that we commenced our examination predisposed to condemn them—or at least to take part with those who did condemn them; and that our prejudices have been overcome only by repeated proofs of the great good they are achieving—good that might be largely multiplied if all their opponents would ascertain, as we did, the actual and practical working of the system; and join—as we fervently hope and confidently expect they will—“ heart and hand ” in rendering them effective for the great and high purpose for which the state endows them.

It is impossible that any scheme for the education of the Irish people could have been largely successful, unless concessions were made on both sides—on all sides indeed; for they were required to and from Presbyterians and Dissenters, as

well as Roman Catholics and members of the Established Church. Unhappily, many Protestants succeeded in persuading themselves that the Roman Catholic Church was not destined to exist for a very long period; we say "unhappily," because they acted up to this opinion, and *postponed* the exercise of charity as prejudicial to "their neighbours." They were, therefore, wroth with state attempts to legislate directly in reference to it, as a solemn recognition of its existence. In no other way can we account for the intolerance of men who upon all other subjects are charitable, high-minded, just, and generous.

It has been a too common error, that "National Education" ought to emanate from the "Church," and not from the "State;" losing sight of the all-important fact, that very many who are sincerely attached to the latter are hostile to the former; and that in this age we have learned to question "the wisdom of our ancestors," who considered coercion more effectual than persuasion.

It is not our province to point out where the institution is capable of improvement; no doubt, time will have directed public attention to many matters connected with it, into which changes or modifications may be beneficially introduced; and no doubt, also, they will be taken advantage of by the parties more interested in its welfare,—*if they are sought to be effected gradually, temperately, and with due regard to the varied and conflicting interests and prejudices that will be*

*involved, and must be taken into account.* But it is certain that any serious or extensive alteration of the existing system will do incalculable mischief, and consign to another generation the great, good, and merciful work of educating the Irish people.

We trust we shall not be considered presumptuous, however, if we venture to suggest that the readiest and most certain way of meeting and overcoming the difficulty, is *to exclude all direct religious education from the schools*, and to intrust that most essential part of the training of youth to the pastors and teachers of the pupils, either at their own homes or in their own places of worship. This is the course invariably pursued in all *day-schools* for the upper and middle classes, and why not in those for the humble and the poor? <sup>92</sup>

The state would thus hold itself *NEUTRAL* in the contest—if a contest there must still be—afford means for supplying a good and sound *literary* education, under salutary rules and judicious regulations:—contributing, *to any body of Christians*, aid in proportion to their want of it; and leaving to the natural guardians of the pupils the selection, not only of their spiritual teachers, but of the times when, and the places at which they shall be taught.

The system of instruction occupies but a portion of each day—from ten o'clock, we believe, until four—and ample time and opportunity are afforded, daily, for inculcating and strengthening religious principles. It is, we think, certain

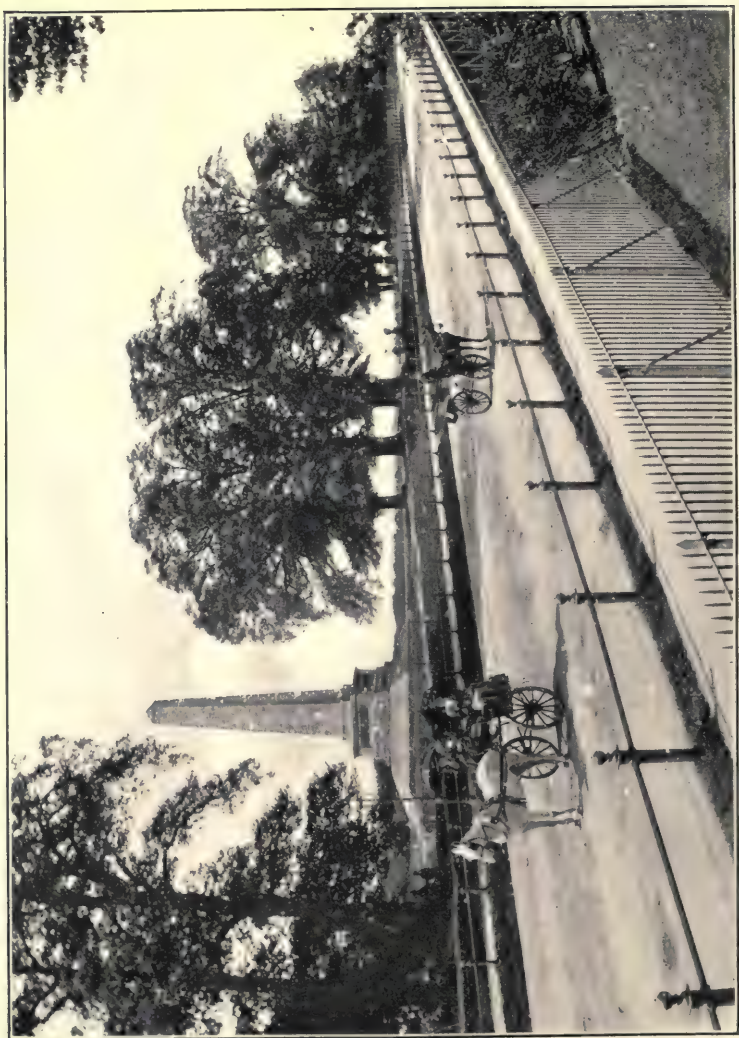
that no evil of any kind could arise out of this plan; for the benevolent design of Lord Stanley "to diminish the violence of religious animosities by *the association* of Protestant and Roman Catholic children, in a system of education in which *both might join*, and in which the large majority, who were opposed to the religion of the state, might practically see how much there was in that religion common to their own," has failed signally and *in toto*; the children of different persuasions do not, and will not, commingle in these schools *as at present constituted*. Occasionally we found in the south a few Protestants—averaging perhaps four to a hundred—among the Roman Catholic pupils; and in the north about the same proportion of Roman Catholics with Presbyterians and members of the Established Church; but in no instance did we find the opposite classes so mixed as to lead us to anticipate results such as those which the accomplished and generous statesmen certainly hoped for, and, perhaps, expected; in this respect the plan has been a failure; in all other respects it has been, we think, successful beyond the expectations of its most sanguine upholders.

We believe, then, that the system is working well—marvellously well, considering the great and manifold difficulties by which it was formerly surrounded; many of these difficulties have been surmounted; others have been materially lessened; and those that remain may be removed by the cordial co-operation of the clergy of the Established Church. Let us hope that this will

be no longer withheld; “so that”—we quote an eloquent passage from one of the many ‘Reports’ submitted to Parliament—they may assist “in bringing up children of all denominations in feelings of charity and good-will, in making them regard each other not as belonging to rival sects, but as subjects of the same sovereign, as fellows of the same redemption, so that all may hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life.”

Our notice of Dublin and its educational institutions has been extended far beyond its due proportions; but we cannot bring it to a close without mentioning, however briefly, an event which will long be remembered in its annals: we allude to the royal visit of August, 1849. Her Majesty’s sojourn in the Irish metropolis was limited to a few days; but, with her accustomed activity, she so well employed her hours, that ample time was found to see the principal objects of interest in Dublin and its vicinity, to render her Irish subjects of all ranks happy by her frequent appearance in public, and to exercise one of the most pleasing, if not the most important functions of royalty—the holding of a drawing-room and levee in the Castle of Dublin. The mere enumeration of the places visited by Queen Victoria and her royal consort would be but a tedious catalogue; and as our limits preclude us from describing the innumerable modes in which Irish loyalty made evident its desire to do honour to the auspicious occasion,





we must leave it to the imagination of our readers to picture to themselves the varied rejoicings of the warm-hearted and enthusiastic citizens. Suffice it to say, that illuminations and fireworks by night, decorated arches and waving banners, bands of music and triumphal processions by day, rendered Dublin the noisiest and gayest of capitals, and its inhabitants the happiest of Irishmen. From the 2,000 ladies and gentlemen who were honoured with admissions to the royal presence at the castle, to the 100,000, of high and low degree, who thronged the Phoenix Park on the day of the review, all were gratified with her Majesty's affable and condescending behaviour: and, we believe, every one returned to his home, not only proud of his Queen and his country, but feeling his own dignity increased by his participation in the national holiday. The presence of royalty in a suffering and divided country like Ireland cannot be without its advantages, and especially so when the favour of its smiles is dispensed with equal kindness and liberality upon both the great parties, whose mutual antagonism has been the base of so many of the struggles and misfortunes, which have hitherto persecuted Ireland from receiving her due share of the advantages derived from the presence of the Queen, and a resident nobility. Let us hope that we are now rapidly approaching a brighter and a calmer day, and that ere long Dublin may again take that rank among metropolitan cities, which its natural beauties and artificial advantages so

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we deserve.  
Phoenix Park, Dublin

*Reproduced from an Original Photograph*



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## MEATH

The county of Meath is the great grazing ground of Ireland, and consists almost entirely of pasture-land, vying in its external aspect with the richest of the English counties, and perhaps surpassing any of them in fertility. The hedges are remarkably luxuriant; the trees (of which there is an unusual abundance) are of extraordinary growth; and the fields have, at all times and seasons, that brilliant green so refreshing to the eye, and so cheering to the mind when associated with ideas of comfort and prosperity. There is, indeed, no part of Ireland where the Englishman will find himself so completely at home; for, added to great natural beauty, he sees on all sides the beneficial results of careful cultivation, and marks in every direction the ordinary consequences of industry directed by science; while the poverty and wretchedness that are elsewhere forced upon his attention is here seldom perceptible; and "the clamorous voice of woe" rarely "intrudes upon the ear." Much of this apparently prosperous character is, however, hollow and unsubstantial: the large farmers are indeed wealthy, but of small farmers there are few or none; the policy of the "graziers" has been for a long time to devote the produce of the soil to the raising of cattle; and the "clear-

ing of estates" in Meath has, therefore, been proceeding at a very disastrous rate. We quote the words of a common labourer with whom we conversed on the subject—"The land is given over to the beasts of the field!" The small plots of ground are "wanted for the cattle;" and as the cabins cannot exist without them, they are in rapid course of removal. The consequence is, that although misery is not to be encountered upon highways, or adjacent to pleasant meadows, the towns into which the poor have been driven are thronged with squalid countenances; starvation stalks at noon-day through their streets; and perhaps in no part of the world could be found so much wretchedness "huddled" together into an equal space, as the tourist may note in the single town of Navan. All about the suburbs, the cabins are filthy to the last degree; a very large proportion of them have no other outlets for smoke but the broken windows; the roofs of many have partially fallen in; and we examined several from which every available piece of wood had been taken for firing, at periods when the pressure of immediate want had rendered the unhappy inmates indifferent to the future. We entered some of these hovels—within a dozen steps, be it remembered, of the centre of a town, and not hidden by distance and obscurity from the sight of sympathising humanity—and were shocked to find their condition wretched almost beyond conception, and certainly beyond credibility. The scene appalled us the more because of the lovely and plentiful land we

had previously passed through; the fat cattle feeding upon pastures so fresh and green; the huge stacks; the full barns; the comfortable houses, midway between mansions and farmsteads—the air of luxury, indeed, that pervaded every object within our ken! It was a sad contrast; to be witnessed without heartache only by those who have become familiar with it, and have learned indifference from habit.

The county adjoins that of Dublin—its boundary, with the Irish sea, on the east; on the south it is bounded by Kildare and the King's County; on the west by Westmeath; and on the north by Louth, Monaghan, and Cavan. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 567,127 statute acres, of which 5,600 only are unimproved mountain and bog. In 1821, the population amounted to 159,183; in 1831, to 176,826; in 1841, to 183,828. Its principal towns are Trim, Navan, Kells, Slane, and Athboy. It is divided into the Baronies of Upper Deece, Lower Deece, Demifore, Upper Duleek, Lower Duleek, Dunboyne, Upper Kells, Lower Kells, Lune, Morgallion, Upper Moyfenrath, Lower Moyfenrath, Upper Navan, Lower Navan, Ratoath, Skreen, Upper Slane and Lower Slane.

We shall place the tourist, first, in the town of Trim, distant twenty-two miles from Dublin, situate in the south-west division of the county, of which it is the assize town, although inferior to Navan in extent and population. It borders the “pleasant Boyne”—as the river was called by Spenser; but to which aftertimes gave the still

more simple, and far more famous, title of “the Boyne water”—which divides Meath nearly into two equal parts, running from south-west to north-east. At the entrance to Trim, from the south, stands a Corinthian column of granite, erected by subscription in 1817, to commemorate the military achievements of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, to whose connection with this county we shall presently advert. To the right are the county jail, one of the best built and best conducted prisons in Ireland; and the ancient castle of the De Lacys—the Anglo-Normans to whom Henry the Second gave the largest share of the kingdom of the O’Melaghins, monarchs of Meath,—formerly one of the *five* provinces into which Ireland was divided—portioning the remainder among his principal followers; an arrangement with which the old possessors were so little satisfied, that for centuries afterwards the district was a continued seat of war.<sup>93</sup> The history of this now dilapidated structure is full of interest; the remains are very extensive, and indicate its former strength, when it was a chief bulwark of the “Pale,” and the great safeguard of the “English adventurers.” In all the contests of aftertimes, it partook largely; it was in military occupation so recently as 1688; now it is a mass of ruins, highly picturesque as they line the bank of the beautiful river, and recall forcibly the memory of its days of almost regal splendour. The walls are in circumference four hundred and eighty-six yards, defended by ten flanking towers, at nearly equal distances—including

those at the gates, one of which is in a good state of preservation, as well as the arches over the ditch and the barbican beyond it; the south gate had its portcullis, the groove for which, and the recess for the windlass, may still be very distinctly traced.<sup>94</sup> The castle is by no means the only interesting relic of antiquity in the town of Trim. The "Yellow Tower," part of a tall steeple, marks the site of a famous abbey, said to have been founded by St. Patrick, and dedicated to the Virgin. Close beside it is a small building, now the residence of Rev. Mr. Hamilton, the uncle and tutor of Sir William Hamilton, whose fame is European; and here, before science led him into more difficult paths, the accomplished professor of astronomy composed many graceful and beautiful poems, some of which we heard repeated with exceeding pleasure. It was, long ago, the dwelling of that Sir John Talbot who was "the scourge of France"—

"so much feared abroad

That with his name the mothers still their babes;"

his armorial bearings carved on stone still stand above the antique doorway.

In this school-house it is generally, but erroneously imagined the Marquis of Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington received their early education. Neither of them was educated here. Yet it would be difficult to convince the good people of Trim that to this honour they can lay no claim; and it is with regret we destroy so pleasant a delusion. The duke, however,

while representing the borough in the Irish Parliament, and serving as aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant, seems to have taken an active part in the affairs of the town; for his signature, "A. Wesley," is affixed to all the leading acts of the corporation from June, 1789, to September, 1793.

The neighbourhood retains but few anecdotes connected with the early life and habits of the extraordinary men who were destined to fill pages so large and full in the after-history of their country and of mankind; but they quitted this vicinity, and indeed Ireland when very young, and before any strong impression could have been left in reference to them.

Dangan, the former seat of the Wellesleys, is distant about seven miles from Trim, and about twenty from Dublin. On the death of Lord Mornington, it became the property of the Marquis of Wellesley, from whom it was purchased by a gentleman named Boroughs; who, after residing there some time, and adding to it many improvements, let it on lease to Mr. Roger O'Connor—a person whose name is sufficiently notorious, not only in the county of Meath, but throughout the south of Ireland. While in his possession the house and demesne were dismantled of every article that could be converted into money—the trees (of which there was an immense variety of prodigious height and girth) rapidly fell beneath the axe; the gardens were permitted to run waste; an application to the Lord Chancellor proved utterly ineffective; and

at length, the premises being largely insured, the house was found to be on fire, and was, of course, consumed before any assistance could be obtained to extinguish it. Most unhappily, therefore, one of the most interesting mansions in the kingdom is now but a collection of bared and broken walls; a mere shell indeed; and fancy seeks in vain to connect the early thoughts and habits of the great men who issued from it to amaze the world, with some nook fitted for silent study, or some chamber sacred to nursings of the greatness that was to be theirs "hereafter." One portion of the building—the walls of which are of prodigious thickness—is still inhabited by a farmer who superintends the property; it is evidently much older than the other parts, for the structure is comparatively modern, built of brick with a stone coping. The demesne is now completely stripped; so that except a few stunted and very aged hawthorns, not a single tree remains of the many that grew and flourished when the Marquis and the Duke were in their boyhood. A small river, choked up by neglect, and apparently converting into bog the meadow that borders it, goes lazily along; now and then forcing its way through tangled underwood and rejoicing in the sun-light; but generally creeping onwards as if in sadness—harmonizing with the sensations to which the deserted scene gives rise. The place must have been very beautiful in the days of its glory, for nature had not been a niggard of her gifts: and perhaps nowhere in the kingdom is there so singular and striking an alternation of

hill and dale within the same space; it is, in fact, a succession of small hillocks, strongly recalling to mind the raths so famous in Ireland; and having an artificial character, as if they really had been works of art. Indeed we are by no means certain that such may not be their origin. We can imagine the effect these miniature raths produced when they were judiciously planted, or otherwise brought into the landscape, to render charming that which is now barren. We climbed several of these mounds, and the views on all sides were magnificent—stretching over hill and dale, mountain, plain, and river.

It was a calm and clear evening when we drove up to the gate of Dangan; and a deep rose tint imparted a warmth to what otherwise would have seemed a cold blue sky, in harmony with our musings as we thought how often the great hero had passed through it in the days of his buoyant youth. The glories of the Marquis of Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington have paled the lustre of the other branches of their family, but each has distinct and separate attributes of his own, sufficient to send a name down to posterity with glory and honour. So great a number of remarkable men—the son of a man also greatly distinguished—never issued from a single house. Neither the Marquis of Wellesley nor the Duke was born here; their birthplace is Dublin; but here their master-minds were created. The great iron gate would not open; and the carriage-drive is overgrown with grass. We alighted, therefore, and entered through a small passage

to the exquisite little lodge, which, unhappily, is falling into decay, although occupied by a man who called himself "care-taker." A low line of cottages stretch to the right outside the gate; and the dwellers therein came forward, as usual, to look at "the quality." We wound our way to the house, which stands a considerable distance from the road, and as we have intimated has no tree near it to take off from the grim and gigantic appearance of the ghost-like walls.<sup>95</sup>

"It wasn't always that way," said the care-taker. "What is now bare hills and hollows, in the great time of Dangan, was all laid out in a fair paradise, lashins of trees, and everything the heart of man could desire. My grandfather was in it in those days, and a fine man he was; and has often run at the Duke's bridle-rein, and he a slip of a fine spirited child, as well as the Marquis; and then the fire couldn't let the little luck left in the country alone, but must burn the place out of contrariness, and it belonging to the greatest that ever belonged to any country. Ah! it was a sight worth seeing—all them brave young gentlemen coursing over the country like so many greyhounds! Ah! the innocent hearts little knew the power they had in them! Sure it's the same nature after all, as my grandfather used to say—the acorn grows an oak, and the little withy a great tree."

The "care-taker" seemed poor in all things save a promise in "live stock" of rosy romping children, whose wild laughter and repeated shouts

we heard through the still evening air, long before we returned to the lodge. "Times were hard," he said, "and the rale ould nobility had quitted the land; Dangan had changed masters; he had nothing to say against them that owned it now, but the poor man had only his drink of water to his potato; the country was given over to the bastes of the field, and there was no room for the poor man's garden—but God was good; they did not live as long as in the ould times when the ould lord was in it." To an inquiry concerning raths, he answered, yes, there was many a mark of great times through the country, and signs to prove it was a grand place once; the hills and rivers were to the fore, but the people his father and grandfather talked of were not in it now; the day of the battle of Waterloo—he heard tell, but he did not see it himself, some people saw just at sunrise a great battle in the air right over Dangan House; that at first they looked and saw men fighting and the smoke of guns; and when they took their eyes off it, they had not the power to raise them again for ever so long; and when they did, there was not so much as a cloud in the sky. Such legends of "sights in the air" are scattered from Killarney to the Giant's Causeway; it is not singular that one of them should be attached to Dangan.

The entrance gates to the park of Dangan still exist—one of the gates, that is to say, for another is placed before a Roman Catholic chapel recently erected at Navan. The gate that re-

mains is of wrought iron, of very costly workmanship and great beauty; the lodge yet stands beside it—an exquisite example of architecture.

The sun had set when we resumed our seats, and as we turned—about a mile farther on—to take a last view of this most truly interesting ruin, it looked so white, in the more prominent parts, and so shadowy and obscure in others, as to seem like a spectre house, rather than a veritable erection of human hands.

And this meagre sketch contains all the information we are enabled to communicate concerning one of the most interesting subjects upon which the pen could be employed—the early history of two such men as the Marquis of Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington!

A short distance from the Yellow Tower of Trim, and still upon the banks of the Boyne, are the ruins of another abbey—the Abbey of Newtown.<sup>96</sup> It is said to have been founded A.D. 1206, by Simon Rochfort, the first Englishman who sat as Bishop of Meath; abandoning, for his new structure, the church of Clonard, the cathedral church of his Irish predecessors in the see. It was a priory of regular canons, and the prior was a peer of parliament.

In all directions about Trim, indeed, the remains of monastic establishments are to be encountered; on the foundations of several, various public buildings have been erected; of others, the sites are indicated but by a few ivied walls; and of others—the records of which are preserved—not the slightest remnant endures to determine

their existence. The old church, part of which is still used for service, is very curious; the tower or belfry is unimpaired, and affords ample proof that the building was resorted to not alone for purposes of worship, but as a stronghold of defence in cases of danger from the inroads of the native chieftains.<sup>97</sup>

But even a list of the ruined abbeys, monasteries, and churches, in this at all times rich and prosperous county, would occupy many pages.<sup>98</sup> The most majestic of them all is that of Bective, nearly midway between Trim and Navan, and also on the banks of the Boyne. The abbey was richly endowed, and the abbot, who was a peer of parliament, appears to have lived in considerable splendour. Under the arch tradition fixes the interment of the body of Hugh de Lacy, the first Lord Palatine of Meath; his head having been, as we have elsewhere remarked, buried in Dublin at the church of St. Thomas, A.D. 1195.<sup>99</sup> The ruins comprise beautiful specimens of pointed arches, and cloisters with a tower; in the centre is a square space, that seems to have been roofed at one period; in the south front is a tower with projecting angles, and access is obtained from the gallery to the cells under the chapel.

The county contains two round towers—that of Kells, and that of Donaghmore. It is about a mile from Navan, on the road to Slane; the circumference near the base is sixty-six feet; and its height to the slant of the roof, which is wanting, is about 100 feet. Over the entrance, as usual about twelve feet from the ground, there

is a rude sculptured figure in relief—bearing a very close resemblance to the crucifixion—at least the attitude is that of one crucified, but we could detect no token of a cross.<sup>100</sup> The legs are bent awkwardly as if to denote pain. On either side is a sculptured head; both heads have a sort of covering resembling a monk's cowl, or the *glibbe* of the ancient Irish. Much importance has been attached to these unusual appearances; and they have been made formidable weapons in the controversy concerning the origin of the round towers—a subject into which we shall enter, when we describe our visit to the most remarkable, picturesque, interesting, and perfect of them all—the round tower in the little island of Devinish, in Lough Erne.

On our way to Navan, we visited Ardbraccan, the palace of the Bishops of Meath; and paid our respects to the estimable prelate who now presides over the see. The building is a very handsome one, and has recently been put into thorough repair. The gardens are nobly planted, and admirably kept; perhaps nowhere in the British dominions do we find loftier or more luxuriantly grown trees; one of them is a horse-chestnut, of very singular growth; the lower branches of the parent tree, when arrived at a certain age, became depressed and touched the soil, into which it gradually struck root; thence, again, sprang up a straight branch, which in process of time became a straight tree; and this again, following the example of its predecessor, lowered its branches, which became in like manner fixed

in the earth, and in the same way produced another tree; so that there is now actually a forest rising from a single root, and covering altogether a space of at least an acre. From Navan, we proceeded, about four miles on the Dublin road, to visit the renowned "Hill of Tara," taking with us the long and elaborate "Essay" of Mr. Petrie, and recalling the words of one of the sweetest of the "Melodies."<sup>101</sup>

We were not sceptical enough to throw aside, as fabulous, the ancient histories of Tara; although they may exist, exclusively, in the compositions of the old bards. Yet certainly, when we ascended to the summit, after having carefully perused the two hundred and thirty-two quarto pages of Mr. Petrie, published in the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy," and examined the maps and plans by which his essay is illustrated, finding that nothing met the eye but a succession of grass-covered mounds, with a single rounded stone, of no very great size, planted, as it were, upon the highest of them, we were, for the moment, tempted to exclaim with "The Critic"—

"The Spanish fleet thou canst not see, because  
It is not yet in sight!"

Farther consideration, however, and farther reflection, even without the aid of imagination, induced a conviction that we stood in the centre of an early Irish city; and a brief stretch of fancy might have summoned around us "chiefs and ladies bright," and awakened the echo of the harp

in "the Halls" of Tara, in all their pride of "former days." From the main road there is a considerable ascent for about a mile before we arrive at the commencement of the mounds, which are evidently artificial. It then seems to the superficial observer a mere assemblage of hillocks, the largest of which is about thirty yards long, and of an equal breadth; upon this stands the marvellous pillar-stone—to which we shall refer presently—nearly in the centre.<sup>102</sup>

There is, according to Cambrensis, "in Mieth, an hill, called the Hill of Taragh, wherein is a plaine twelve score long, which was named the Kempe his hall; where the countrie had their meetings and folkemotes, as a place that was accounted the high palace of the monarch. The Irish historians hammer manie fables in this forge of Fin Mac Coile and his champions. But doubtlesse the place seemeth to beare the shew of an ancient and famous monument."<sup>103</sup>

Mr. Petrie, as we have intimated, does not thus briefly dismiss the "ancient and famous monument." His authorities are chiefly "the bards," and the bardic traditions. It would far exceed our limits to introduce even an abridgment of the essay of the learned antiquarian, to whom Ireland is so largely indebted. He has laboured to collect an amazing number of facts in support of the theory—borne out, indeed, by incontestable evidence—that Tara is the place celebrated in Irish history as having been for ages the chief seat of the monarchs of Ireland—whence their laws were promulgated; the resort

of its Druids and “musicians,” and the great stronghold of druidism for centuries; having become the residence of its kings on the first establishment of a monarchical government, under Slanige, ruler of the Fir-bolgs, or Belgæ, and so continuing until the middle of the sixth century — “a period during which reigned one hundred and forty-two monarchs, viz. one hundred and thirty-six pagan, and six Christian.” A considerable portion of his work is occupied by details of the contest between St. Patrick and the Druids,—a subject into which he enters with singular minuteness; tracing the history of the hill, down to its abandonment in 565, as the seat of monarchy, “in consequence of the curse of St. Ruadhan,” who “with a bishop that was with him, tooke their bells that they had, which they rung hardly, and cursed the king and place, and prayed God that noe king or queen ever after would or could dwell in Tarach, and that it should be wast for ever without court or pallace—as it fell out accordingly.”

The most interesting parts of Mr. Petrie’s book, however, are those which explain an accompanying “plan of the earthen works still existing on the Hill of Tara.” The principal in extent is Rath Riogh, the next is Rath Laogaire, the next Rath-na-Seanadh, the next Rath Eachor, and the next Rath Grainne. Within the enclosure of Rath Riogh, are the ruins of the house of Cormac,<sup>104</sup> the Mound of the Hostages, the ‘teach miodhchuarta,’ or banqueting-house; ‘tobar finn,’ the well; and the two ‘claenferts’—

of these, "the northern was famous for the slaughter of the virgins by the Lagenians on Saman's day; and the southern for a false sentence pronounced there by a king named Lughardh Mac Con, for which he was afterwards destroyed." Mr. Petrie's object has been to compare the ancient bardic accounts with the existing evidence supplied by the remains; and he has found them to agree with exceeding accuracy. The most singular of all these ancient monuments, however, is that which still exists comparatively uninjured by time—the pillar stone to which we have already made some reference. This is the "Lia Fail," "the celebrated coronation stone" of the ancient Irish kings. It is composed of granular limestone, and is at present "about six feet above the ground, but its real height is said to be twelve feet." At its base it is, perhaps, four feet in circumference; but it tapers somewhat towards the top, not unlike the round towers. Some remarkable relics of antiquity are also to be found in the graveyard of a church near the summit of the hill; it is modern, but occupies the site of a very ancient structure, and which was also built upon the spot on which it is said formerly existed a pagan temple. "Adamnans Cross" is still standing here; and it points out the place where, in the fifth century, stood "the house from which Benen, the disciple of St. Patrick, escaped, and in which Lucad the Bald, the Druid of King Laogaire, was burned."<sup>105</sup> Whether we reject these bardic histories as mere fables, or only ac-

cept them as poetic exaggerations, it is impossible to consider the "Hill of Tara" in any other light than that of a place in which multitudes formerly assembled; there is abundant and conclusive evidence of this, apart from apocryphal authorities; not alone in the valuable ornaments in gold which have been from time to time dug up in the vicinity, a few of which are deposited in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, and which are rightly assigned to a date long prior to the sixth century—in the existing names of the several neighbouring localities, still the same, or nearly so, as they bore many centuries ago—in the various roads that now lead to the hill, of which distinct traces remain; but the character and appearance of the place remove all doubt as to its having been the work of human hands, and not the production of nature. The "Halls of Tara" were composed of earth and wood; but, as Mr. Moore observes (in his "History of Ireland"), this fact is "by no means conclusive, either against the elegance of their structure or the civilisation, to a certain extent, of those who erected them. It was in wood that the graceful forms of Grecian architecture first unfolded their beauties, and there is reason to believe that at the time when Xerxes invaded Greece, most of her temples were still of this perishable material."

And so we part from Tara; we shall not easily forget the morning we passed upon the hill, nor the magnificent prospect of a fair country we beheld from its summit;—although immediately

around us we could see only "high barrows, without marble or a name:"

"———But where we sought for Ilion's walls,  
The quiet sheep feeds and the tortoise crawls!"

We have been seduced, by the exceeding interest of the subject, into describing Tara at greater length than we designed, and must, therefore, be concise in our description of a scene still more singular and with claims to remote antiquity even less questionable. The tumulus of "New Grange" <sup>106</sup> is situated on the banks of the Boyne, between Drogheda and Slane; it is one of four tumuli in the neighbourhood, all of which, it is conjectured, cover remains equally wonderful; for all are nearly similar in appearance and supply the same external evidence of artificial origin. Of their druidical character, no one can entertain the remotest doubt; they would carry conviction to the most sceptical, even if ample corroborative testimony did not exist. The mound is said to cover two acres of ground; its elevation is about seventy feet; but its original height was considerably greater; for centuries it has been resorted to as a quarry; it is composed of small stones, heaped one upon another above the plain; and time has covered it with a coating of earth, in some places not many inches in depth.

At the base, the hill was formerly surrounded by shapeless masses of rock, "supposed to weigh from ten to twelve tons each;" some of them still exist, partly sunk into the mould; the parts

that are aboveground being covered with lichen. "The single one at the top," to which reference is made in Boate's old "Natural History of Ireland," has altogether vanished. These stones, as well as those of which the interior is constructed, are not found in the vicinity; and must have been conveyed to the place from a distance of at least seven miles.

The interior was first explored in the year 1699 by a neighbouring gentleman, who while carrying away some of the stones to repair a road, "came at last to a very broad flat stone rudely carved and placed edgewise at the bottom of the mount." This opened into a long and very narrow "gallery," leading to the druidic chamber. We crept, or rather crawled, along a distance of about sixty feet; the height being no more than eighteen inches, and the breadth somewhat less than twenty-four. The passage is "roofed," and the sides are supported by enormous slabs; about midway a stone, which appears to have fallen from the perpendicular, seemed to forbid farther progress; this passed, however, by twisting the body onwards, the avenue gradually expands, and "the Dome" is entered. Here we were compelled to remain in darkness, until the arrival of a supply of candles. The effect of the light upon this most wonderful cave was startling and exciting in the highest degree; we stood where, above two thousand years ago, the Druids offered sacrifice; or, at least, where they held their solemn meetings; for of its origin there is no doubt, and almost as little

that it was the "Inner Temple" of their secret rites. The chamber is an irregular circle, "giving," according to Dr. Ledwich, "the exact form of a cross;" but the doctor likens it to the type of Christianity, in order to support his theory of its comparatively recent construction—a theory altogether opposed to reason, fact, and history. Opposite the entrance, and at the sides to the right and left, are three cavities; each of which formerly contained oval basins; in one of them, that to the right, the basin is still perfect. There can be no question that the stone had been scooped into this form by art; the other, although much broken, completely tallies with it: and many parts of the cave contain sculptured marks, beyond all possibility of doubt the production of human hands. These are of various forms—spiral, lozenge-shaped, diamond-shaped, zig-zag, and circular; and simular signs occur in the narrow gallery. They bear tokens of good and even refined workmanship. We found, however, nothing that bore the remotest resemblance to "letters;"—nothing that reminded us of the ancient Ogham character, so frequently encountered in the south.<sup>107</sup> The appended print (see Plate No. 8), represents the less perfect of the cavities and basins; it is that which directly fronts the entrance; and which a very old man who accompanied us described as entire about forty years ago; but for the way in which it became broken he was unable to account. At the first examination of the interior, according to the statement of Dr. Boate, "several bones

were in the cave, and part of an elk's head." Mr. Petrie states, and no doubt on good authority, that "a pyramidal or obeliscal stone, six or seven feet in height, is said to have stood in the centre, near which the skeletons of two human bodies were found; and about the same period, two gold Roman coins were discovered on the *top* of the Mount—the one of the elder Valentinian, and the other of Theodosius." For the purpose to which this rude, though most magnificent, monument was dedicated, we have no guide but conjecture. Whether "a place of sacrifice," or for "rites more than commonly mysterious," or "for sepulture," or for "storing rare treasures"—the secret is with the past, and will, in all human probability, remain with it for ever.

Of a later date, but in its way not less remarkable than Tara, New-Grange, and the many other curious remains and antiquities of Meath, is that extraordinary collection of bones and antiquities recently discovered near the village of Dunshaughlin, of which a detailed account has been laid before the Royal Irish Academy. From this description <sup>108</sup> (so interesting to the naturalist and the antiquarian), and from the accounts we have received from several men of science by whom the place and its singular "productions" have been frequently examined, we gather, that in a marsh called "Lagore," there existed a circular mound, the circumference of which was upwards of five hundred feet; and upon removing the surface of which, above "one

hundred and fifty cart loads " of animal remains were found, together with a vast store of rare—and many of them hitherto unknown—weapons, ornaments, and domestic implements of some of the former inhabitants of Ireland, probably the Danes—or some military and, perhaps, invading people. The circumference of this circle was formed by upright posts of black oak, measuring from six to eight feet in height, mortised into beams of a similar material laid flat upon the marl and sand beneath the bog, and nearly sixteen feet below the present surface. The upright posts were held together by connecting cross beams, and fastened by large *iron* nails. The space thus inclosed was divided into separate compartments, by *septa* or divisions that intersected one another in different directions, also formed of oaken beams, in a state of high preservation, but joined together with more accuracy than the former, and in some cases having their sides grooved or *rabeted* to admit large pannels driven down between them. The interior of the chambers so formed were filled with bones and black moory earth, raised up in some places within a foot of the surface. It was generally found that the remains of each species of animal were placed in separate divisions, with but little intermixture with any other; and the antiquities, &c. were found with them, without any order or regularity, but for the most part near the bottom.

The most numerous class of bones were those of oxen, and of these the heads of several va-

rieties were found in a state of great perfection. Some of these were identical with those previously discovered in the bogs of Westmeath, Tyrone, and Longford.

There were specimens of these oxen which, although of rather diminutive size, equalled, as to beauty of head and horn, the modern improved breed of the English short-horned Durham, and the middle-horned Devon and Ayrshire,—being distinguished by the peculiarities of the head, and in particular of the *slug*, or core, on which the horn is moulded, and which had remained quite perfect,—although the cuticular horn had been destroyed, as we see in this very beautiful example. (See Plate No. 8.)

Another variety was that which has been denominated the true Irish cattle,—the long-horned, or crumple-horned,—the improved large breed of which still exists in some of the midland counties of Ireland, particularly Roscommon.<sup>109</sup> In this variety there is a very remarkable projection of the upper portion of the frontal bone between the horns, which latter turned downwards, and a little backwards, somewhat in the manner of the Craven or Lancashire stock.

There were also several heads of the *polled* or hornless variety, called in Ireland *mhaol*, exhibiting some slight differences as to the fineness of their heads, but in general resembling the Galloway and Angus breeds.

A great number of these heads are broken in the centre of the forehead, as if by some blunt instrument—apparently the mode of slaughter.

It might naturally be expected that the best breeds, and the largest assemblage of these animals, should be found (even at an early period) upon the fertile and extensive plains of Meath; and the whole collection offers an incontestable proof, that at a remote period Ireland possessed not only *several varieties* of horned cattle, but also breeds analogous to those most valued in England at the present day, and lately *reintroduced* into Ireland.

The animal whose remains were found in the greatest abundance next to the ox, was the pig—several of the heads of which were collected, of all ages and sizes, but of a smaller description than those at present bred in Ireland; and some appeared to prove the previous existence of the wild boar in the Irish forests.

There were one or two specimens of the horse and ass. The bones of a number of deer were likewise found in the collection, both male and female. The former, some of the antlers of which are quite perfect, prove the race to have been the common deer; and in no instance were horns of the fallow deer found—verifying the general opinion of naturalists, that the latter are an introduced race into Ireland. Large quantities of the bones of goats of all ages were dug up. The head of a *four-horned* sheep, similar to that from the Himalayas, was also discovered in the same locality. This was the only instance of the sheep that had been procured.

But some of the most remarkable animal remains found in this inclosure were those of a



PLATE NUMBER EIGHT



very large and powerful dog, apparently belonging to an animal of the *greyhound* tribe, but of enormous size—the head measuring, in the dry bone, nearly eleven inches in length, and principally characterized by the great extent and magnitude of the crest on the back of the head, and the projecting muzzle. In this we have, for the first time, an opportunity of judging of the form and character of the dogs denominated *Irish wolf-dogs*, to which breed these heads must have belonged. There were also several foxes, but no wolves. With these remains were mixed up the shells of limpets and buccinums, and a few bones of birds, some portions of *burned* bones, and large quantities of hazel-nuts. Most of the bones of the larger ruminants were unbroken, and none of them were in a fossil state.

Nearly in the centre of the heap, and within two feet of the surface, were discovered two human skeletons, lying at length, and without any surrounding wood or stone work, whose heads bore a striking similarity to others found in ancient Irish monuments, and in particular to those found in the Cromlech some time ago opened in the Phoenix Park.

The antiquities found in this place may be divided into the warlike, the culinary, and the ornamental. They consisted of *iron* swords of different lengths, with straight edges and angular points, and bearing a strong resemblance to the ancient Roman swords; knives of different shapes and sizes, with spear, javelin, and dagger

blades of iron, and part of the boss or central ornament of a shield, but *no brazen weapons* of any description. Two *querns*, or ancient corn-mills, were found on the marl, at the bottom of the inclosure; sharpening stones, iron chains, an iron axe, a brazen pot, and three small brass bowls of most elegant shape and workmanship; several antique Roman mirrors, circular discs of turned bone, wood, and slate, supposed to have been used at the end of the distaff; small shears, like the modern sheep-shears; brazen, bone, and iron pins, from four to six inches in length—the former of great beauty of construction, brooches, and parts of buckles, containing pieces of enamel and mosaic work; bracelets; wooden yew-tree combs, tooth-picks, *etwees*, and other articles belonging to the toilet. Several of these articles show an extraordinary state of perfection of the arts at the period of their construction.

A very curious bone was likewise found, with a number of devices carved on it, as if by way of practice in engraving; these devices consisted of scrolls and marks precisely similar to those formed on ancient Irish crosses, ornaments, and gravestones. There were no crosses, beads, or *Christian* sacred ornaments found in the excavation; but a number of pieces of stags' horns sawn across, and also pieces of hazel-wood, in great quantity, as if laid up for firewood, were found in one spot near the bottom.

It is difficult to assign either a precise date or purpose to this strange collection, to which nothing similar has been found in Ireland, or in any

other country. Small heaps of bones of somewhat analogous forms have been noticed in different parts of the country, in Cork, Down, &c. &c., and also in the bed of the Avon in England, but without any such arrangement. From an examination and comparison of these antiquities, we conceive it must have been constructed prior to the 10th century, at latest. The monument of some mighty hunter; a great sacrifice; an *abattoir*—and a piled fort or encampment, have each occupied our thoughts as a likely object for its creation, but the latter seems to us the most probable.

Before we part from the county of Meath—with its treasures of “old Time,” and its abundant fertility in producing wealth—we must entreat the patience of the reader a little longer; for it is necessary that we mar the picture we have drawn of its pastoral beauty.

Perhaps it proceeds from our having “inhabitiveness” largely developed that we are led so thoroughly to sympathise with those who are compelled, under any circumstances, to quit their homes. If a “flitting” occur with the most pleasant prospective, there is always something to regret—the discomfort, the bustle, the leaving-taking, are sad enough, no matter how brilliant may be the anticipated future. There is ever a feeling of deep melancholy in parting from a place that has been either the abode of joy or sorrow; for both equally, in our opinion, endear a locality. A change of residence is, at least, an inconvenience to the rich; to the Irish poor

it is, too generally, only a change from the misery of a wretched hovel, to the exposure and starvation of the high road. We witnessed during our brief tour in Meath a harrowing scene of this description that we cannot easily forget; it is one which our English readers will imagine overdrawn, no matter how accurately we tell our story. Yet we shall relate it; for we believe the recital of a few simple facts may contribute more effectually than a volume of arguments to *warn* the wealthy graziers of this rich and, to them, prosperous county.

An "example" may give emphasis to the solemn prophecy of Isaiah,—“Woe to you that join house to house, and lay field to field, even to the end of the place. Shall you alone dwell in the midst of the earth?”

We had sent our car onwards; and were proceeding on foot, a practice that enables us to converse with the peasantry, and so increases our enjoyment, and adds to our information. It was a fine clear evening; the sun was sinking behind the pure emerald hill slopes; the air was mild and healthy; the “rail” was croaking along the hedges, and the thrush singing the sweet and varied melodies which art can neither imitate nor teach; a lane, or, as the Irish so prettily call it, “a *bokreen*,” branched off from the high road, and some noble old trees had interlaced their arms above it, so as to form a succession of living arches, the most perfect and picturesque we had ever observed; the elevated enclosures of the path were tangled by a profusion of flowers—

the purple fox-glove, with its fairy-like caps and the sparkling leaves and knotty twistings of sly robin-run-the-hedge, mingled with the tasseled meadow-sweet and broad leaved dock—all beautiful according to their kind; then there were occasional breaks amid the branches, through which the sun, so glowing before its departure, darted the most vivid light, showing the sylvan tracery to the best advantage: it was altogether so exquisite a bit of light and shade that until we had looked on it for some time, we had not perceived three young children huddled up together at the stump of an aged thorn, a few yards down the lane; the eldest, a grown-up girl, supported a sleeping infant on her knees; the third, whose costume was as slight as it is possible to fancy, was crying bitterly; and in his fruitless attempts to dry his tears, had smeared his face over, so as to give it the appearance of a mask. His trouble was of that nature which in England would be *alleviated* by bread and butter, and *cured* by bread and sugar; but the grief that caused emotion in the eldest girl was altogether different—it was such as strong women can hardly bear; her features were hardened into the expression of despair, and what is more at variance with the first hours of youth, *sullen* despair. An old blind dog sat at her feet with his head on her knee, his thick sightless eyes upturned to her, while she stroked his head mechanically, and without uttering a word.

“Let me go back, Essy, let me go back just for a minute, and I won’t cry out; do let me, and

I'll be as good as *goold*, I will," said the boy.

The girl made no reply, but clutched his shoulder and held him fast. There was some resistance on the boy's part, but it did not continue long, for he agreed to keep still if she'd "loose her hold;" which she did, though her hand still remained on his shoulder. We were so interested in the girl's sorrow, that we endeavoured to alleviate it by kind words, and asked if any of her people were ill? Then she burst into tears, and the hardness which rendered her expression so painful to look upon relaxed.

"I thank you kindly for asking; <sup>110</sup> only the trouble, ma'am, is hard on us this evening. We're turned out—we, that never let the winter gale run till summer, that for all we took out of the bit of land put double in it, and did with half feeding, sooner than wrong the earth that gave us that same. We're turned out this blessed evening, to wander the world or to starve in Navan; to die away from the light of the heavens, and the fresh air, and the fields. Oh, there's no use in talking, but my heart will burst—it will burst open in me, if I think of the cruelty of the world. How can my father live in a town where there are hundreds of men strong an' able to work as he? what can he get to do there? If they'd let us build a sod-house by the side of the road itself, in the place where he's known, he could get work among the neighbours; but that spoils the look of the country, they say. Och hone! sure the starving look of the poor spoils it worse."

"Ye'r crying worse than me, Essy, now," said the boy; "and you promised mother you'd keep in the tears—let me see if she is crying still."

"Stay where you are Jimmy, my boy; there's a good child; mother can bear it bitter when she does not see us. Oh, I could beg the world's bread for her, from door to door; though until this blessed hour we never asked charity from man or mortal; but I could beg, starve (that's asy enough), or die for my own darling mother, if God leaves her with us; but he won't; death was printed in her face this morning—she'll die from me. Oh, Holy Virgin! hear my prayer this evenin', and if one must go, take me, blessed Queen of heaven, and lave her with her husband, and her helpless childer."

The poor girl sank upon her knees, still pressing the infant to her bosom; and we walked on, anxious to ascertain the truth of so sad a statement.

A turn in the lane brought us opposite to what had been a nesting of three or four cottages; the greater number had been dispossessed of their inmates a few months before; there was evidence that some time had elapsed since the walls had been uncovered. The one farthest off was the present scene of distress; two men were busied in unroofing the small dwelling, while two others looked prepared to meet any outbreak on the part of the late tenant or his friends; several of the latter were assembled, but, for the most part, seemed bent on consoling rather than defending. There was the usual scene of confusion; yet it

was plain to see that the ejectment had been served upon a cottage possessed of many comforts. A very pale, fragile woman was seated upon a substantial bedstead, with her hand closely pressed against her side as if in pain, while tears flowed down her cheeks. Chickens of various sizes were crowded in an ancient coop, and a stout little pig had a "sougan" fixed to his leg, to prepare him for the road; stools and iron pots, a dresser, delf and wooden ware, were scattered about, and a serious-looking cat was seated on the top of a potato basket.

"It's Larkins' own fault, I must say that; when the lease of his little place dropped, he would not take 'no' for an answer, but would keep possession; and I wonder at his doing so, and he so well learned, and bright at everything," said one of the men.

"My own fault!" repeated a strong, though haggard-looking person, advancing, while the group of countrymen to whom he had been speaking opened, and made way for him. "Who says it's my own fault—you? Sir, I was born under the thatch you stand upon; my father and grandfather held the bit of land, and we paid for it at the highest and to the last farthing."

"That ye did, poor man, God help you!" murmured many voices.

"I, with every hard-working soul on the estate, get notice to quit, because the agent wants it to be *cleared* of men, that it may feed beasts. I have acted all my life like a man, and I have the feelings of one; I love every stick of them

blackened rafters; my father's own hands made the bed the poor broken-hearted woman is sitting on; on it I was born, and on it she brought me five children. The bees that are singing in the bushes came from the ould stock; and my father's mother—that they are bringing out now—has sat upon that stone bench for sixty-four years.”

A very venerable woman had just been carried through the flakes of falling thatch into the open air: she seemed hardly conscious of what was going forward; yet she gazed around her, and from one to another, with an eager and anxious look.

“Well, we know all that,” resumed the first speaker; “and you ought to know that I’m only doing my duty; and you ought to have sense. The gentleman’s land is his own, and if he’d rather feed cattle for the market, than have the place broke up into little farms, sure it’s his own land, not yours: he let’s you take away every stick that you like.

“The law,” said Larkins, “gives me them.”

“And he pays you for your crop.”

“And that he can’t help, either.”

“And yet the granny there wouldn’t leave it till the roof was off. Sure, any how, the gentleman had a right to do what he liked with his own.”

“He had not!” exclaimed the peasant; firmly planting his foot on the ground, and instinctively assuming an attitude that would have added dignity to a Roman senator. “In the sight and light of Almighty God, no man has a right to

say to another 'Go out and starve'—starve as I shall, and all belonging to me. Starve and beg, and beg and starve, till my bones whiten through my skin, and I die as others in this country have died before me on the road. Oh, my God! if he had given me a piece of mountain, or a bit of bog, and time to bring it round, I'd have worked for it—as I have done all my life, and that's saying enough. Does he call to mind that the tenant's duty is to pay, and the landlord's to protect? Does he say, as a Christian, that any man has a right to turn over scores of his fellow-creatures to starvation when they are willing to be his slaves for food and raiment—for what more have any of us? We lay by nothing, and have nothing to lay by—yet we pay our rent: will any of you say God intended *that*?"

"Then why the dickons, Johnny Larkins, my jewel," exclaimed a tight concentrated fellow, walking up to the excited speaker, "why the dickons don't you let us serve them all out at once? Sorra a better sport we'd ax; and it's under yer roof ye'd be now, if ye had let us take just one good hearty fling at them."

"I never broke the law in my life, James," replied Larkins.

"Sorra a better yer off than them that did," answered James, stepping back with a very dissatisfied air.—Two women were comforting the poor man's wife in the best way they could, and another was busied in adjusting a bed on a small car, upon which they intended to place the old woman so as to remove her comfortably. The

landlord's agents, during this sad procedure, appeared resolved not to desist until the roof was entirely away.<sup>111</sup>

"I wish, a lannan, ye'd be said and led by us," urged one of the neighbours to Mrs. Larkins, who was rocking herself as the wind rocks a tree that has been more than half uprooted. "What good can staying here do you, dear? Sure ye'll stop with us as long as ye like, before ye go into the close town; and yer breathing so bad—and ye so weak."

"If they had only let me die in it!" answered the wife and mother, whose weak trembling voice recalled her child's opinion so feelingly expressed a few minutes before—"that death was printed in her face"—"it wouldn't have been long—where's the children?"

"Sure ye sent them away, they were crying so."

"And where's John?"

"Is the sight leaving yer eyes that ye can't see him forenent ye, dear?" answered the woman, at the same time looking anxiously into her face.

"John, darlin'!" she exclaimed fervently; in a moment her husband was by her side.

"There's a change over her!" whispered the woman to the young man who had proffered to take the law into his own hands; "there's a change over her—run for the priest, if ye love yer own sowl!" Even the men who had been so busy with the roof, paused; and the silence was only disturbed by the prolonged whistle of a distant blackbird.

“ John, my blessing—my pride—the only love I ever had—you’ll forgive any hasty word I ever spoke—won’t ye, my jewel? ”

“ Ye never did,” answered the poor fellow; “ but what’s over ye, darlin’? what ails you? what ails her, neighbours? Blessed Queen of heaven, what ails my wife? ”

“ Whisht, dear! ” she said, and raising her hand to his face, she pressed his cheek still closer to her own; “ I’ve been sickly a long time, John, and was going fast—better I should die before we got into the town. I *must* have died then, you know; your face is very thin, darlin’, already. Oh may the holy saints lave ye as ye are, that I may know ye in heaven! but I would, any way; spake to me, my bird of blessings! kiss me, dear, and let me lay my head on yer bare breast. Neighbours, ye’ll look to him, and the poor motherless children.”

“ It’s only a faintness, my jewel,” said the husband; “ it’s nothing else—fetch her a drop of water.” She drank eagerly, and then nestled her head on her husband’s breast as a child would have done in its mother’s bosom.

“ Oh! I was sinful,” murmured the man, “ to rebel while my angel was left me. I’ll never say a word again, if the Lord spares her. Pray for her good friends.” There was not (to use a homely phrase) a dry eye in the circle that formed round them; even the ministers of the law sympathised with the poor man’s agony. Suddenly, the old woman, who had been forgotten in the new excitement, pushing the little

crowd to the right and left with her long lean arms, stood like a spectre in the midst; her white hair streaming from beneath her black hood over the wrinkles of her sharp face, thickened by a maniac smile. "I ask yer pardon," she said, curtesying as deeply as the infirmities of extreme age would permit—"I ask yer pardon, but I don't rightly understand this; is it a wedding or a berring?"

"Look! look!" exclaimed Larkins; "some one look in my Mary's face:—I feel as if her breath passed right into my heart!"

She was dead upon his bosom.

## WESTMEATH

The inland county of Westmeath is bounded on the east by Meath; on the south by the King's County; on the west by Roscommon, from which it is separated by the river Shannon; on the north-west by the County of Longford; and on the north by the County of Cavan. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 386,251 statute acres, of which 55,982 are unimproved mountain and bog, and 16,334 are under water—the lakes of Westmeath being very numerous and extensive, and famous for picturesque beauty. The population of the county was, in 1821, 125,819; and in 1831, 136,872; in 1841, it amounted to 141,300. It is divided into the baronies of Brawney, Clonlonan, Corkaree, Delvin, Demifore, Farbill, Fartullagh, Kilkenny West, Moyashel and Magheradernan, Moycashel, Moygoish, and Rathconrath. Part of Athlone is also in Westmeath. The principal towns are Mullingar, the assize town; Moate, Rathowen, Ballymore, Castletown-Delvin, and Ballynacargy.

The history of the county very closely resembles that of Meath; it was settled under the same circumstances; it is as full of ancient remains both of the Anglo-Normans and the earlier inhabitants; but it is far more abundant in

natural attractions; and some of its lakes—Lough Ree in particular—may vie in interest and beauty with those of the south.

The limits of our work will not permit us to describe, at length, the counties which have no very remarkable or peculiar feature; and we avail ourselves of the opportunity presented to us for supplying some information concerning Irish music.<sup>112</sup> We shall consider the subject first in the abstract, and secondly in reference to musical instruments—the division under which it naturally presents itself.

Under the first head we may observe, that the Irish were a musical people from the earliest periods of their history.<sup>113</sup> The ancient Irish had three musical modes, corresponding in some respects to those of the ancients. 1st, The Luinneach, like the Phrygian, was of a lively and exciting character, or it was perhaps a compound of the Phrygian and the Dorian. 2nd, The Geantraicht was of a soft and soothing character, used (as the name would seem to imply) in love-songs. It seems to have resembled the Lydian mode,

And ever against eating cares  
Wrap me in *soft* Lydian airs.

3rd, The Suantraicht was intended for composing the mind to rest, and for inducing sleep after the toils of the chase, war, or study. A similar species of composition prevailed among the Pythagoreans (who resembled the Druids in many points), and the lively music which these

philosophers played to cheer their spirits in the morning was analogous to the Luinneach of the Irish.<sup>114</sup>

The general characteristic of Irish music is the presence of the major sixth. Another characteristic, but not of constant occurrence, is the absence of the *fourth* and *seventh* in the diatonic scale. This accounts for the soft and melancholy expression which in general pervades Irish music, but cannot apply to all the airs; those of a cheerful character, for instance, that belonged to the mode which Selden designates "the sprightly Phrygian." Cambrensis describes the Irish style of music as belonging to the *enharmonic genus*, "full of minute divisions, with every diasis marked." "Their modulation," he adds, "is lively and rapid, but of soothing and agreeable sound \* \* \* and hence it arises that they who have most subtle understanding and acute discernment in the mysteries [arcana] of the art, find *internal* and *ineffable* delight."<sup>115</sup>

These observations will be verified by an examination of such of the national airs as have escaped the wreck of time and of legislative proscription—especially as regards the antiquity of Irish music. The most ancient airs now existing in Ireland are the music of Deirdre, and the chants to which the Fenian poems, ascribed to Ossian and Fergus, were sung, as Erragon More, the Death-song of Oscar, &c. Next, if not equal in point of antiquity, is "The Song of the Banshee." This is the archetype of the different Keens, and is the air supposed to be sung

by the Banshee at her ominous visits. Of this ærial being we shall speak more fully hereafter.

The next species of musical composition we shall notice is the war-song,—perhaps, next in antiquity. The war-songs of the Irish resemble very much in their construction the *πυθικοὶ νόμοι* of the Greeks; for as the latter were divided into parts representing the contest and victory of Apollo over the Python; as the preparations—the first attempt—taking breath and collecting courage—the insulting sarcasms of the god over the vanquished enemy—the imitation of the hisses of the serpent, &c.; so the former had divisions corresponding to the various circumstances of a battle, as the gathering—the advance—the conflict—the shouts of the victors—the retreat—the lamentation over the dead, &c.; and it is a curious circumstance, that it was a description of one of these war-songs, which the late Mr. Bernard Wright of Clonmel gave Kotswarrow, that suggested the music of “The battle of Prague.” The war-song in question is that called *Marsal Ailisdruem*, or “Alexander’s March,” and is given in Mr. Bunting’s collection.<sup>116</sup>

We shall now advert to the musical instruments of the Irish; and first, the harp, which has been so much associated with Ireland, as to become its emblem. This instrument was in use among the Irish from the remotest periods, as appears from one of the earliest notices of the island; viz., that of Diodorus Siculus, who in his account of the Hyperborean isle, which he says was situate *opposite the Celtæ, who were inhabi-*

*tants of Britain and Gallia*, mentions that "the priests frequented a grove and a round temple *with their harps* to sing the praises of Apollo." Diodorus professes to give this account from Hecataeus, an earlier writer; and that Ireland is the island in question is evident from the assigned situation, while the "grove" and "the round temple" of Apollo (the sun), perfectly correspond with its existing monuments of sun-worship.

In an ancient Erse poem, a bard is represented addressing a very old harp, and inquires what has become of its former splendour? The harp replies, that it had belonged *to a king of Ireland*, and had afterwards been in the possession of *Dargo, son of the Druid of Baal* (the sun), of Gaul, of Fallan, and then passed into the hands of *a priest with a white book*; thus tracing it down from Pagan to Christian times. It is also worthy of note, that "the Druid of Baal" corresponds to "the priest of Apollo" in Diodorus.

Ledwich supposes that the Irish derived the harp from the Saxons; but, unfortunately for his hypothesis, the authority he brings forward to support it proves the very contrary. It is a passage in Venantius Fortunatus, who wrote in the fifth century, where, speaking of the various nations that inhabited Gaul at his time, he thus distinguishes their musical instruments:—

"Romanusque lyrâ, plaudet tibi, barbarus harpâ,  
Græcus Achilliaca, Crotta Britanna canat."

Now, of these different instruments, the one which corresponds to the Irish harp is the *Crotta*, which the author assigns to the *British* or *Celtic inhabitant*, and distinguishes from the Roman *Lyra* and Gothic (which he terms barbarian) *Harpa*, for it is evidently identical, with *Cruit*, the Irish word by which our national instrument is most generally designated. The passage, therefore, affords very respectable proof that the Irish have had *their* harp, in common with the Britons, from their Celtic ancestors. The word "harp" we should observe is not Irish, but was applied by the English to the Irish *Cruit*, from the general resemblance between the two instruments. This misled the doctor.<sup>117</sup>

The Irish appear to have had two kinds of harps, the *Cruit* and *Ceannairdcruit*. The first, a small harp strung with single chords was used chiefly for religious purposes; such a harp was probably employed by the Druids in their rites (alluded to by Diodorus), as it was in after times by the Christian bishops and abbots. The second was a large harp, used in public assemblies, and perhaps in battle: it appears to have been strung with double chords. We may imagine such a harp accompanying the voice of Fergus, the Fenian bard, when he pronounced his celebrated odes to Gaul and Oscar. The number of strings in the Irish harp in the time of Cambrensis was thirty, and an improvement seems to have been made in process of time by the Irish *Oirfidhighe*, or musicians, in its original form (supposed to have been a right-angled

plain triangle—like the Phrygian harp), by changing the right angle to an oblique one, and by giving a curvature to the arm. The form thus produced is one which Mr. Beauford has demonstrated to be constructed on true harmonic principles, and such as will bear the strictest mathematical and philosophic scrutiny.<sup>118</sup>

As the other musical instruments hold a very subordinate place, a brief notice of them will suffice. The bagpipes are said to have been introduced into Ireland from Caledonia; though if such be the case, a very early period must be assigned for their introduction, as we find them alluded to in the very ancient tale of Deirdre, supposed by the best judges to be an undoubted relic of pagan times. It had the same use among the ancient Irish armies that it now has among the Highland regiments. But the Irish made in the course of time an improvement, by using a bellows to fill the chanter instead of the mouth, and continued making various additions until they produced that delightful instrument the union pipes, on the splendid effects of which it is needless to enlarge.

The Irish had various kinds of trumpets—as the *Stuic*, the *Adharc* (*eyarc*) the *Beann Buabhall*, &c. Numbers of these have been discovered in our bogs. They are made of brass, or bronze, and seem to have been similar to those terrific instruments of the Celts, of which Polybius writes:—"They made a clamour so terrible and so loud, that every surrounding echo was awakened, and all the adjacent country seemed to join



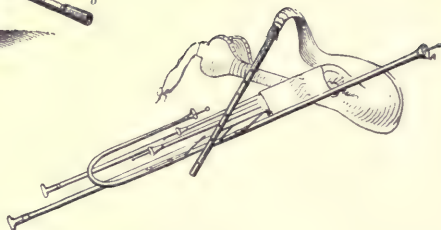
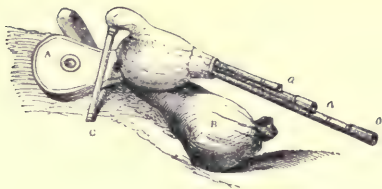


PLATE NUMBER NINE

in the horrible din.”—Lib. iii. Supernatural effects were sometimes attributed to them in Ireland; and as we read in Spenser’s *Faerie Queen* (B. 1, viii.) of a single blast of a bugle dissolving an enchantment, so we find in the Fenian poems, that the horn of Fin could in an instant throw all his warriors into a deep slumber.

The *corn* was, as its name implies, made of horn, and served also for a drinking vessel. According to Vallency, it was sometimes used for religious purposes in pagan times, and was sacred to Ann, the presiding divinity of the produce of the earth and waters.

Mr. Bunting makes the following enumeration of the different kinds of harps among the ancient Irish:—1. The Cinnard Cruit, or high-headed harp. 2. The Crom Cruit, or bending harp. 3. The Clairseach, or common harp. 4. The Ceirin, supposed to be the portable harp used by the priests and religious people. 5. Craiftin Cruit Craftin’s harp.

The accompanying figures represent the Irish bagpipes in their primitive and improved form. (See Plate No. 9). We have here the original Irish bagpipes, which were originally the same as the Scotch, as appears from a drawing made in the sixteenth century, and given in Mr. Bunting’s work; and now differ in having the mouth-piece supplied by the bellows, A, which being blown by the motion of the piper’s arm, to which it is fastened, fills the bag, B; from whence, by the pressure of the other arm, the wind is conveyed into the chanter, C, which is played on with

the fingers, much like a common pipe. By means of a tube the wind is conveyed into the drones, *a, a, a*, which, tuned at octaves to each other, produce a kind of *cronan*, or bass, to the chanter.

The other cut represents the improved or union pipes, the drones of which, tuned at thirds and fifths by the regulator, *A*, have keys attached to them, which not only produce the most delightful accords, but enable the player to perform parts of tunes, and sometimes whole tunes, without using the chanter at all. Both drones and chanter can be rendered quiescent at pleasure by means of stops.

As the treatment of this subject, however necessary, may appear dull and heavy to the general reader, we ask leave to introduce a sketch of an old piper—one of a very numerous class, of which, perhaps, we may have more to say hereafter; for the subject is very fertile in Irish character. The race are gradually departing, or, at least, “sobering” down into the ranks of ordinary mortals; but there was a time when the piper stood out very prominently upon any canvas upon which was pictured Irish life. Anecdotes of their eccentricities might be recorded that would fill pages of our book. For the present, we content ourselves with setting down one.

In our younger days, every district had its own appointed and particular musician: “Kelly the piper” belonged exclusively to the sweet sea-shore of Bannow; “Andy the fiddler” to the

sunny hill-village of Carrick; and Tim Lacy to the townland of Ballymitty. Tim's instrument was not specified, for he was a universal master; could take a "turn" at the pipes, a "hand" at the fiddle, a "blow" on the flute, or, for aught we know, a "bate" on the big drum, and was, in fact, so desultory in his habits as hardly to excite the jealousy of any one in particular; for Irish fiddlers and pipers are a most captious and irritable race, as combative for precedence as a bevy of courtiers.

We remember "Kelly the piper" and "Andy the fiddler" challenging, each the other, to a musical contest, which was kept up during five successive Sundays after mass, and only brought to a conclusion by Andy's "letting the music" out of Kelly's pipes with a reaping-hook; while, in return, Kelly immolated Andy's fiddle on the prongs of a pitchfork. The parish was in despair—neither weddings nor merry meetings of any kind, could go forward without music; and Tim Lacy, the boy who, according to common report, made a fiddle of the priest's tongs, and a *bow* of the priest's poker, when he was only three years old—poor Tim Lacy was "down in the fever."

When, on the very day before Mickey Donovan's pretty daughter, Biddy, was to be married to Mogue Maguire, and the father and mother were debating the possibility or impossibility of getting "the music," a thin, spare, plaintive-looking man, very small of stature, and much bent either by age or sorrow, or perhaps by a

mingling of both, entered the farmhouse, being led by a pretty sunny-haired little maiden, of apparently some nine or ten years old; the man was perfectly blind, and his thin hand rested upon the head of her who might have been termed both his guide and his guardian; his appearance was hailed with sincere delight by every member of the family, busy though they were, preparing for the next day's fête, for he carried his welcome with him in the shape of the bagpipes.

"What can you play, sir, if you please?" questioned the pretty bride.

"'Haste to the Wedding,' or whatever *you* please, miss," was the little girl's answer, with a half shy, half modest look, as if she perfectly understood the hint conveyed by the name of the country-dance.

"And why can't yer father answer for himself?" inquired Biddy.

"If you please, miss, *it's a vow* that's on him, for a rason he has," replied the child; "and so I'm his speech as well as his eyes, myself, miss!"

"Oh, indeed!" "Poor man!" "See that now!" "A vow!" "Oh, musha, musha, but sin's a shockin' thing!" were the exclamations that followed.

"It's no sin of his own," observed the child; "only one he took upon himself to answer for, for one he loved."

The Irish are a very inquisitive people, and though Biddy had too much delicacy to urge the young girl to betray the secret of her protector, the other members of the family were in no way

restrained by such consideration. After the strangers had been fed and warmed, and every one who could dance had "taken a turn on the flure," just for "divarshun," or to try "the strength of the music," the child was subjected to the interrogatories of the whole family, who, after all, only learned that the blind man, known by the sobriquet of the "silent piper," was her father; that her mother, when dying, "left a vow on him;" that he had never spoken since, but that his fondness for, and love towards her, was "past telling;" she'd rather not say where they came from; she could not tell where they were going to; and that was all!

Kelly the piper was obliged to confess, on the wedding-day, that he was not fit to "hould a candle" to the "silent piper;" and everybody declared they had never heard such beautiful music; one or two very old people hinted that all was not right, for they had heard pipers and pipers in their youth, but such piping as *that* had never been heard before.

The fame of the "silent piper" reached the houses of the gentry, and we can well remember the first entrance of father and child into the old hall, which in those days often echoed to right merry music—we were all charmed. Liberal offers were made to the blind man, if he would settle in the neighbourhood; he should have a cottage built for himself and his child on the demesne, and never want. In reply, he only shook his head, and sighed; and the little maid, with tears, observed, "they had but a short time

to stop now, as father seldom staid more than a week in any one place."

We knew that such "obligations" were not uncommon among the peasantry, though we did not remember ever meeting a piper under the influence of a "silent vow" before. His pretty gentle child had achieved as much popularity as himself; and there were very few who had not bestowed some slight token of remembrance on one or both. The little man had accumulated many gifts of love—the small-change of the affections—and the smart blue riband snooding her fair hair, and garnishing a broad-leaved hat, the string of brilliant beads around her neck, the bright kerchief that sheltered her bosom, or enshrouded her bundle, contrasted in as picturesque a manner as an artist could desire, with her bare and slender ancles and half sandalled feet. They departed with much regret, the old man playing "Carolan's Lament," until he drew tears from many eyes.

The interregnum caused by the visit of the "silent piper," however, allowed time for the excitement that had existed between the Kellyites and Andyites to subside; in the end they reappeared with new pipes and a new fiddle.

In a few months after this little incident, we left the neighbourhood; time passed, we visited and revisited Ireland, and seldom did the notes of the bagpipe strike upon our ear without recalling the "silent piper," and his pretty guide. Those who do not see the young grow, seldom imagine they are grown; certainly we never

fancied the sweet child sprung up into womanhood. We thought of her still as the fair-haired girl,—more a vision than a reality.

During our visit, about two years ago, to the ancient and picturesque town of Kinsale, we heard the sound of a bagpipe, and followed it to be nearer the player. Had a spectre risen from the earth, we could not have been more astonished! for there—standing upon the edge of an old quarry—after a lapse of nearly twenty years, with the very same blooming child at his knee—there sat the “silent piper!” What a flood, what a torrent of remembrances did the meeting pour into our heart! We noticed, indeed, after the first start of recognition, that the brow of our old acquaintance was seamed with wrinkles, that his hair was white; but the mystery of all mysteries remained unsolved—the child was fair and young as ever!

He played again the bold brave notes of Brian Boru’s march; and the women stamped their feet to the time, and hoisted their little ones in the air, until, when it was finished, they gave so loud a cheer, that it animated the old man to an encore of the national march; and all the time, we were deeply pondering at the marvel of finding the “silent piper” of Bannow, after so long a lapse of years, in the town of Kinsale.

“Eh, dear!” said the old man when questioned, “do I mind Bannow? to be sure I do; God be with it!”

“And you?” to the girl, more, of course, than half-doubtingly.

"I never was so far as Cork," she answered; while the well-remembered bead necklace—we could have sworn to it—glittered in the sun, and the very same blue riband seemed to us to confine her silver hair.

"Eh, eh," laughed the old man, the thin cackling laugh of old age—"eh! eh! eh! that was her mother, bless ye! her own mother; my daughter Kathleen, that married Jim Lycett, the boat-builder, and has had twins twice besides Tommy and little Kathleen here; like her mother, I make no doubt, only her nose a bit shorter—I can tell by the feel; I can tell by the feel,"—and he passed his shadowy hand over her soft features, and while we were thinking over our own absurdity, the original Kathleen made her appearance—a stout, gleeful-looking woman, still with sunny hair and eyes, and a mild, bland laugh, but—with twins in her arms, and twins at her feet. Certainly the realities of life sadly upset the imagination; the sweet Kathleen of Banow, with three brace of children, and a boat-building husband!

"Sure," she said, "I have all the little keepsakes and tokens I got still, and the tears do be coming in my eyes when I think of them, and the penance my poor father took on himself that time; he's half childish now, and would be whole so, but for the music; that raises him up in himself."

## LOUTH

Many circumstances contribute to render the maritime county of Louth, although the smallest county of Ireland, exceedingly interesting—either in reference to its existing remains, or to the prominent station it occupies in Irish history. The siege of Drogheda is scarcely paralleled for atrocity, on the part of the besiegers; and the “memory” of the battle of the Boyne-water is, as it must ever be, “glorious and immortal.”

The county comprises an area of 200,484 statute acres, of which 14,916 are unimproved mountain and bog. It is bounded on the east by the Irish Sea; on the north by the bay of Carlingford and the county of Armagh; on the south by the county of Meath; and on the west by the counties of Meath and Monaghan. In 1821, the population of Louth was 101,011; in 1831, 107,481; and in 1841, it was 111,979; not including, however, the county of the town of Drogheda, which contains between 15,000 and 16,000 inhabitants. It is divided into the baronies of Ardee, Ferrard, Louth, Upper Dundalk, and Lower Dundalk. Drogheda and Dundalk are the only towns of note, if we except the once famous, but now decayed, port of Carlingford. The county abounds in vestiges of very remote antiquity: some of these we shall briefly describe;

limiting ourselves, however, to the monastic remains, as we have so lately treated largely of those of still earlier ages. First in interest and importance is the Round Tower, with its usual accompaniments of ruins, at Monasterboice; distant about four miles from Drogheda; lying in the centre of a small valley, a short distance from the main road, seen from which the effect is singularly striking. The group of "sacred glories" is comprised within the boundary of a small churchyard, and consists of the shells of two chapels, two perfect stone crosses of very beautiful and elaborate workmanship, and the round tower. The tower is one hundred and ten feet high; yet the height must have been considerably greater, for the cap and the upper parts were destroyed some years ago by lightning. The chapels are obviously of ages widely remote; the larger is perhaps of the twelfth century, but the smaller supplies evidence of being some centuries older. The religious establishment of Monasterboice was for a long period ranked among the most celebrated of Ireland; its origin has been traced to St. Buite, or Boetius, a disciple of St. Patrick, about the close of the fifth century. The stone crosses are of exceeding magnificence; they are entirely covered on both sides by sculptured images—the subjects of some of which are easily ascertained. One of them is about twenty feet high, the other about eighteen. The solitude of this assemblage of picturesque ruins is in fine keeping with the associations it

cannot fail to arouse; the narrow churchyard is crowded with graves, among which the "fat weeds" grow in great luxuriance; a single blasted tree speaks of death more emphatically than even the broken head-stones; and the surrounding mountains seem to throw an eternal shadow over the solemn and impressive scene.<sup>119</sup>

The Abbey of Mellifont is on the little river Mattock, near the banks of the Boyne and on the borders of Meath County. The ruins are not extensive, but in architectural beauty they are surpassed by few in Ireland. The chapel of St. Bernard seems partly imbedded in the rock, the floor being considerably lower than the outer surface, and consists of a crypt or underground chapel, and an upper apartment. The crypt is a chaste specimen of the most elaborate and finished workmanship; the roof is groined, the arches springing from the clustered demi-columns on each side; the capitals are all richly carved, with rich designs of foliage. There are three windows and two arched recesses, the windows are also groined and pillared at the angles, the capitals of the pillars representing grotesque heads, apparently pressed flat by the superincumbent weight. The mullions are all destroyed, but some portions of the tracery of the tops remain, and a handsome lozenge or nail-headed moulding is continued round the interior of each.<sup>120</sup>

An object of equal interest is the remains of an octagonal building; conjectured to have been

the baptistry, on the top of which, according to Archdall, was a reservoir for water, conveyed by pipes to the several offices of the abbey. The doorways are arched and pillared, the arches are semi-circular, or Saxon, and, together with the pillars, are models of exquisite workmanship; if the productions of a native artist, they are highly valuable as specimens of the state of the fine arts in Ireland prior to the English invasion. The ornamental parts are composed of a red granite, and were formerly painted and partly gilt. The ruins are situated in a secluded little valley, and are highly picturesque; their present lonely and desolate character singularly contrasts with the tokens of ancient grandeur everywhere apparent.<sup>121</sup>

Before we visit Drogheda and the Boynewater—subjects that will demand no inconsiderable space—we must entreat the reader “to step across the county,” from the extreme south to the “far” north, and, passing through the poor town of Louth, and the neat, clean, and apparently prosperous town of Dundalk,<sup>122</sup> examine awhile the beautiful seaport of Carlingford, with its fine castellated and monastic remains. A just idea of their number and splendour is conveyed by the engraving from Mr. Gastineau’s drawing. We reproduce however, another view of “the castle” from the pencil of Mr. Nicholl. As with so many of the “stone houses” of Ireland, the building of this structure is attributed to King John, whose name it continues to bear. The town was situated on the





frontier of "the Pale;" it became of importance, therefore, soon after the Anglo-Norman invasion, and fortifications as well as religious establishments rapidly sprung up within its precincts. On the southern side are the ruins of a Dominican Monastery. This still extensive and picturesque ruin exhibits, in the long aisle and central belfry, traces of the pointed architecture of the fourteenth century. About midway between it and King John's Castle are the ruins of a square building, with windows of an ecclesiastical character, curiously ornamented with carvings of animals, human heads, and sundry fancy wreathings. Near this, on an adjoining eminence, is a church of ancient foundation.

The Bay of Carlingford and the adjacent scenery are of exceeding beauty; both its north and south borders are lined with villas, and small white villages—the resorts of bathers; trees grow in great luxuriance and abundance; it is surrounded by magnificent mountains, and a few small green islands, nearly at the entrance, give interest and variety to the scene.

One of the most picturesque and remarkable of the ruined castles of Louth is Castle Roche, which even now varies little from the account given of it, long ago, in the "Antiquities" of Grose. It stands on the summit of a rocky hill, and was formerly one of the frontier castles of the English Pale; the area within the rampart walls bears the form of a triangle, but more inclined to a semicircle, following the uneven form of the hill, taking advantage of the rock on which

it stands; the great chord, which is the longest side and front, is about eighty yards, and the reverse is about forty. At the opposite corner to the main dwelling there has been a tower of defence, and under it a sally-port. It is reported to have been constructed by a Rose Verdun, of an ancient English family of large possessions, and from her was called Rose Castle, corrupted into Roche Castle; in the year 1649 it held out for King Charles, and was demolished by Oliver Cromwell.

We must request the reader to return with us to Drogheda—a town very rich in historical associations, and memorable as the scene of a massacre hardly equalled for atrocity in the records of human-kind.

At present the character of Drogheda is that of a “compact” town; the suburbs indeed are sufficiently wretched, but the leading streets present an appearance of bustle and business; the quays look as if they were trodden by the foot of commerce; and the exhibition of a coarser kind of linen, on stalls, in various places, gives tokens of an approach towards the “manufacturing north.” The sea is close at hand, and vessels of burthen may discharge their cargoes at the bridge—a bridge which divides the town, part of which is in the county of Meath. Few towns are more advantageously circumstanced for trade with England; it lies nearly opposite to Liverpool, is the great outlet for the produce of the rich counties adjacent; the river Boyne runs through it to the ocean, and a navigable canal facilitates inter-



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Ruins at Carlingford

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Ruins at Carlingford

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course with several districts of Meath: these advantages will be considerably enhanced when the railway now in progress is completed to Dublin—so that a journey to the capital, from which it is distant no more than twenty-two miles, will be made in less than an hour.

At a very early period Drogheda was a fortified town; and in the fourteenth century it had attained to considerable commercial importance. But until the year 1641—the year of the “famous rebellion,”—its annals contain no records of stirring events. Then, however, while in the occupation of the royal army, under the command of a gallant officer, Sir Henry Tichborne, it became distinguished for a successful defence against the Irish forces, under the command of Sir Phelim O’Neil. A narrative of the siege, written by Nicholas Bernard, dean of Ardagh, was subsequently published; it is, of course, an ex-parte statement, but the defence was certainly conducted with much skill and bravery.

A far more fearful and disastrous visitation, however, awaited Drogheda in 1649; when Oliver Cromwell commenced, by his assault upon that town, a ruthless and bloody career in Ireland, the remembrance of which is still freshly preserved in the expressive execration so common in the mouths of the Irish peasantry—“The curse of Cromwell be upon you!”

Cromwell landed in Dublin early in August, with an army consisting of “8,000 foot, 4,000 horse, £20,000 in money, a formidable train of artillery, and all other necessities of war.” At

the head of all his forces, he at once proceeded to Tredagh—the ancient name of Drogheda—then garrisoned by 2,500 foot and 300 horse, under the command of Sir Arthur Aston, the governor, “a brave and experienced officer.”

“A resolution being taken to besiege that place,” writes Ludlow, “our army sat down before it, and the Lieutenant-General caused a battery to be erected, by which he made a breach in the wall.” The spot from which he first assaulted the town is still known by the name of “Cromwell Fort.”

It stands on the summit of a hill that completely commands the town; but the fortifications which now crown it are of comparatively recent erection. “The garrison were not dismayed,” they expected succour from Ormond; and, according to Mark Noble, “seemed to be unanimous in their resolution, rather than deliver up the town to expire with it—which,” he coolly adds, “they did, not long after.”

Twice they repulsed the enemy; but a third assault, led by the Lieutenant-General in person, was successful. “Our men,” says Ludlow, “entered pell-mell with the enemy;” but “Aston’s men”—we quote from Noble, more generous to an adversary—“did not fall unrevenged; for they fought bravely, and desperately disputed every corner of the streets, making the conquerors win what they had by inches;” indeed, Cromwell himself, in his despatch to the parliament, admits that “the enemy disputed it very stiffly with us.” Leland asserts, and he is borne

out in the assertion by various safe authorities, that "quarter had been promised to all who should lay down their arms;" but the moment the town was completely reduced, Cromwell issued his "infernal order" for a general and indiscriminate massacre. He himself best tells the horrid story of his butchery, in a letter to the Speaker Lenthall, dated September 17th:—"The governor, Sir Arthur Aston,<sup>123</sup> and divers considerable officers, being there, our men getting at them were ordered by me to put them all to the sword, and indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town, and I think that night they put to the sword about two thousand men; divers of the officers and men being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about one hundred of them possessed Saint Peter's church steeple, some the west gate, and others a round tower, next the gate, called Saint Sunday's; these being summoned to yield to mercy, refused, whereupon I ordered the steeple of Saint Peter's to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames, 'God damn me! God confound me! I burn! I burn'!<sup>124</sup> The next day the other towers were summoned, in one of which was about six or seven score, but they refused to yield themselves, and we knowing that hunger must compel them, set only a good guard to secure them from running away, until their stomachs were come down; from one of the said towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men; when they

submitted themselves, their officers were knocked on the head, and every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes."

The butcher thus blasphemously sums up the history of his atrocity:—"And now give me leave to say how it came to pass, this great work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts that a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the Spirit of God; and is it not so, clearly, that which caused your men to storm the breach so courageously, it was the Spirit of God, who gave your men courage, and took it away again, and gave the enemy courage, and took it away again, and gave your men courage again, and therewith this great success, and therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory." A few days afterwards, in another letter to the Speaker, alluding to the wholesale massacre, he thus writes:—"I pray God, as these mercies flow in upon you, he will give you a heart to improve them to His glory alone, because He alone is the author of them, and of all the goodness, patience, and long-suffering extended towards you." From the same unquestionable authority—Cromwell himself—we learn that the murders were as cold-blooded as they were extensive; and continued long after the excitement of the contest had subsided. The hideous execution of the savage order for indiscriminate slaughter was continued "during five days, with every circumstance of horror;" it was stayed at length—according to tradition, for history has no record of the fact—

in consequence of a touching incident arousing the lingering spark of humanity in the iron heart of Cromwell: walking through the streets, he noticed, stretched along the path, the dead body of a newly-made mother, from whose breast the miserable infant was vainly endeavouring to draw sustenance. A single touch alone is necessary to complete this picture of horrors: the parliament, on the receipt of the letters of General Cromwell describing the massacre, ordered a day to be set apart as a day of solemn thanksgiving "for the mercy vouchsafed," throughout the whole of the kingdom—and the first day of November was "set apart accordingly."

The storming of Drogheda was but the first act of a terrible tragedy; every step which Cromwell took through Ireland was marked with blood, and his frightful example was too closely imitated by his generals.<sup>125</sup>

Of the old walls and fortifications of Drogheda, there are still some interesting remains; the most perfect is the Gate of St. Lawrence. Ancient monastic relics are also of very frequent occurrence within the early boundary of the town. Among the more remarkable is the ruin of St. Mary's church—"founded by the citizens of Drogheda under Edward I.; it was originally a convent of Carmelites, and called Saint Mary's of Mount Carmel; a name very expressive of its situation, being erected on the most elevated part of the southern division of the town, and occupying the south-east angle of the town-wall."

But Drogheda fills a far less dismal page in

Irish history; the name is associated with a triumph stained by no after atrocities; within sight of towers, blackened by the ruthless soldiery of Cromwell, a victory was gained, pregnant with more beneficial results to Great Britain than all her conquests before or since achieved:—THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE must be regarded as the key-stone of the temple of civil and religious liberty in these kingdoms.

The conduct of Schomberg in Ireland was a striking proof of imbecility; he was upwards of fourscore years old when—having first received the honours of a dukedom and the garter, and the more substantial gift of £100,000 in money, as retaining fees for “services to be performed”—he was sent with sufficient forces, as commander-in-chief, to Ireland. Occasionally, indeed, he exhibited evidence that his natural energy was quite extinguished; but the system of useless and needless procrastination upon which he acted, had very nearly destroyed the army of William,—a system for which it was his wont to apologise, or rather to account, by a solemnly ludicrous reference to “*les règles de la guerre*,” which he considered absolutely necessary to direct the actions of a soldier under all circumstances.

Famine and pestilence thinned his ranks; and but for the timely arrival of the king, the cause would have been, for a time, inevitably lost: indeed it could not have been retrieved, but that James seemed as much incapacitated by indeci-

sion and pusillanimity, as his opponent Schomberg was by age.

The army of William consisted of troops levied from various nations. Europe was, at the period, divided into a Catholic and Protestant interest: at the head of the former was the King of France, the leader of the latter was the Prince of Orange; his forces were consequently recruited from the ranks of nearly every European state; animated, indeed, by one sentiment as to religion, but divided "by the various jealousies of country, language, and habits:" discordant materials, the management of which required consummate skill, prudence, temper, and courage—qualities for which the "Protestant Defender" was pre-eminent.

Upon the issue of a battle, to be fought in Ireland, depended then, not alone the sovereignty of Great Britain, and the lives and fortunes of a large proportion of its people: it was to determine whether Protestantism or Roman Catholicism was to be the dominant religion in Europe; or rather—for, in truth, no less mighty was the stake—whether the former was to continue triumphant, or be entirely erased from existence in the old world; and the latter restored to its ancient power over civilization, to resume its influence over the civil and religious liberties of mankind.

There is no necessity for describing the awful position in which the Protestants of Ireland had been placed, while James II. held his brief rule

in that country: the cruelties exercised against them, the injuries they endured; the temporary deprivation of their properties and personal freedom; with the imminent peril in which their lives were placed—arose more from the hatred of his counsellors than his own bigotry; but it was made sufficiently certain that oppression and persecution were designed to destroy all that the Reformation had effected in Ireland; and the terrible drama had actually commenced, when, under Providence, William III. “came to the rescue;” landing at Carrickfergus on the 14th of June, 1690.

France has, at all times, acted as a treacherous and a ruinous ally to Ireland; the French have studiously pushed on the Irish to danger, and given them just sufficient aid for evil—but none for benefit; invariably leading them into “a gap,” from which even honourable escape was impossible, and then leaving them to “shift for themselves;” evermore making—like “horses hot at hand,”—

“Gallant show and promise of their mettle;  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades  
Sink in the trial.”

Louis had indeed made “gallant show” of timely and efficient succour, but when the moment of contest arrived his help amounted to very little; while the English army was augmented by troops from various nations—Danish, Brandenburgers, Dutch, and above all, the gallant Huguenots of

France, who had wrongs to avenge, rights to protect, and the holiest of all causes to stimulate their energies;—to this small but veteran and united body of men the after victory was mainly owing, when they rushed to action, excited by the pithy address of old Schomberg, as he pointed out to them their countrymen in the ranks of James,—“*Voilà vos persécuteurs!*”

James, moreover, took the head of his army without confidence in their zeal; he had previously succeeded in disgusting its officers by bestowing all preferments upon Frenchmen, “to the utter discontent and indignation” of his Irish allies; in fact, there is abundant evidence to prove, that while the monarch distrusted and disliked them, they hated and despised him. When before the walls of Londonderry he had insulted them, and damped their ardour, by asserting, that “if his army had been English, they would have brought him the town stone by stone;” and it is asserted that, at the Boyne, when the dragoons of Hamilton were hewing down the cavalry of William, over whom they were gaining some advantage, James, regardless of the brave fellows who were fighting for him, and caring only for those by whom he had been rejected, repeatedly exclaimed, “Oh! spare my English subjects.”

William, immediately on his arrival in Ireland—where, as he said, “he came not to let the grass grow beneath his feet”—changed altogether that Fabian policy, under the evil effects of which the troops of Schomberg were rapidly perishing; and

the war commenced in earnest.<sup>126</sup> The Boyne lay in his course to Dublin; Drogheda was in possession of the Irish, and the river must, of necessity, be crossed. Here, then, James stood to dispute the farther progress of his rival; and here William resolved to hazard a battle, upon which depended the fate of Great Britain, and, indeed, the after destinies of the world.<sup>127</sup>

The Boyne is a very beautiful and picturesque river; it winds through the fertile valleys of Meath, and from its richly-wooded banks the hills rise gradually; there are no lofty mountains in the immediate neighbourhood. The depth, in nearly all parts, is considerable, and the current, consequently, not rapid; its width, near the field of battle, varies little, and is seldom less than fifty or sixty yards. James had the choice of ground, and it was judiciously selected. On the south side of the river, in the county of Meath, his army was posted with considerable skill: on the right was Drogheda; in front were the fords of the Boyne, deep and dangerous, and difficult to pass at all times; the banks were rugged, lined by a morass, defended by some breast-works, with "huts and hedges convenient for infantry;" and behind them was an acclivity stretching along the whole of "the field." James fixed his own tent upon the summit of a hill close to the little church of Donore,<sup>128</sup> now a ruin; it commanded an extensive view of the adjacent country, and the opposite or south side of the river—the whole range, indeed, from Drogheda to Oldbridge village—and looked directly down upon the val-

ley in which the battle was to be fought, and the fords of the Boyne, where there could have been no doubt the troops of William would attempt a passage. From this spot, James beheld his prospering rival mingling in the thick of the mêlée, giving and taking blows; watched every turn of fortune, as it veered towards or against him; saw his enemies pushing their way in triumph, and his brave allies falling before the swords of foreigners—a safe and inglorious spectator of a battle upon the issue of which his throne depended. The preceding night he had spent at Carntown Castle, from whence he had marched, not as the leader, but as the overseer, of the Irish army; <sup>129</sup> having, previously, given unequivocal indications of his prospects, his hopes, and his designs, by despatching a commissioner to Waterford, “to prepare a ship for conveying him to France, in case of any misfortune.”

William had been early astir; the night previous he had passed at the old house of Ardagh; <sup>130</sup> from hence he had ridden to ascertain, as nearly as he might, the position and numerical strength of his enemy, <sup>131</sup> and here he no doubt uttered that famous sentence—“It was a country worth fighting for:” the rich plains of Meath were within ken; the clear river ran through a fair pasture-land; the very summits of the hills were clad in verdure; and the broad sea was—at no great distance—in sight. Between this remarkable spot and the ford he was to cross, the field is yet pointed out where the mighty interests of mankind were very nearly determined by the

King's death. Surrounded by his staff, he rode slowly along the river, and had settled upon the spot at which his army should pass. Standing within musket-shot of the village of Old Bridge, he was recognised by the leaders of the Irish—Sarsfield, Berwick, Tyrconnel, and Lauzun—from the opposite bank of the river. Quietly and very secretly, for it was unnoticed by the King's attendants, two field-pieces were planted behind a hedge; and the moment he had remounted his horse to retire, two shots were fired—one of them killed an attendant at his side, and the other, "grazing on the bank, did, in its rise, slant on the King's right shoulder, took away a piece of his coat, ruffling the skin and flesh." The confusion that followed among the group which surrounded his Majesty, conveyed to the Irish camp an impression that he was slain; the triumphant cheers of his enemies were distinctly heard by William, as he rode calmly off, coolly observing, that "there was no necessity the bullet should have come nearer." His slight wound was instantly dressed, and so little concern did he give to it, that during the remainder of the day he continued on horseback, and "dined in a field." News that the Prince of Orange had been killed, was, however, rapidly carried to Dublin; thence it was speedily conveyed to Paris, where Louis received it with ecstasy; the guns of the Bastile were fired in triumph, and the city was illuminated. Before the lights had burned down in their sockets, however, other news was wafted to the French court—that James the Second was a

fugitive, on his way to claim a dishonoured grave in a foreign soil.

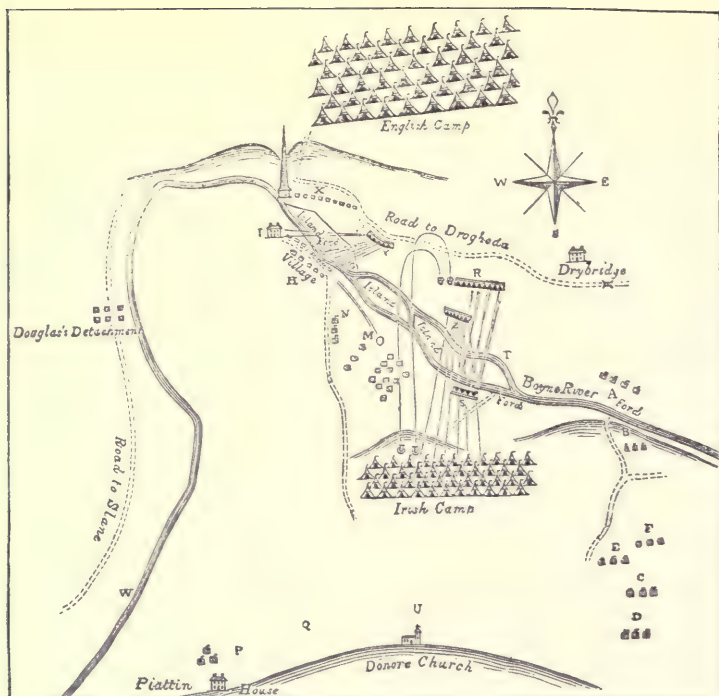
Both monarchs held councils of war on the eve of the encounter. From the tent of William the order of battle was despatched to the tent of Schomberg; his advice had been slighted, and he received it angrily, observing, "It is the first command that was ever *sent* me." William directed that the river should be passed in three different places: by his right wing, commanded by Lieutenant-General Douglas and Count Schomberg (son of the veteran), on the west, at a ford near the bridge of Slane; by the centre, commanded by Duke Schomberg, in front of the Irish camp; and by the left wing, at a ford between the army and Drogheda—this wing being led by the King in person. William having ridden through his camp, accompanied by attendants bearing torch-lights, ascertained that all was "ready," directed the men to wear green branches in their caps and helmets, to distinguish them from their enemies, who wore "pieces of white paper in theirs," and giving the word for the day—"Westminster"—retired to rest, "impatient for the morrow." James, on the other hand, manifested to the last his characteristic indecision. Hamilton having advised the sending of eight regiments to protect the bridge of Slane, where there was little doubt the right wing of the enemy would attempt a passage, the infatuated monarch said he would order thither fifty dragoons; at which the astonished general bowed and said nothing. As if to give additional

assurance to the Irish that victory was out of the question, it was resolved that the army was not to be committed to a decisive engagement, but to "retreat during the battle;" and the retreat was to have been led by the French, who were to "take care" of the person of the miserable monarch; and who were, consequently, although they composed the best disciplined of his forces, kept from the brunt of the fight, in which, indeed, they scarcely took any part, leaving the post of honour, and the work of glory—such as it was—to the Irish.

Before we proceed to describe the battle of the Boyne, we direct the attention of the reader to the appended plan, copied from the old map of Captain Richardson, "an eye-witness," to whose account of the contest we shall presently have to refer;—the descriptive notes are also borrowed from the same source.

Tuesday, the first day of July, was ushered in by a calm bright morning; soon after daybreak, the right wing of William's army, consisting of 10,000 horse and foot, commanded by General Douglas and Count Schomberg, marched towards Slane, and crossed at a ford between that place and the camp. After a sharp but brief conflict, the Irish fled towards Duleek, and were pursued by the troopers of Count Schomberg with great slaughter. The centre, "when it was supposed the right wing had made good their passage," entered the river opposite to Old Bridge. The Dutch Guards led; the stream rose as the men crowded in; and they were compelled





A. Here King William passed the Boyne at the head of four troops of Iniskillen horse, one regiment of Danish horse, and one regiment of English foot.

B. A regiment of Irish dragoons posted on high ground near the river, who fired at the King when in the river.

C. A regiment of Irish horse in a fallow field, defeated and pursued by the said four troops of Iniskillen horse.

D. A body of Irish horse, who repulsed the said four troops, and pursued them up to the Danish regiment at E.

E. A regiment of Danish horse, who gave way, upon which King William was obliged to retreat a little.

F. A regiment of English foot, who made good their ground, and repulsed the Irish horse, upon which King William rallied the Danes and Iniskilleners, and cut to pieces the said Irish horse and dragoons.

G. The Ford where the Blue Dutch Guards passed the river. Schomberg also passed the river here, after the Blue Dutch had cleared the way.

H. The village of Old Bridge.

I. A slated house full of Irish soldiers.

K. Here the Blue Dutch Guards attacked a body of Irish foot, and routed them.

L. Duke Schomberg, Doctor Walker, and Colonel Callimote were killed here by a squadron of Parker's horse.

M. The Blue Dutch fought another body of Irish foot here, and repulsed them.

N. A body of Irish horse were repulsed here by Colonel St. John's regiment of foot.

O. The Blue Dutch Guards, together with Callimote's and St. John's regiments of foot, fought a large body of French and Irish foot and beat them, upon which the Irish army abandoned their camp and baggage, and retreated towards Duleek in great haste.

P. Here General Hamilton, with a large body of horse, attacked and routed eight troops of the Iniskillen horse, and pursued them with some slaughter.

Q. King William put a stop to the pursuit here, took General Hamilton prisoner, and cut this party to pieces.

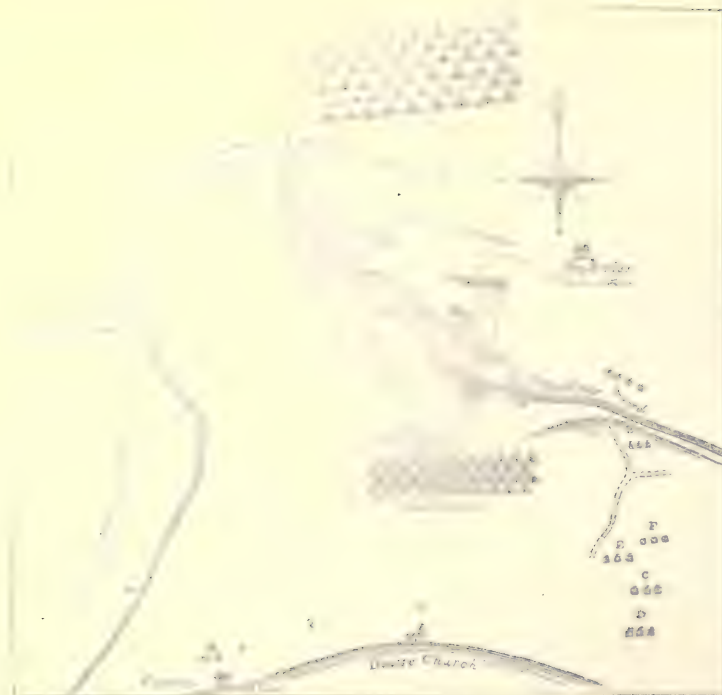
R. The English Battery.

S. The Irish Battery.

T. The place where eight troops of Iniskillen horse and some more forces passed the Boyne.

U. Here King James stood during the action.





A. A regiment of Irish dragoons posted on high ground near the river, who fired at the King when in pursuit.

B. A regiment of Irish horse in a fallow field, defeated and pursued by the said four troops of Iniskill.

C. A body of Irish horse, who repulsed the said four troops, and pursued them up to the Danish regiment at E.

D. A regiment of Danish horse, who gave way, upon which King William was obliged to retreat a little.

E. A regiment of English foot, who made good their ground, and repulsed the Irish horse, upon which King William rallied the Danes and Iniskilleners, and cut to pieces the said Irish horse and dragoons.

F. The Ford where the Blue Dutch Guards passed the river. Schomberg also passed the river here, after the Blue Dutch had cleared the way.

G. The village of Old Bridge.

H. A small house, called the Old Bridge.

I. Here the Blue Dutch Guards attacked a body of Irish horse, and routed them.

J. Duke Schomberg, Doctor Walker, and Colonel Callimote were killed here by a squadron of Parker's horse.

K. The Blue Dutch fought another body of Irish foot here, and repulsed them.

L. A body of Irish horse were repulsed here by Colonel St. John's regiment of foot.

M. The Blue Dutch Guards, together with Callimote's and St. John's regiments of foot, fought a large body of French and Irish foot and beat them, upon which the Irish army abandoned their camp and baggage, and retreated towards Duleek in great haste.

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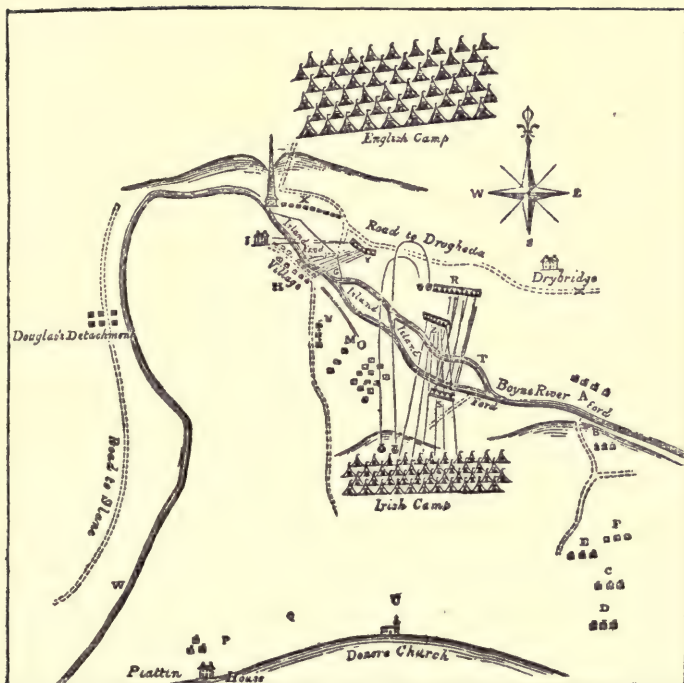
P. The English Battery.

Q. The Irish Battery.

R. The place where eight troops of Iniskill horse and General Hamilton's regiment of foot were killed.

S. Here King William's army was the action.

Plan of Battle of Boyne  
Reproduced from an Original Drawing



A. Here King William passed the Boyne at the head of four troops of Enniskillen horse, one regiment of Danish horse, and one regiment of English foot.

B. A regiment of Irish Dragoons posted on high ground near the river, who fired at the King when in the river.

C. A regiment of Irish horse, in a fallow field, defeated and pursued by the said four troops of Enniskillen horse.

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R. The English Battery.

S. The Irish Battery.

T. The place where eight troops of Enniskillen horse and some more forces passed the Boyne.

U. Here King James stood during the action.

to preserve their muskets from wet, by holding them over their heads, for the water reached even to the shoulders of the grenadiers. William himself, at the head of the left wing, soon afterwards forded the river between the camp and Drogheda.<sup>132</sup>

And so dawned the eventful morning of Tuesday, the 1st of July, 1690. We give in a note so complete a history of the events of the day, that to enter into farther details will be unnecessary. The recital of a few anecdotes, however, illustrative of the subject, cannot fail to interest the reader.

Authorities differ as to the relative amount of forces on both sides; they were, however, nearly equal in number—about 30,000 on each—but animated, as the reader will have gathered, by very opposite expectations as to the result: the Irish army of James, despising their commander, knowing that he had made preparations for a defeat, and designed to peril nothing, save his chance of regaining the crown he had abandoned, were indisposed to act in concert with their French allies; moreover, a large proportion were raw and undisciplined recruits, badly armed, ill fed, and supported only by their native and natural courage. The forces of William, on the other hand, were—we quote from Harris—“strangers to fear, familiar with victory, and emboldened by plenty.” “As for the Generals,” he adds, “not to mention the other officers, there was as much disproportion between Schomberg and Lauzun as between their respective kings;

so that the odds lay visibly on the English side, notwithstanding the advantageous situation of the Irish camp."

The death of Callimote was almost the first memorable incident of the fight; he was the gallant leader of the French Protestants—a small body of men who did good service to the cause, and fought with strong memories of the persecutions they had undergone; and hopes equally strong of renewed freedom under the sway of a Protestant monarch. He received a mortal wound at the head of his men, who were attacked and routed by a party of Irish horse; and as he was borne across the river bleeding upon the shoulders of four of his comrades, he repeatedly cheered his troops by the exclamation—"A la gloire, mes enfans! A la gloire!" The brave soldier was buried at a short distance from the field; his grave is still indicated by a slight elevation of the earth that covers it, and two finely grown elm-trees overshadow his remains:—

"There Honour comes, a Pilgrim grey,  
To kiss the sod that wraps his clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping Hermit there."

The death of Callimote<sup>133</sup> led, probably, to that of Schomberg; for the veteran soldier saw his old comrade fall, and noted the French Protestants fighting without a commander. He galloped across the water to head them, and "in such a hurry" that he entered action without his defensive armour. Having pithily addressed them

—“ Allons, messieurs, voilà vos persécuteurs ! ”  
—he formed them for an attack. The Irish dragoons had been by this time cut down by the Enniskilleners; a handful of them, however, were making their escape, and in the *mêlée* forced the old general with them. At this moment his own party fired, and Schomberg fell instantly dead; so closing a career of honour and glory in the eighty-second year of his age.<sup>134</sup> Within a few minutes afterwards, Dr. Walker, the famous defender of Londonderry, whose name is not less immortal than that of Schomberg, received a mortal wound in the belly, and died upon the field.

William now, having learned the fates of his two generals, led, in person, across the Boyne the left wing of his army, which he had kept as a reserve. The Irish retreated, and fell back upon Donore, where they made a stand; under the eye, and almost in the presence, of James, they rallied and forced the English cavalry to give way—when King William, with admirable presence of mind, rode up to the regiment of Enniskilleners, and asked them “ What will you do for me ? ” their commanding officer telling them it was their sovereign who was about to conduct them onwards. They answered by a loud “ hurra,”—and a gallant onset followed, from the effects of which the Irish army did not afterwards recover. William, indeed, never shrank from any personal exposure; and although he escaped without a wound, he was several times in imminent danger, both from the

enemy and his own soldiers who did not know him: on one occasion a trooper presented a pistol to his head; he put it aside, saying, "What! do you not know your friend?" The Irish retreated, fighting bravely, however, to retard the advance of their opponents, and actually staying the progress of the English army for a brief space, by the obstinacy with which they defended the walls of an old farm-house, called Sheep-house, that lay between the village of Old Bridge and the church of Donore,<sup>135</sup> which they held until attacked in flank by the troops of Douglas and Count Schomberg, after their passage of the river at Slane.

James now considered it time to move,—that is to say, "to move off." Sarsfield besought him to make one effort for his triple crown, and head in person the reserve of French guards and such broken columns of the Irish as could be rallied. This proposal the last sovereign of the Stuarts declined; presently, however, he set spurs to his horse, and, followed by above 6,000 veteran Frenchmen, who had taken no part in the "business of the day," the poor shadow of a king left the Boyne water, having lost all—including his honour.

Accounts differ as to the number slain on either side; but it was singularly small, considering the large amount of both armies. By comparing the several statements of partisan writers, and steering a middle course between them, we may, probably, estimate the loss on the part of King William at about 500 men; and, perhaps,

that on the side of James extended to 1,000—a disproportion easily accounted for, when we know that Count Schomberg, after he heard of his father's death, gave no quarter; "pursuing the enemy," writes Harris, "with that zeal and spirit which a noble resentment inspires," until arrested in his progress by the direct command of his sovereign. Among the officers of note who fell on the side of James, were the Lords Carlingford and Dungan, the Marquis of Hocquincourt, and Sir Neill O'Neill, who died of his wounds at Waterford. General Hamilton was taken prisoner; and it is recorded, that when conducted into the presence of King William, his majesty asked him if he thought the Irish would fight any longer? "Yes, sir," answered Hamilton, "upon my honour I believe they will." "Honour!" said the king bitterly and with emphasis; "*your* honour!" repeating the words twice, and turning away with exceeding disdain, from a soldier whom he regarded as a renegade. The loss of William in men of rank was confined to his two brave generals and faithful followers—Schomberg and Callimote.<sup>136</sup>

"Change generals," was the almost universal cry of the Irish—"change generals, and we will fight the battle over again!" and if fate had so ordained it, the victory would have been with them. As it was, the battle of the Boyne, although in its results so advantageous to the cause of William the Third, as to have secured him the crown of three kingdoms, and to his subjects advantages incalculably more mighty, can scarcely

be described otherwise than as a "drawn battle;" for when the Irish retreated—their sovereign then, for the first time, leading—they did so in good order; and the still unbroken army of William did not, because it dared not, attempt to follow.

Yet for all the purposes of William, England, and the Protestant people of Great Britain, this battle in its results was equivalent to a victory. It enabled the king to commit the conduct of the war in Ireland to his generals, silenced the murmurings of his opponents in Parliament, obtained for him the confidence of his subjects generally, and freed him from the necessity of a prolonged absence from London, where his personal influence and his natural energies were imperatively demanded for the support of his party. Above all, it led to a real and a perpetual abandonment of the kingdom on the part of James the Second. During his brief reign in Ireland, he had contrived to disgust his Irish allies of all ranks and classes; unlike his father, and, indeed, his descendants, he had engendered no personal regard; the gallant men who were identified with his cause, and sacrificed themselves to it, despised the ruler for whom they fought. "He had no royal quality about him," we quote from a Roman Catholic historian,—“nature had made him a coward, a monk, and a gourmand; and, spite of the freaks of fortune that had placed him on a throne, and seemed inclined to keep him there, she vindicated her authority, and dropped him ultimately in the niche that suited him:

“ The meanest slave of France’s despot lord ! ”

His parting address to Irishmen was of a piece with his whole policy towards them, and in keeping with his character. It contained an insult and a falsehood. He told them that “ in England he had an army which would fight, but deserted him; and that in Ireland he had an army which stood by him, but would not fight.” He uttered one truth, however, in his most graceless and ungrateful speech to the subjects he was about to abandon to “ take care of himself,” which he alleged he was then “ under the necessity of doing:”—“ It seems,” said he, “ it seems THAT GOD IS WITH MY ENEMIES ! ”

It is pleasant to find that, at least, one of the subjects he had betrayed had the spirit to resent an insult to the country and the people. On reaching Dublin Castle, he was met by the Duchess of Tyrconnel, the lady of his viceroy. “ Your countrymen, madam,” he said, as he was ascending the stairs; “ your countrymen can run well.” “ Not quite so well as your majesty,” replied the high-souled woman, “ for I see you have won the race.”<sup>137</sup> Even at the moment of his embarking from Ireland—for ever, he bequeathed it a sarcasm. Passing along the quay of Waterford, a sudden gust of wind carried away his hat. A venerable officer, named O’Farrell, immediately took off his own and presented it to the exile. He took it without ceremony; merely observing, as he placed it on his head, “ If he had lost a crown by the Irish, he had gained a hat by them.”

And so departed from the Stuarts the sovereignty of Great Britain. They had suffered tribulation without learning mercy; they had endured adversity without finding that "sweet are its uses;" wisdom had not been taught them by experience; arbitrary power, licentiousness, and bigotry were their familiars; and freedom rejoiced when the most worthless of the race stepped on shipboard from Irish ground—verifying to the last the prophetic exclamation of Marshal Rosen, when James declined to attack the miserable relic of Schomberg's army at Carrickfergus: "Had your majesty ten kingdoms, you would lose them!"

It is no marvel, therefore, that the battle at the Boyne river is held sacred in the memories of all Protestants—those of Ireland most especially; and that, ever since, its anniversary should have been a season of thankfulness and rejoicing.<sup>138</sup>

## CAVAN

The inland county of Cavan is bounded on the north by the county of Fermanagh; on the west by that of Leitrim; on the east and north-east by that of Monaghan; and on the south by parts of the counties of Longford, Meath, and Westmeath. It comprises 477,360 statute acres, of which 30,000 are unimproved mountain and bog, and 22,141 are under water. In 1821, the population was 195,076; in 1831, 228,050; and in 1841, it amounted to 243,158. It is divided into the baronies of Castleraghan, Clonmahon, Clonkee, Upper Loughtee, Lower Loughtee, Tullaghgarvey, Tullaghonoho, and Tullaghagh. Cavan and Belturbet are the only towns of size. The county possesses no feature of a striking or peculiar character; its remains of antiquity are limited in number, and not remarkable; and in natural beauty it is far surpassed by the adjoining counties of Meath, Fermanagh, and Armagh.<sup>139</sup>

We shall, therefore, not be called upon to detain the reader in this comparatively uninteresting county from his progress to "the North."

As we are in the Province of Ulster, where the Irish language ceases to be spoken, except in some isolated or mountain districts, and along the wild seacoast of Donegal, we avail ourselves

of a fitting opportunity of introducing some general remarks on the subject.<sup>140</sup>

The Irish is a language very rational and beautiful in its philosophy, and far less difficult to learn than is generally imagined; its grammar being reducible to a few simple elements, which are capable of very extensive application. The alphabet originally consisted of sixteen simple elements, and in this respect, as well as in the form of several of the characters, bore the impress of its Phœnician descent, in common with the Celtiberian, the Etruscan, and the Cadmean Greek. The letters have a relative position different from those of all other alphabets.<sup>141</sup> Two copies of the ancient alphabet are extant; viz., that of Forchern, who lived in the first century, and that of the book of Lecan. Both agree in the number, power, and order of the letters; but they differ in the names, the former calling them after men, the latter after trees. Vallancey does not account for the practice of giving letters the names of trees, but it evidently arose from the form of the *Ogham* alphabet, which, as we have attempted to show in an earlier part of this work, anteceded the alphabetic characters of which we now speak. The Ogham Scheme resembled the stem of a tree, the letters forming the lateral branches. This species of Druidical freemasonry, as it may be termed, is often alluded to by the Cambrian or Pictish bard Talliesin, who celebrates “the engagement of the sprigs of the trees, and their battles with the learned.” He boasts that he could “delineate the elementary

trees and *reeds*, and speaks of the *alders* at the end of the line beginning the arrangement." Fearn, the *alder*, is placed near the beginning of the ancient Irish alphabet, being the fourth in the original arrangement. He also tells us, that when the sprigs were marked by the sages in the small *tablet* of devices, they uttered their *voice*. The ancient Irish, before the use of parchment or paper, used beechen *tablets*, called Taibhle Fileadh, philosophic *tablets*, or tablets of the *sages*; and the alphabet was called Faodh or Faiodh, "a *voice*." Another bard says that he "loves the sprigs with their woven tops tied with a hundred knots, *after the manner of the Celts*, which the artists employed about their mystery." From the part in italics, it is evident that this custom was derived from the Guydl, or original Celtic inhabitants of Britain, who were one race with the Irish.

The Irish is certainly the best preserved, as it is the purest, of all the Celtic dialects. It contains written remains, transmitted from so remote an antiquity that the language has become nearly altogether unintelligible; MSS. of a date so old that they had become ancient in the fourth and fifth centuries, and required a gloss, which gloss has since become nearly as obsolete as the work which it was designed to expound. To the archæologist, to those who would inquire into the origin, the descent, and the affinities of the older nations of western Europe, it is of the highest value; its utility has been long acknowledged by some of the most eminent writers of this and of

the neighbouring continental nations. Camden, Usher, Bochart, Menage, Aldrete, Leibnitz, Lhuyd, Dr. Johnson, Vallancey, and Betham, have amply testified, by their eulogies, their appreciation of a language which once pervaded a large portion of Europe.

"The Ibero Celtic," says Bochart, "contains more pure Celtic than the Welsh, Armoric, or Basque, and approaches more to the Celtic of the Scythes."

"I am of opinion," writes Leibnitz, "that for the completion or the sure promotion of Celtic literature, a knowledge of the Irish language must be diligently preserved."<sup>142</sup>

Testimonials of this description might be multiplied manifold. Yet against this language, so prized, the policy of the English medieval government was for centuries directed in unceasing hostility. Its use was prohibited by severe penalties, which however, so far from proving effective, seemed but to spread that "degeneracy" amongst the Anglo-Norman settlers which finally gave them the character of being more Irish than the Irish—"Hibernicis Hiberniores." Queen Elizabeth, with a good sense not participated in by her chief minister, although that minister was the great Burleigh, saw that in giving that education to the people, which she intended when she founded Trinity College, her purpose would be aided through the medium of their spoken language, and suggested the appointment of an Irish professorship. But the idea found no favour with her premier.

“What!” said Burleigh, “encourage a language more nearly allied to canine barking than to the articulation human;” and he illustrated his most calumnious assertion by pronouncing, as a specimen, the cacophonous alliteration—

*D'ibh dubh damh obh amh—*

pronounced, *div duv dav ov av*; i. e. “a black steer drank a raw egg.” The unhappy phrase lost to the University the intended professorship, and to literature such benefit as might have resulted from it. But against a weapon of this description no language would be invulnerable. The English town itself should be doomed, for giving utterance to such a Pierian gargle as “strange straggling steers struggled in strenuous strife.”

Denounced, then, and shunned by the ruling class, despised as that alone of the populace, it met but little favour from the learned. The publication of the bold and beautiful figments of Macpherson—the Poems of Ossian—opened up a controversy which at length, though slowly, recalled attention to this too long contemned vehicle of nearly forgotten information. Little, however, has been since done in exploring or making known the treasures of literature, history, poetry, romance, and philology, which our scattered MSS. contain. With the exception of the invaluable “*Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*” of Dr. O’Conor, in which some of the choicest of the old Irish annalists have met with a limited publication, scarcely anything has been effected

hitherto. But a better spirit is arousing. The great importance of the language is beginning to be understood for literary, as well as religious and political purposes. The recent establishment of the Archæological Society of Dublin, even checked as it is, in its efficiency, by the unwise amount of entrance subscription, gives promise of something being done hereafter which may rescue and preserve what otherwise in a few years may be irretrievably lost.

We shall briefly notice the two most remarkable characteristics of the Irish language. The first is its *expressiveness*. One word is often a definition, and conveys a very complex idea; indeed, the terms in which the language abounds are so *ideal*, suggesting such vivid and beautiful images, that it may be termed one of the most *picturesque* languages in existence. As an example of this, we may mention the ancient names of places, whose etymons often not only call up delightful pictures of the localities, but also mark some important circumstance in their early history.

Another characteristic of the language is its admirable adaptation for lyrical composition, and indeed for many other species of poetry. This arises (in addition to the quality already referred to) from the number of diphthongs, triphthongs, and quiescent consonants, with which it abounds; and the Bards have availed themselves of these peculiarities with such art, as to render their numbers exceedingly smooth and harmonious. They have consequently brought their prosody

to a perfection equal to that of any other language.

The Irish, though evidently on the decline, is still the vernacular tongue of about two millions of the population.<sup>143</sup> Its prevalence in reference to the different provinces may be expressed as follows:—In Connaught it is spoken almost universally; in Munster, generally; in Leinster, sparingly; and in Ulster, only in the county of Donegal, and the mountainous districts. The best Irish is spoken in Connaught and Thomond, and the worst perhaps in Tipperary, although a native of that county would be highly offended at being told so. The language ceases to be spoken in the lower parts of the county Tipperary, and is almost totally unknown in the King and Queen's county, part of Carlow and Wexford, Wicklow, Kildare, and Dublin. The Connaught and Munster dialects differ almost as much as the Hebrew and Chaldee.

## ARMAGH

Few of the Irish counties fill so prominent a page in ancient Irish history as the county of Armagh. It is surpassed by many in picturesque beauty, but by none in the sturdy, independent character of its peasantry. Along the high roads, and also among the bye-ways, very little of poverty is encountered: the cottages are, for the most part, neat, cleanly, and comfortable; few of them are without orchards added to the ordinary "garden," and the continual click-cluck of the shuttle betokens the industry that is securing humble luxuries within. Almost every dwelling is a linen factory; and the whole of its inmates, from the very aged to the very young, are made, in some degree, useful. Therefore, although the "earnings" of each are small, the combined gatherings amount to a sum sufficient not alone to supply wants, but to obtain the advantages which make life something more than a mere state of existence between the birth and the grave. We had been but a very few hours in Armagh county before we perceived abundant signs that we were in "the North;" and very soon ascertained that the statements we had heard of its exceeding prosperity, as compared with the southern districts of Ireland, were by no means exaggerated.

The county is inland, in the province of Ulster: its boundaries are the county of Down on the east, Louth on the south-east, Monaghan on the south-west, Tyrone on the north and north-west, and the great inland sea of Ireland, Lough Neagh, on the north. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, 328,000 statute acres, 17,941 of which are covered with water, and 42,742 of which are unprofitable mountain and bog. In 1821, the population was 197,427; in 1831, 220,134; in 1841, it had reached 232,393. It is divided into the baronies of Armagh, Turaney, O'Neilland East, O'Neilland West, Upper Fews, Lower Fews, Upper Orier and Lower Orier. Besides the city of Armagh, the county contains the towns of Lurgan, Portadown, Tanderagee, Market-Hill, and Newton-Hamilton; all of them being comparatively large and prosperous, and presenting appearances of cleanliness and comfort very cheering to the tourist who has made his way upwards from the south.

The city of Armagh (see Plate No. 10), from whatever side it is approached, is an object of considerable interest and beauty. It lines the sides of a steep hill, which stands almost in the centre of a remarkably fertile valley. The new houses are, for the most part, built of marble, and the streets are literally paved with the same material: from its high position, therefore, and the solid character of the buildings, its appearance is singularly clean and pure, and even the lowest alleys have a character of decent and orderly arrangement. Several public structures have

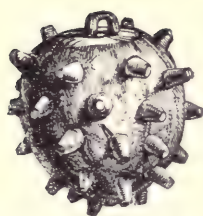
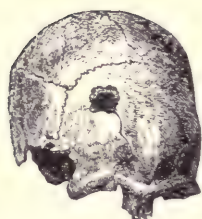


PLATE NUMBER TEN



been of late years erected; and in every instance due regard has been had to elegance as well as durability: walks have been laid out in various directions round the city, to which the public have free access;<sup>144</sup> and great exertions have been made by many of its citizens to render modern Armagh worthy of its ancient fame. This ancient fame is derived mainly from its cathedral; which crowns the summit of a hill—Druimsail-ech,<sup>145</sup> and is seen from all points within a great distance of the long-celebrated “City of the Saints.” “Towards this venerable church some of the streets seem to converge, like radii, to a common centre; others ascend in more oblique directions from the base of the hill, and are intersected by those of greater magnitude, which encircle the town.”

The foundation of the city and cathedral has been ascribed to St. Patrick, and on grounds sufficiently satisfactory; although Dr. Ledwich has been at considerable trouble to show, not only that the great Patron Saint of Ireland built none of the churches that bear his name, but that he never had existence, and consequently is entitled to none of the honours and homage that have been rendered to him for precisely fourteen centuries—a heresy which Dr. Stuart, in his *History of Armagh*, has taken vast pains to refute. According, however, to numerous authorities—from writers his contemporaries, down to the modern historian of his famous Archiepiscopal See—he arrived in Ireland, A. D. 432, and made such rapid progress in the conversion

of its inhabitants, that about three years afterwards, in 435, he founded this city, built his cathedral, and surrounded it with various ecclesiastical edifices.<sup>146</sup>

The schools, or colleges, also established here, became famous throughout Europe; and are said, upon safe authority, to have furnished England with its earliest teachers—having been, in fact, the small spring which supplied the healing waters of Christianity to the other British Isles.<sup>147</sup>

The comparatively humble church of St. Patrick vanished centuries ago; but upon the same site, time after time, sacred edifices have been erected. Early in the ninth century the city and its cathedral were destroyed by the Danes; and as often as the inhabitants attempted to rebuild them, they received visits from their implacable enemies. There are records to prove that, between the ninth and the twelfth centuries, the city was, either partly or wholly, burned no fewer than seventeen times. The cathedral having been restored, was again consumed by fire in 1404, and again, by Shane O'Neal, in 1566; "upon which occasion the city shared the same fate, and was reduced to a parcel of wattled cottages, with the ruinous walls of a monastery, priory, and the Primate's palace." In 1642 it underwent a similar fate—"Sir Phelim O'Neal having burned it." After that catastrophe, however, it was subjected to frequent repairs, or rather "restorations," by successive Primates,—by Primate Hampton, in 1612; by Primate Margaretson, in 1675; by Primate Lindsay, in 1713; by

Primate Boulter, in 1729; and by Primate Robinson, between the years 1766 and 1784.<sup>148</sup> The repairs were, however, effected “piecemeal;” and the structure presented an heterogeneous mass, until the present archbishop, Lord John Beresford, was promoted to the see of Armagh—to which he was translated, from Dublin, on the 22d of June, 1822. His Grace immediately applied himself to the work of its complete restoration; setting a munificent example, which was liberally and extensively followed.<sup>149</sup>

A public meeting was held on the 14th of March, 1835, and subscriptions were entered into, headed by the Primate, on so munificent a scale, that the work was rapidly proceeded with; upwards of £12,000 were at once contributed; the restoration having been intrusted to Mr. Cottingham, the accomplished architect, whose reputation had been previously established by his successful restorations of Rochester Cathedral and the Abbey of St. Albans.<sup>150</sup> He took the fine old edifice as his model; from the beauty and grandeur of which he made no essential departure.

In its present state, no ecclesiastical structure in Great Britain, of similar extent, surpasses in grace and beauty the Cathedral of Armagh: crowning the summit of the hill, overlooking a wide expanse of rich country—pre-eminently rich in historical associations—it has received from the mind of the architect, by whom it has been “restored,” all the advantage that modern art could give it, without impairing its primitive

character—no change having been introduced that is not in keeping with the original design, and in perfect harmony with its sacred purpose.<sup>151</sup>

Although the relics of ancient times are remarkably rare within the city of Armagh, they are very abundant in its immediate vicinity: of Norman castles, indeed, there are few or none; but of ages far more remote there exist some of the most striking in Ireland. The “Rath of Navan” is distant about two miles from the cathedral; in its general character it resembles the Hill of Tara, and is more picturesque though less extensive. It is said to have been the site of the Palace of Eamhain, erected A.M. 3603; adjoining to it was a “House of the Red-branch Knights;” and to this day, every place in the neighbourhood retains a name similar to that which it might have borne before the Christian era: thus, for example, “a townland close beside the hill is still denominated Creeve Roe, a name which, in English letters, expresses the very sound designated in the Irish characters by the words Craobh Ruadh—the red branch.” It is impossible to examine this Rath without being fully convinced, that, huge as it is, it was the produce of human labour. Various relics of antiquity are dug up from time to time in its vicinity; so numerous, indeed, that a cottager seldom occupies a day in delving a field without striking his spade against some record of long-past ages—arrow-heads, continually; sometimes a spear-head or a skene; and, now and then, a brooch or ring of

costly workmanship.<sup>152</sup> These alone afford evidence of the early greatness of Armagh; a subject, however, concerning which history furnishes us with proofs abundant, clear, and conclusive.<sup>153</sup>

We might occupy a large portion of our work—and certainly to advantage—by details of interesting objects in the county of Armagh; either with regard to the happy position of its inhabitants generally; the beauties of its scenery—parts of the banks of the Ban river being exceedingly rich in the picturesque; its ancient remains; its modern improvements, in reference alike to mansions, cottages, farms, and estates; and above all, the efforts of its landlords to promote the welfare, augment the comforts, and better the condition of its people. We are reminded however, of the absolute necessity of compression; and are compelled to postpone our remarks upon a subject of especial interest—the magnificent Lough Neagh, which borders the northern division of the county, although it belongs more properly to the county of Antrim. In driving to this noble lake from our head-quarters, in the neighbourhood of Portadown, we passed through a singular district called “the Munches.” Let the reader imagine a tract of bog, stretching far and away: carriage and cart roads have been formed through it at great expense; yet the only change of soil is from bad bog to good bog, from turf so black and hard, that its very sight gladdens the housewife’s heart, to poor pale-brown crumbling stuff, which the poor burn because they can afford no better. Numerous are the

squatters, notwithstanding, who have cultivated patches of this arid common into productive land.

At the termination of this outspread bog, we came in sight of Lough Neagh; and soon standing upon its banks, we saw, as it were, a sea encompassed by land. Of its peculiar features—and they are numerous—we shall hereafter have occasion to speak.

Our visits to the towns of Armagh afforded us much enjoyment. Portadown, Lurgan, and Tanderagee have each a “thriving look;” their large markets suggested the notion of abundance; and the warehouses for the sale of linen bore testimony to the industry that produces wealth. From a hill that rises just above Tanderagee, there is a most glorious and exciting prospect of the surrounding country—seen thence, for very many miles, in every direction; and looking into several of the adjacent counties, the view, in reference either to its picturesque or moral character, is cheering in the extreme,—cultivated mountains, fertile valleys, gentlemen’s domains richly planted, cottages not huddled unhealthily together, but spread over the land; each of which might be copied as a picture of rural grace and domestic comfort.<sup>154</sup>

There are few parts of Armagh county which do not supply some interesting or important contribution to history. The fort of Charlemont, which stands on the borders of Tyrone, demands especial notice. During the brief contest between William and James, the governor was a brave officer, named Teague O’Regan. Schom-

berg summoned the fort, and received for answer, that "he was an old rogue, and should not have it;" to which the Dutchman sent a reply, "that he would very soon give the governor better cause for anger." The fortress was exceedingly strong; it occupied the summit of a hill which commanded a very important pass, and overlooked the Blackwater; it was surrounded by a morass, and approachable only by two narrow causeways. Its possession was very necessary to Schomberg, and he determined to "get it by some means or other;" but finding the garrison and the governor resolute to keep him out, and knowing that he had to do with brave and experienced soldiers, he "sat down" quietly before the fort, to wait until famine had done the work for him. And this ensued at length; the gallant old governor capitulated "on his own terms," and marched out with all the honours of war.<sup>155</sup>

There is, in the county of Armagh, another small and insignificant spot, which bears a name in history: "the Battle of the Diamond" is almost as famous in the north, as "the Battle of the Boyne." We travelled some three or four miles out of our route from Armagh to Portadown to visit the place—a cluster of hovels dignified with the rank of villages, and called "the Diamond,"—a term frequently used in the northern counties, to indicate an assemblage of buildings which, taken together, are diamond-shaped: thus the market-place of Derry is in the centre of the Diamond; so also is that of Coleraine; and

the few cabins to which we more immediately refer, although changed in form by time, from that of a diamond to that of a triangle, retains the name it originally bore. It was never more than a mere collection of cottages; built in a small valley, or rather a ravine, upon both sides of which steep hills look down. A stream of some depth must have been, at one period, running in the vicinity, for in the contest of 1795, several persons were drowned there; it has, however, disappeared. There, in 1795, originated the "Orange Societies," which, for nearly half a century—while they existed—occupied no small share of the world's attention; for in their after influence upon the destinies of Ireland, they were made to play very prominent parts. The reader will be naturally curious to know something of their history. We shall give it very briefly, for the space to which we are limited is nearly exhausted. As we have elsewhere had occasion to remark, towards the close of the last century, when the French Republic was arranging a descent upon the Irish coast, anticipating a general rising of the Irish population against the British government, and so contemplating the junction of Ireland with France, the Roman Catholics of Ulster were associated under the title of "Defenders;" their avowed object was to terminate the connection between England and Ireland. Upon this point it is needless to state further than that—according to the authority of Theobald Wolfe Tone, a conspicuous leader of the disaffected Irish, in French pay—the oath of the De-

fenders was, "that they will be faithful to the United Nations of France and Ireland." Into this subject it is neither requisite nor desirable that we enter at any length; but so much is necessary to show, that the parties who combined for the opposite purpose—to continue and maintain connection with England—were acting upon the defensive when they took up arms, and formed themselves into societies which afterwards became known and recognized as "Orange Societies;" the adversaries of the "Defenders" having previously been distinguished as "Peep-o'-day boys." It is difficult now to say with certainty, how these two great parties were first created. At that period the penal laws against Roman Catholics prohibited them from keeping arms, and to obtain them they were driven to the practice (still too common in disturbed districts in Ireland) of taking them forcibly at night. There were then no organized police, and the law was very inefficiently administered. The Protestants, therefore, became greatly alarmed, —not without reason, as the events of the few following years proved; and in order to discover and prevent the robbery of arms, roamed about the country in small armed bodies. From the hours at which these patrols were made, they derived the name of "Peep-o'-day boys." To oppose this system the Roman Catholics found it necessary to organize their attacks, and assumed the name of "Defenders." This account, though probable enough, is, however, far from certain, and some suppose that the two parties originated

merely in some private feud, which, after a time, was converted by political agents into a religious war.

Their quarrels were conducted with the bitterest animosity, and gave rise to much bloodshed. The Peep-o'-day boys had no regular system of union, while their adversaries formed a perfectly organized combination, with signs and passwords. The latter, therefore, in a short time became a most powerful body—not confined to the north, but extending over a large portion of the kingdom. Outrage and bloodshed—amounting sometimes to barbarous massacres—became so common, especially in the northern counties, as to awaken the serious alarm of the Irish Parliament. A select committee of the Lords was appointed in 1793, who made a very strong report upon the subject. To confute the opinion that the violence of the Defenders had the countenance of the heads of the Roman Catholic Church, a pastoral admonition was immediately afterwards circulated by Dr. Troy, the Roman Catholic Archbishop, and the then great advocate of the Roman Catholic claims.

Several skirmishes having occurred in the county of Armagh between the opposing parties, and some lives having been lost, a truce was agreed upon, and a meeting took place at the house of a man named Winter, in the village of the Diamond, by which a Roman Catholic clergyman on the one part, and a Protestant gentleman on the other, bound themselves, for their respective parties, that peace between both should be

strictly preserved for a period named. The Protestant gentleman was fired at on his way home, after having affixed his name to the treaty, and his party was, on the next day, attacked by above seven hundred of the Defenders; but it is asserted that these "Defenders" were at the time ignorant of the fact that an armistice had been agreed upon. Thus exasperated, both parties prepared for a resort to arms—both assembled in large numbers—the one upon the one hill that overlooked the Diamond, and the other upon the hill opposite; each having laid in a large store of provisions and ammunition, and each being amply provided with weapons. The battle took place on the 21st of September, 1795; and happily, before very much mischief was done, although several lives were sacrificed, the parties were separated by the timely arrival of the military.

Out of this affray—preceded as it undoubtedly was by many other unhappy quarrels, and a terrible state of insubordination in the county of Armagh—arose the "Orange Institutions." For the Protestants of that county, and ultimately of all Ireland, formed themselves into lodges, to which they gave a name which, ever since, has been dearly cherished by the one party, and utterly execrated by the other, until, within a comparatively recent period, the direct interference of the Crown terminated their existence.

According to some reports, the first lodge was formed on the field where the battle of the Diamond was fought—among the men who had been

actually engaged in it. According to other accounts, a considerable portion of the routed Defenders escaping into the county of Tyrone, renewed the system of aggression there, and it was more immediately for the purpose of resisting this body that the first lodge was formed; a village called Dian, on Lord Caledon's estate, in the county of Tyrone, claiming "the honour" of being the first place of meeting. This latter is believed to be the more correct account. The lodge consisted merely of yeomen and a few respectable farmers of the middling rank of life—little imagining that it was to be the germ of so numerous and mighty a body as the "Orange Institution" afterwards became.

The Association of United Irishmen had been formed three or four months previously—in May, 1795. It is, however, very unlikely that the framers of the first Orange Societies had originally any view of counteracting the operations of this body, although in after years they became so efficient for that purpose. The circumstances of the formation of the early lodges, and the rank in life of their founders, render it highly improbable that they would, or indeed could, form a design so comprehensive.

The Institution was found so effective, that it was soon encouraged by the gentry of the neighbourhood. In a short time several lodges were formed, with a regular system of rules for their guidance. They consisted chiefly of persons in the humble ranks of life; the rules and ceremonies adopted were such as were likely

to strike the minds of such men, and were full of mysteries. As none but Protestants were admitted, and most of these were Presbyterians, the Institution partook considerably of the religious character of that sect. United in a cause which they believed to be a holy one, they always commenced and concluded their meetings with prayer, a custom which continued to be universally observed ever afterwards, though their other rules were of course modified and altered when the management of the Institution came into the hands of more enlightened men.

Among the nobility and gentry of the North who were the first to join actively in furthering the interests of the new Institution, were Lords Hertford, Abercorn, Northland, and Londonderry—and the influential families of the Verners, Blackers, Richardsons, and Brownlows. The Institution spread rapidly through the whole of the North of Ireland, and there is at least this fact in favour of its utility at that time, that the North, from being the most disturbed, became, and has ever since continued, the most peaceable and thriving portion of Ireland; and during the subsequent outbreak in 1798, was the only part apparently uninjured by that frightful convulsion.

In little more than two years the Institution extended itself to the capital. The first lodge formed in Dublin was founded early in the year 1798. In after times it became, as is well known, one of the most influential and numerous associations that ever existed, extending throughout

England and Scotland, and even into the colonies. The first lodge in England was formed in 1808, in Manchester. In 1821, the Grand Lodge of England removed to London, and held their meetings in the house of Lord Kenyon, in Portman Square; and in 1836 the number of Orangemen in England was stated to have been between 120,000 and 140,000. Although the English Orangemen were governed by similar rules, and had the same Grand Master (the Duke of Cumberland), and the same system of signs and pass-words, there seems to have been very little unity of action between them and the Orangemen of Ireland, except, perhaps, immediately after their first institution.<sup>156</sup>

The system of secret signs and pass-words in order to recognise each other whenever they might meet, and the strict privacy of their meetings, were natural schemes considering the circumstances of their first institution. It has, however, been much regretted by more enlightened Orangemen, that so much mysticism was ever adopted. It gave rise and probability to all the stories circulated by their enemies, and rendered them, as individuals, far less able to confute them. Without examining particularly the merits or demerits of the Institution, or pronouncing to which most weight is due—the boasts of Orangemen as to their loyalty, liberality, and high character; or the charges of their enemies as to their bigotry, cruelty, and intolerance—it must be admitted that nothing could be more charitable, or breathe a purer or more peace-

ful spirit, than their recognised book of rules and regulations.<sup>157</sup> It is also but fair to add, that the society stood the test of two most scrutinizing Parliamentary Committees—one of the Lords, in the year 1825, and the other of the Commons, 1836, without the slightest imputation being cast upon it which has any weight with rational men.

The Orange Society was dissolved in the year 1836. After the proceedings before a committee of the House of Commons, in consequence of the declared wish of the Crown, and before any Act of Parliament was passed which could interfere with their proceedings, a meeting of the Grand Lodge was summoned on the 13th April in that year. After much debate, the question of dissolution was carried by a majority of 92 to 62. It was questioned by some of the lodges whether the deputed authority of the Grand Lodge authorised this resolution. It was, however, in the end generally acquiesced in by them all, or, at least, with very few exceptions; and a society of almost unprecedented magnitude, comprising a very large proportion of the most wealthy and influential noblemen and gentlemen in the kingdom, and numbering, we understand, above 250,000 members, voluntarily separated.

We have thus endeavoured to condense as much as possible the information we have gathered concerning the origin and history of the "Orange Institution;" it is not our object to follow it out more particularly; in fact, it had such extensive and important influence upon all the political events which succeeded its establish-

ment, that an account of its progress and proceedings would be a history of Ireland from the year 1793 to the year 1836.

It is scarcely necessary for us to observe, that this "Orange Institution" has been pictured to us by all parties. It has been essentially our duty—and a duty we have at all times, under all circumstances, and in all places, laboured conscientiously to discharge—to obtain information from the adversaries as well as the supporters of any system, subject, or measure; and to endeavour to form our own conclusions as to the nature of the evidence received,—which, in Ireland, is singularly conflicting and contradictory upon nearly every topic concerning which inquiry can be made.

We feel assured, indeed, that we cannot have proceeded thus far with our work, without having satisfied our readers that this principle guides us in every line we write.

We need not say that in Ireland the name of an "Orangeman" is almost inconceivably odious to a very vast proportion of the people. No doubt much of this is attributable to the fact, that they maintained Protestant ascendancy when England, of herself, could not have maintained it, and so balked and disappointed the enemies of England and Protestantism: but that much of it must be traced to the cruelties, oppressions, and utter recklessness of just dealing, exercised by some Orangemen towards their Roman Catholic brethren, is, at least, equally certain. We have shown that, in *principle*, the Orange Institution

cannot be described as even uncharitable; but in *practice* it was often otherwise. Although among its leading members were some of the most enlightened, most upright, and most humane gentlemen in Great Britain, it contained some who were alike ignorant of their duty towards their God and their neighbour, and who had reasoned themselves into a notion, that, in persecuting a Roman Catholic, they were doing both service. Their conduct, undoubtedly, gave a show of justice to charges advanced against the body.

In former times, when the laws were comparatively inefficient, and the Protestants were few, isolated in the midst of adversaries, such an association may have been necessary, and therefore justifiable; but when circumstances had changed, and such necessity no longer existed, it was wisdom, policy, and justice, to terminate a system which sustained discords, and effectually prevented that which can alone render Ireland really prosperous—a termination of hostilities between its people on the ground of differences in religion.

We hold it as incontrovertible, that the use of any particular emblem, sign, or token, calculated to promote a breach of the peace and to stir up evil passions, is an act of which the law should take cognisance; and that, therefore, rightly, the law was, at length, called into operation to prevent the continuance of that which had become an evil. But it is only justice to state—and it is difficult to conceive how any unprejudiced reader

of history can arrive at an opposite conclusion—that if the retention of Ireland was an advantage to England, England is certainly indebted to the “Orange Societies” for having retained Ireland as part and parcel of the dominions of Great Britain; for assuredly, if there had been no Union of Irish Protestants, acting together and in concert, between the years 1793 and 1800, Ireland would have become, for a time at least, a Province of France.

## DOWN

The maritime county of Down, in the province of Ulster, is bounded on the east and south by the Irish Sea (Carlingford Bay separating it from Louth), on the north by the county of Antrim and Belfast Lough, and on the west by the county of Armagh. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 611,404 acres, of which 502,677 are cultivated; the proportion of mountain and bog, hitherto unproductive, being somewhat more than a sixth. In 1821, the population amounted to 325,410; in 1831, to 352,012; and in 1841, to 361,446. It is divided into the baronies of Ards, Castlereagh, Dufferin, Lower Iveagh, Upper Iveagh, Kinealearty, Lecale, and Mourne. Its principal towns are Newry (part of which is in the county of Armagh), the assize town of Downpatrick, one of the most ancient boroughs in Ireland; Newtownards, Hillsborough, Castlewellan, Banbridge, Warrenspoint, Strangford, Bangor, and Donaghadee. The county is remarkable for its inequality of surface; for although the mountains are chiefly confined to the southern district, where they are magnificent, the lesser hills are abundant in all parts; hence it is said to have derived its ancient name, Dunum, "which signifies a hill, or a hilly country." This peculiar character—a

perpetual rise and fall in the landscape—renders it highly picturesque; <sup>158</sup> it is not ill wooded; it contains many rivers; the ocean is its boundary on three sides; and the huge inland sea, “Strangford Lough,” forms another striking and interesting feature of the county.

The tourist proceeding northwards to Belfast, or *en route* to “the Causeway,” will pass through the pleasant and flourishing town of Newry <sup>159</sup>—distant fifty miles from Dublin; from which, if he be in search of the picturesque, he must verge to the right for about seven miles, along the banks of the Newrywater, to visit the beautiful village of Rosstrevor—not inaptly termed the “Montpelier of Ireland.” The drive all the way is full of interest; on the opposite side of the river are seen the lofty range of the Carlingford mountains, while the still loftier and more famous mountains of Mourne form its northern boundary, stretching far up into the county, hanging over the sea, and forming indeed a huge peninsula that juts out into the ocean, extending from Dundrum Bay to the Bay of Carlingford.

The ruined castle of Narrow-Water stands about two miles from Newry; but its date is no more remote than the reign of the second Charles, having been built after “the restoration” by the great Duke of Ormonde, as a protection to the river, to which it still renders essential service, as contributing largely to its pictorial effect. A modern “castle” has, however, been erected upon the “rising ground” above it, by Roger



Rostrevor  
Reproduced from a Painting by Francis S. Walker, R. H. A.

and perpetual rain—fall in the landscape—renders the highly fertile country. It is not ill wooded; it contains many lakes; the ocean is its boundary on three sides, and the huge inland sea. "Strangely enough," claims another striking and interesting feature of the country.

The road, proceeding northwards to Heligopolis, on route to "the Causeway," will pass through the pleasant and flourishing town of Newry, about thirty miles from Dublin; and, should it be in search of the picturesque, it must turn to the right for about seven miles, along the banks of the Newrywater, to visit the beautiful village of Rosstrevor—not inaptly termed the "Montpelier of Ireland." The drive all the way is full of interest; on the opposite side of the river are seen the lofty range of the Carlingford mountains, while the still loftier and more famous mountains of Mourne form its northern boundary, stretching far up into the county, hanging over the sea, and forming indeed a huge peninsula that juts out into the ocean, extending from Dundrum Bay to the Bay of Carlingford.

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*Reproduced from a Painting by Francis S. Walker, R. H. A.*





Hall, Esq., a principal proprietor of the district. There are few mansions in the kingdom of more perfect construction, or more happily situated. The avenue extends for nearly two miles from the entrance-gate to the house, through lines of finely-grown trees, and the view from every part of the demesne is magnificent in the extreme. The building reflects the highest credit upon the architect—a native-resident of the town of Newry. A little farther on is the village of Warrens-point,<sup>160</sup> backed by the mountains, and facing the broad bay; some three miles to the east is “beautiful Rosstrevor.” There are few places in Great Britain that offer stronger temptations to visitors—who love the picturesque, enjoy the magnificence of nature, or desire tranquil and healthful retirement. Although completely open to the sea, it is approached only by mild southern breezes; the adjacent hills protect it completely on the north and east, and a promontory, covered with luxuriantly-grown trees, juts between it and the west; villas, mansions, and cottages, *ornées*, surround it on all sides, wherever the mountains have left small nooks of verdure; and streamlets innumerable are rippling down into the valley from the hill-sides. Under the fostering care of its owner, David Ross, Esq., the village has within the last few years grown to the magnitude and importance of a town; its natural beauties have been appreciated—it seems the very temple of health—and persons from all the northern and midland counties of Ireland have made it their place of residence—at least

for a season. Consequently, neat, clean, and well-built cottages have sprung up along the banks of the bay, which are furnished for, and let to, lodgers. It is difficult to conceive a spot that looks more happy and prospering than this—so beautifully situated; nestling at the foot of a mighty mountain, and bordering upon the ocean, into which its gardens absolutely run.

It was on a Sabbath morning, early, that we set out to climb the great hills of Clough-Mor, one of the Mourne range; the one that hangs directly over Rosstrevor, sheltering it from all unkindly winds. High as it looked, soaring above us, as we stood at the door of a very comfortable inn, it is one of the smallest of the chain to which it belongs, which are said to be upwards of thirty-six miles in circumference; the loftiest, Slieve-Donard, being, according to the Ordnance Survey, 2,796 feet above the level of the sea. Clough-Mor, "the great stone," is so called from a huge mass of granite, weighing perhaps thirty tons, which stands upon the summit of a projecting cliff nearly midway up the mountain. How it got there is one of the buried secrets of the past; if placed there by human labour, if indeed "the work of Druid hands of old," it would almost sanction the belief that they had the assistance of fallen spirits—the giant sons of Anaak, who rebelled against the Creator. There are, nevertheless, several circumstances which encourage the idea that its singular situation was not the result of chance. It stands upon the brow of a small hill; and under it are remains of oblong

stones, such as we commonly find supporting the cap-stones of cairns; it is hollowed beneath, sloping gradually to—by comparison—a pivot. It is almost impossible to conceive that it could have been dropped into its place—a contribution from one of the adjacent mountains; for the greater elevations are at a considerable distance, and a valley of some depth and space intervenes between its site and the heights that look down upon it. There are also other indications of cromleachs in various directions around it. When we had reached this singular summit—singular if it be a natural deposit, and most wonderful if a record of art—and examined it some time with attention, we found that little more than a third of the mountain had been climbed; and as we gazed over an extensive prospect, and stood as it were directly over the fair grounds of Mr. Ross, and the sweetly-sheltered village, we found that time had passed far more rapidly than we had imagined, for the chimes of the Sabbath bell—the sound that so emphatically speaks of civilisation—came from the valley up the mountain with a clear, sharp, and shrill sound; and we saw groups assembling in the distance, down, on their way to church. We had never so complete a feeling of entire solitude; even then we were too high to have the companionship of the lark; there was no sound except the wind among the long grass, or the rushes that grew in the hollows where the waters had congregated; the great stones about us seemed as if they bore dates of an age before the flood,

and had a solemn and impressive awe in their shapeless forms. We made our way to the mountain top. That which from the valley seemed a peak, was a large flat of several acres, covered with wet moss. How magnificent was the prospect! we involuntarily quoted the line applied to a very different subject—a city where the smoke was ascending from tens of thousands of human habitations—

“Earth hath not anything to show more fair!”

Immediately below us was the bay with its innumerable tiny creeks; in one of which, just under shelter of the mountain opposite, lies the pretty town of Carlingford; and to the north, on the other side of a long flat that stretches out into the sea, is the bay, behind which lies the town of Dundrum. Beautiful Rosstrevor seemed as if sleeping at our feet. Behind us were the everlasting hills; and ocean-ward, the sight was arrested for a moment by a shadow upon the waters; this was the Isle of Man, very dimly seen; to the south, the Hill of Howth appeared distinctly. Looking inland, the mountains rose one above another over the bay; and the bay seemed so directly under us, that we fancied a stone thrown from the spot on which we stood might have fallen into it; opening among the hills was a most rich valley, continued all the way to Lough Neagh, a distance of forty miles; and the lake, or rather a haze which indicates it, is clearly perceptible. In the foreground, carrying the eye beyond Rosstrevor,

with the tall spire of its pretty church, the green verdure of its encompassing fields, and the fine foliage of its abundant trees, we trace the course of the river winding up to Newry, with the village of Warrens-point midway. And still we had the mountains, look where we would; bleak and barren, and rudely picturesque; with here and there the brown tracks of footways, and patches of cultivation, marking them as objects which industry was labouring to subdue. The interest of the scene was enhanced by the perpetual alternations of light and shade which passed over the fair and glorious landscape. The bay was very tranquil; so calm, it seemed as if the mountains kept even the breezes from it; a single vessel was riding there; its sails were hanging loosely—quite unmoved. A grasshopper was singing amid the long grass; and a hawk more than once soared from his nest in some neighbouring cliff, lazily and idly, for there was nothing near which could afford him prey. The day had become bright and hot as we commenced the descent; the sun was shining somewhat fiercely upon us; when suddenly, and by the merest chance, we heard the trickle of a little well, the only one to be found upon the mountain; the draught of water was, in truth, delicious; it was clear and pure as crystal as it oozed apparently out of the solid rock, rambled for a brief space among the stones that lay scattered at its base, and was again lost, to reappear, probably, within a few yards of the ocean it was on its way to join.

The day was drawing to a close when, pleasantly and profitably wearied, we reached the inn; its occupation will endure as one of the happiest of our memories. We long to visit the lovely village of Rosstrevor once again.<sup>161</sup>

Some fourteen or fifteen miles from Rosstrevor, a short distance from the town of Newcastle, and on the northern side of the Mourne Mountains, is the beautiful seat of the Earl of Roden, Tullamore Park, a place which nature had prepared to receive the improvements of art. It is situated in the midst of most sublime scenery, with the wide expanse of ocean open before it; yet nowhere do the trees grow with greater luxuriance. Through this delicious spot rush the assembled mountain rivulets, creating, in their passage, cascades of every variety of force and form. It is scarcely possible to imagine a scene where natural beauties and advantages have been turned to more valuable account by judgment, skill, and taste, than this, which lies at the foot of Slieve Donard, and almost on the brink of the ocean.<sup>162</sup>

Still keeping along the coast, the tourist reaches Dundrum Bay—very beautiful, though less so than the Bay of Carlingford. Here also are the remains of an ancient castle, standing on a high rock, which commands an extensive prospect:—"It was formerly," writes Harris, "while in repair, a good guard to the pass, and an offensive neighbour to the English planted in Lecale, according to the hands that possessed it."<sup>163</sup> In 1652, it was dismantled by order of

Cromwell, and the broken walls were left to moulder to decay. Harris adds, that "there is no inscription on it to discover the founder or the time it was erected;" but, according to Mr. McSkimin, "the style of its architecture sufficiently points out the era of its foundation, and corroborates the general traditions which ascribe it to the conqueror of Ulster, as De Courcy is usually called." The ruins consist of a great circular keep or tower, surrounded by fragments of smaller towers and other outer works, of which the barbican is the most striking and picturesque object. To the south of the castle there are ruins of a large mansion or dwelling-house, of the style of domestic architecture usual in the sixteenth century.<sup>164</sup>

A few miles farther north, and we arrive at the very ancient and venerable town of Downpatrick—venerable not alone because of its antiquity; here were interred the mortal remains of the great patron saint of Ireland—St. Patrick.<sup>165</sup> The town is built upon a group of small hills, on the south-east shore of Strangford Lough. Its corporate rank was recognised as far back as 1403; but its date is probably much more remote. It is said to have been the residence of the native kings of Ulidia; its ancient name having been (according to the old Down Survey) "Aras Keltair and Rath Keltair Mac Duach, which signifies the fortification of Keltair the son of Duach."<sup>166</sup>

Its leading object of attraction is the Cathedral—a modern structure. "It is situated on an

eminence to the west of the town, and is a stately embattled edifice, chiefly of unhewn stone, supported externally by buttresses, and comprising a nave, choir, and aisles, with a lofty square tower at the west end, embattled and pinnacled, and smaller square towers at each corner of the east gable, in one of which is a spiral stone staircase leading to the roof. The aisles are separated from the nave by lofty elegant arches resting on massive piers, from the corbels of which spring ribs supporting the roof, which is richly groined and ornamented at the intersections with clusters of foliage. The lofty windows of the aisles are divided by a single mullion; the nave is lighted by a long range of clerestory windows, and the choir by a handsome east window divided by mullions into twelve compartments, which appears to be the only window remaining of the splendid edifice erected in 1412, and destroyed by Lord de Grey.<sup>167</sup> Over the east window are three elegant niches with ogee-pointed arches, which formerly contained on pedestals the remains of the mutilated effigies of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columbkille." Its site, however, is that of one of the most ancient edifices in Ireland. In the old cathedral church were the tombs of St. Patrick its founder, St. Bridget, and St. Columba; their tombs had, it is said, this distich in old monkish verse "writ over them,"—

"Hi tres in Duno tumulo tumulantur in uno,  
Brigida, Patricius, atque Columba pius."

“One tomb three saints contains, one vault below,  
Does Bridget, Patrick, and Columba show.”

There were anciently, according to the old Down Survey, “no fewer than five religious houses in and near the town, reckoning the cathedral as one: viz, convents of Benedictines, Augustines, Cistercian monks, friars, and nuns, founded by John De Courcy, conqueror of Ulidia, Hugh De Lacy, Earl of Ulster, and others.” Of these establishments, however, there are now no remains. The ancient bishopric, afterwards united with the see of Connor, is said to have originated with St. Patrick, who appointed St. Carlan its first bishop.<sup>168</sup>

Strangford Lough, which stretches from Downpatrick almost to the northern border of the county, is in reality an arm of the sea, the entrance to which is, however, remarkably narrow, being somewhat less than a mile, although the breadth of the lake is in most parts above five miles; the length from north to south being about seventeen miles. It contains a vast number of islands, some so small as to be mere dots, others comprising above one hundred acres. The lake is, indeed, popularly said to be studded by three hundred and sixty-five islands, “one for each day in the year.”<sup>169</sup> Along the whole of its borders—north, south, east, and west—are the ruins of numerous castles. The character of the scenery, indeed, strongly reminded us of the “Barony of Forth,” in the county of Wexford; for everywhere we noted indications that a com-

paratively small number of strangers had been living in the midst of enemies, whom they had "come to spoil," and who were, consequently, compelled to keep watch and ward at all seasons in or about their "strong houses of stone." One of the most picturesque of these is Audley Castle.

At the south-western end of the lake, and adjacent to the small town of Killclief, are the remains of another ancient castle.

Our visit to this singular and interesting part of the county of Down was made from Belfast.

Passing through a peculiarly fertile country, we first reached the town of Newtownards, beautifully situated on the northern extremity of the lough, and where commences the barony of Ards, a narrow peninsula, which extends a distance of several miles, between the lake of Strangford and the sea, and is in many places not more than three or four miles in width.<sup>170</sup>

The town is very ancient, and retains its primitive character. Nearly in the centre stands a handsome octagonal building of hewn stone, decorated with canopied niches; it was no doubt formerly surmounted by a cross, of which, however, there are no remains. Over one of the niches is carved the following inscription:—"Theis armes which the Rebells threw down and defaced 1653, are by this Loyal Burrough Replaced 1666." Elsewhere the date of its erection is recorded—1636. The "armes" referred to appear to have been those of the Montgomerys.<sup>171</sup> Adjoining this somewhat singular, although picturesque structure, are the ruins of a

mansion, in which the late Marquis of Londonderry is said to have been born. Until lately it had been used as a yarn-mill; but it is now completely dilapidated.

Another interesting structure, and one of a very olden time, has been also permitted to fall into decay. It is the church built in Newton by the first of the Montgomerys.<sup>172</sup> Of the exterior—the ancient doorway, is elaborately embellished; the interior is used as a sessions-house. We were given to understand, that although a fine and beautiful example of architecture, no attempt whatever has been made to preserve it from sinking into ruin.

The town of Newtownards, and the country adjacent to it, along the banks of Strangford Lough, is the property of the Marquis of Londonderry. It would be difficult to find a better managed estate, or more flourishing farmers, in the most prosperous of the English counties. The county of Down is pre-eminent for good landlords, and the Marquis of Londonderry ranks among the best of them.

We encountered only admirably-constructed farm-houses, well furnished with barns and byres, corn-fields, and pasture lands, the natural richness of which had been enhanced by industry and well-applied science; every dwelling bore numerous tokens of comfort; every peasant looked cheerful and happy; and we found, by after-inquiry, that these signs of prosperity were not merely superficial, but that the noble owner of the soil, and his agents, under his directions,

invariably act upon the principle of "live and let live." It is matter of regret that the Marquis is seldom a resident in the county of Down; his beautiful seat—Mount-Stuart—a few miles from Newtown, had a grievously sad aspect, tenanted as it is but by a solitary care-taker. The view from a small temple, built on the purest Grecian model, in the demesne, is exceedingly beautiful and magnificent, commanding a prospect of the "Lough" with its hundreds of islands. It lies in the route to Grey Abbey, to visit which we had made a day's journey to Belfast. We quitted the road, however, a mile or two, to examine the interesting ruins of the old monastery of Moville—a monastery of the Augustine friars; once very richly endowed, and said to have been originally founded by a St. Finian, son of Ultach, king of Ulster. At the dissolution, when it was granted to Viscount Claneboys, it appears to have been possessed of "seven town-lands, and the spiritualities of sixteen and a half besides." Traces of extensive foundations may still be clearly made out; and of the ruins that yet remain there are some, parts of which indicate a high finish of workmanship. Mr. Burgess, by whom we were accompanied, made for us the sketch we have given (see Plate No. 11), and while he used his pencil, we were led by another friend through long grass and dank weeds to look upon the tomb of one whose name is still green in the memories of thousands—who loved the man, and mourn, not without bitterness approaching to fierceness, over the fate



PLATE NUMBER ELEVEN

[illegible]



PLATE NUMBER ELEVEN



to which he was subjected nearly half a century ago. The grave contains the dust of the Reverend Archibald Warwick, the Presbyterian clergyman of the parish, "hung in rebellion," during the melancholy year 1798.

There were two old grey-headed Presbyterians in the churchyard, who regarded the grave with undivided attention; the younger of the two was evidently a native of Scotland. His companion, we soon learned, had witnessed the execution of him who, however mistaken his views, was—if love of country and zeal to do it service can merit the title—a Patriot—a Patriot in the highest sense of the term. It was touching to hear the old man's hard, stern voice tremble, and to see the muscles of his firm-set mouth relax, while he spoke of the pastor, who, in love, was nearer to him than a brother. He stood erect at the foot of the grave that had been green for many years, and spoke as if he wished "the strangers" to hear and remember his words; and when his voice faltered, he did not appear ashamed of his emotion, but paused, removed his hat, and wiped the heavy dew from his forehead, pushing back his white hair—and thus having regained his self-possession, continued his theme, as if it had not been interrupted. No ordinary person could have created an attachment of such an enduring nature in so stern and firm a man, as was he, whose affection had outlived his other feelings. Love is the first feeling that springs up within our hearts, but if it be not the first to wither, it is often the first to change; in this man it had en-

duced in all its freshness, even to the end—for his body was bowed down towards the earth that would soon demand the shrunken frame which contained a spirit that age could not chill, and a heart which misfortune had not altered.

“I was much his senior,” he said, “yet I was left when he was taken;—so brave, so disinterested—the love of his country was rooted in his heart, and flourished until death destroyed the life he held but in trust for his country’s good. He was born to a high place on earth,” added the old man poetically, “but he was not destined to fill it; it was reserved for him in heaven. Young, handsome, eloquent, and of a presence so endearing that those who looked upon him once never forgot him; he commanded esteem while he won affection. If he had been less engaging, he would have been more fortunate; for then he could not have been regarded as an object of such danger to the Government, but as one to whom they would gladly have extended mercy for the sake of conciliation. I do not know,” he continued, “how it is, but when we regard those we love and cherish, it seems impossible that we should bear to be separated from them. I thought when I looked upon his features, that were rendered so composed, so dignified by the approach of a death which filled the hearts of all his friends with uncontrollable anguish—I thought it was not possible I could survive the cherished boy I had watched from infancy to manhood. This was a wicked rebellion to God’s will, but I was reproved—and even

by him who counted death a triumph in the cause. I was reprov'd by a patience and fortitude that pass'd all understanding. He stood at the fatal tree as a conqueror rather than a victim, and yet, triumphing before men, his spirit bowed before his God. They had order'd a strong guard to prevent commotion, for as a Christian teacher he was beloved by his flock, while those who held the same political faith regarded him as a martyr, and thousands had assembled from all parts of the country to take the last farewell of so extraordinary a man. Mothers held up their children, hoping that his eyes might rest upon them. And strong men, who would have been ashamed of tears, hung down their heads, and wept—yet there he stood, in the sight of the people who look'd more like a congregation than a multitude come to view an execution—erect before the God he was to meet within the hour—erect in mind and body. He was, literally, in the centre of his church, dying a shameful death in the presence of hundreds to whom he had taught humility, charity, and peace—their duty to God and their duty to their neighbour. He was in sight of his own house; every cottage where he had been a comforter was in his view—for the spot upon which he was sacrific'd was a height above the valley, upon the side of yonder lofty mountain; his eye could roam over the landscape for many miles. He spok'd a few words—their tone enter'd into my heart; but I could not comprehend their meaning—I was bewildered—God knows how I should have embrac'd

death, if by it I could have saved HIS life. He prayed fervently, and then, while (as they told me, for in the assembly I could see but one object) the soldiers turned aside in sorrow, the people—*his own* people, burst forth into one loud hymn, filling the space with harmony; in that burst of heavenly music he passed away, and on it his spirit ascended to his Master.”

Grey Abbey was founded for Cistercian monks by Africa, the wife of Sir John de Courcy, and daughter of Godfred, king of the Isle of Man, A.D. 1193. It was destroyed by the army of O’Neil in the “great rebellion” of 1641, and was never afterwards repaired. “The remains of the abbey,” says Dr. Stephenson in its brief History, “show it to have been a large and sumptuous building. The east window of the church is a noble piece of Gothic structure, composed of three compartments, each six feet and more wide, and upwards of twenty feet high. On each side the altar, in the north and south walls, is also a stately window of freestone, neatly hewn and carved, of the same breadth as the great east window, but something lower. They are now grown over with ivy, which gives them an awful appearance. The cells, dormitories, and other buildings for the uses of the family, are in ruins; only enough remaining to trace out the compass of ground which the whole structure took up.”<sup>173</sup> The vicinity of these ruins is beautiful and picturesque; the residence of the heir of the Montgomerys immediately adjoins them; and a pretty little temple has been





erected on the grounds, in order to afford accommodation to visitors; the place being, as it ought to be, in high favour with the townspeople of Belfast, who occasionally luxuriate in the delicious neighbourhood.

From *Grey Abbey* we took the main road to Donaghadee, a neat and prosperous town, only twenty-two miles distant from Portpatrick, in Scotland. Its natural harbour is enclosed by piers, and furnished with a lighthouse.<sup>174</sup> From Donaghadee we proceeded to Bangor, a famous "city of the saints," in old times. It is said to have been founded A.D. 535 by St. Comgall, who established here an abbey of regular canons; the fame of its learning was spread throughout Europe; and its school—which St. Caedmon directed—"became so celebrated, that it was resorted to by students from all parts of the world; nay, according to some writers, it was the germ out of which arose Oxford; for when King Alfred "founded or restored that university, he sent to the great school of Bangor for professors." "It hath even been conjectured," says the writer of the *Down Survey*, "whether the arch-heretic Pelagius was of this Bangor, or of Bangor in Wales. But we shall certainly give him up to whoever thinks him worth claiming." Early in the ninth century, the establishment was subjected to the merciless visitations of the Danes, who, it is said, in the year 818, massacred the abbot and above nine hundred of the monks; the total number of monks who were at that

Bangor residing there being about three thousand.  
*Reproduced from an Original Photograph*



Bangor  
Reproduced from an Original Photograph

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The old castle of Bangor stands upon the quay; it is in good condition, and retains tokens of huge strength.

Through the whole of this district—the Barony of Ards, and that of Castlereagh—a large proportion of the peasantry are employed in what is technically termed “flowering”—embroidering muslin, chiefly for the Glasgow manufacturers, who supply the unwrought material, and pay fixed sums for the workmanship. The workers earn generally about three shillings a week—a small sum; but as the majority of the inmates of a cottage are similarly employed, sufficient is obtained to procure the necessities of life, and, indeed, some of its luxuries, for the interiors of many of the cabins presented an aspect of cheerfulness and comfort. We found upon inquiry from the sources best informed upon the subject, that the number of girls occupied in this branch of industry may be thus stated:—Between 2,000 and 3,000 girls, from five to twelve years of age, employed at veining, at weekly wages averaging from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*; sewers employed at needle-work for Belfast houses, between 2,000 and 3,000, at weekly wages averaging 3*s.*; about 10,000 employed as needle-workers for Glasgow houses, at weekly wages averaging 4*s.* Thus upwards of £3,000 are paid weekly, in the north of Ireland, for the manufacture of needle-work. Nearly the whole of the work sent from Glasgow to London, and other parts of England, is produced in this district. It is bleached in Scotland, and sold as “Scotch work.”

The manufacture is chiefly of collars, cuffs, &c.

From Bangor to Belfast the road passes along Belfast Lough, or Carrickfergus Bay—a beautiful harbour, to which we shall more particularly refer when we describe the most cheering, interesting, and prospering of all the towns of Ireland. The banks on the Down side are extensively wooded; and the scenery, all along, is very charming; now and then, the high hills on the Antrim borders are seen to great advantage; and the beauty of the country through which we pass is enhanced by the aspect of industry producing improvement that everywhere presents itself. As we near Belfast on this road, there are many interesting objects; not only in reference to modern improvements, the results of well-directed and well-recompensed industry, but to remains of remote ages. The ruined church of Knockbreda forms an exceedingly picturesque object, considerably elevated above the valley of the Lagan, and commanding a fine view of the town and lough. The church is rapidly mouldering to decay; little of it now remains.

Our tour thus far through the county of Down has been limited to its coast;<sup>175</sup> nor will the interior call for very particular notice. The towns of Dromore—the ancient episcopal see—Hillsborough and Banbridge,<sup>176</sup> are populous and extensive, and are supported chiefly by the produce of linen in the various branches of the manufacture; a subject, however, that will be more fitly introduced in treating of Belfast—the great mart for the commodity.

The people of the county Down, as a whole, are of Scotch origin. There are, of course, numerous exceptions; but so small a proportion do they bear to the whole, that the lowland or Ayrshire dialect was commonly spoken all over the county, till about the middle or towards the end of the last century. At this moment a sort of mongrel Scotch is spoken in and near Ballynahinch, Dromara, Saintfield, Combe, Killinchy, Holywood, Bangor, Newtownards, Donaghadee, Kirkcubbin, Portaferry, &c. "The nearness" of this county to the Mull of Galloway has made the districts, on the two sides, scarcely distinguishable; and the stream of Scottish population can be traced most distinctly from Donaghadee and Bangor, upwards to the interior. In the eastern part of the parish of Hillsborough, the Scottish dialect and religion are still preserved; its western extremity is among the colonists of James I., where the dialect is much more interesting, being a mixture of pure English with that of the olden time. The eastern district of the county, about Ardglass, lies opposite to the Isle of Man, and is one of the nearest points to any English seaport. Hence the settlers there at an early period, as well as at present, were English, as its castles and towers amply prove. The remains of three or four are still in existence, and it appears from Harris that they formed part of a long range of "booths" for the sale of merchandise, open towards the land for the purposes of trade, and having loopholes towards the sea, with a view to defence. The

English settlers spread to a little distance round; hence in Downpatrick, as well as in various other towns of Ireland, the three leading streets are the English, Irish and Scotch quarters, respectively. Until about a century ago, an extensive "Irish-speaking" population existed near Downpatrick; but they have all disappeared; and the only traces of the language are to be found in the mountainous districts, where the people are almost exclusively Irish, or in the neighbourhood of Carlingford Bay at the south. The English settlers under the various Knights of the Plantation of Ulster, spread up the valley of the Lagan, meeting the Scotch and Irish on the banks of the Lagan, from Belfast to Lisburn, then by Hillsborough (formerly called Crommelin, or the village of the crooked stream, and changed by Sir Moyses Hill to "Hillborough"), Druibh Mor (Dromore), and "the bridge of the Baun" (Banbridge). At various points of this line, the people are as distinct in religion, dialect, habits, wealth, and other characteristics, as their respective nations are on the opposite sides of the border. It is even said that a Down farmer (Scotch) can be known from an Antrim one (English) in a fair or market, by his "hardness in driving a bargain."<sup>177</sup>

Soon after entering the county of Down, we began to feel we were in another country; in a district, at least, where the habits as well as the looks of the people were altogether different from those to which we had been accustomed. We

neither encountered the sallow countenances, illuminated by brilliant black eyes, and shadowed by the long silken dark hair of the Milesian Irish; nor those of the round, rosy, soft Munster beauties, who seem very pictures of roguish good-humour, and are always ready to laugh with you, or at you, as occasion serves. The faces we now met had a square, stolid, "look-forward" sort of expression; the cheek-bones were high and broad; the eyes somewhat sunk, and rather blue than either black or grey;—the complexions, in general, were what they term "sandy" in Ireland,—several of the heads of the children being decidedly "red." Both men and women wore neat and well-mended clothes. Tartan shawls, ribands, and even waistcoats, intimated our close approximation to the Scottish coast. We met a little rosy girl, and her replies to our questions proved that we had left behind us the soft, woolly brogue of the south, and should, for some time at all events, hear nothing but the hard, dry rasping of the Scottish accent, the economic tones of which disdain to give an iota more breath or expression to a word than is absolutely necessary to render it intelligible.

"Where are you going, my dear?" we inquired.

"I'm ganging to scule," was the little maid's reply.

"And where do you live?"

"Is it whar I leive?—joost wi' mee faither and mee mither."

"How old are you?"

“Joost sax.” And off she trotted, apparently regretting that she had wasted so much time upon inquisitive travellers. We entered the cottage she had quitted; and though we confess to our affection for the soft southern accent, we would most sincerely rejoice to see the same habitual industry and painstaking in the south as in the north. The cottage, though small, was neat and orderly; the man was working at his loom; his wife was spinning, rocking the cradle with one foot, and turning her wheel with the other; while an elder girl was carding flax. We observed a peculiarly-formed candlestick upon the dresser. It is used very generally throughout the district, for burning the peeled rush soaked in tallow. There were very few articles of furniture; but there was a large Bible on a book-shelf, made evidently on purpose to support it; the holy book was covered with a well-worn, dark green tartan; and there were two or three smaller volumes, and a few old numbers, stitched together, of “Chambers’ Journal;” there was also a meal-chest, and the woman told us that the pot, which hung upon the crook ready to be turned over the fire when it was time to prepare dinner, contained greens and potatoes mashed together, with a small portion of pork chopped into squares—poor enough, the English reader will say; but those who know Ireland will wish that all the peasantry fared as well. We looked out of the window; the little patch of ground called a garden was well cultivated, and a boy was busily occupied in trenching a piece, from which cabbages had been re-

moved; there was the usual northern group of orange lilies. Though the woman did not invite us immediately to sit down, with the ready hospitality and cheerful manner of a southern, yet the few words she spoke were full of meaning, and she was pleased with our well-earned commendation of her industry.

"In the country," she said, "a *puir mon an'* his family could mak out life, by God's help; for the earth was gracious, and every blade was a blessin'; but it was hard for those in the close toons to put up wi' starvation, an' not even the clear sky to look at."

The boy in the garden was so unlike the other two children, that we inquired if he was their son.

She said, not their *born* son, "though I love him as weel as if I had suffered the same pain for him I did for my ain. He's my husband's brother's child; and his fayther and mither are gane their ain gait to Canada; an' if they find a' prosperin', why they'll send hame word, and we'll follow. The bairn was weakly when they went, and so I asked him to bide, for it's ill movin' in a strange kintree wi' sickness."

"And shall ye not be sorry to leave your own country?"

"Ay," said the weaver, who now joined the conversation for the first time, and spoke with a less northern accent than his wife; "ay, that I will; and there is a text against it. It is written—'Dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'"

"Aweel," answered the woman in a tone and with a manner which proved her the more adventurous person of the two: "but the Israelites were commanded to depart out of the lan' o' Egypt. Now you wad hae remained, suner than quit the lan' o' bondage you were born in."

"Ah!" observed the poor fellow, shaking his head, and speaking to us of his wife; "she left her ain canny Aberdeen when she was a wee bairn, and came ower to Belfast, and that unsettled her airly; but I was born in yon bed, and I followed my gran'fayther an' gran'mither, and my ain parents, out of that door to their graves, and I thought to lay beside them. I'll no quit the auld place till I ken mair of the new, and sae I tauld the wife: but women," he added, smiling, "are aye for gadding; we might gang farther and fare waur than in the county of Down, bad as times are."

To this we most cordially assented; it was new to us to hear the words of Scripture quoted in an Irish cottage, by a mere peasant. The woman's admirable Scotch thrift came out at the conclusion of the, certainly not ungentle, strife.

"Weel, weel," she exclaimed, "Alick, ye'll joost do as you like at the end, gae or stay. It wa'd break my heart to see you mourn the country when you'd be far frae it; and it would break my heart to bring up the children to meesery; but, come what may, there's nae harm in savin' a' we can, though sometimes it's nae mair nor a ha'penny a-week, again' a saft day, either at hame or abroad."

## MONAGHAN

The inland county of Monaghan, in the province of Ulster, is bounded on the north by the county of Tyrone, on the south by that of Meath, on the east by the counties of Louth and Armagh, and on the west by those of Fermanagh and Cavan. According to the Ordnance Survey, it comprises an area of 327,048 statute acres, of which 9,236 are unimproved mountain and bog, 6,167 are under water, and the remainder are cultivated land. In 1821 the population was 174,697; in 1831 it amounted to 195,536; and in 1841 to 200,442. Its baronies are five—Crenorne, Dartree, Farney, Monaghan, and Trough.

The county was anciently called Mac Mahon's country, from the powerful sept who ruled it, and who proved very troublesome neighbours to the early English settlers—manifesting a strong indisposition to part with their lands at the command of the Anglo-Norman intruders. The earliest of them having entered into a treaty with the native chieftain, confided to him the two forts he had erected, which Mac Mahon soon afterwards deserted and destroyed; and when questioned concerning his breach of faith, proudly answered that "he had not bound himself to keep stone walls, and scorned to shut himself up within so dreary a dwelling, while his native woods were

near at hand to give him shelter and afford him protection." The brave and haughty chiefs continued their opposition to the English settlers down to the period of Elizabeth, when the representative of the clan was taken and hanged, his county was made shire-ground, and divided according to the baronial arrangement which it still retains.<sup>178</sup> The strong arm of power was, however, unable to subdue his descendants; and when, during the reign of James II., the famous attorney-general, Sir John Davies, made, with the lord-deputy, a tour of inspection into the county, their forces were compelled to encamp in the open field, "pitching their tents about a quarter of a mile from Monaghan town," which the historian describes as "not deserving the name of a good village;" while of the Mac Mahons he reported, that "undoubtedly they are the proudest and most barbarous sept among the Irish; and do ever soonest repine, and kick, and spurn at the English government."<sup>179</sup> New titles to lands were given; the old ones having been of course "found defective," being indeed no other than those derived from "old time;" and all difficulties having been adjusted—the troops being all the while close at hand—"his lordship, the lord-deputy, did," according to the testimony of his attorney-general, "make the year a year of jubilee to the inhabitants of this county of Monaghan."

The county is described by old writers as being not only mountainous, but covered with wood; the mountains endure, but the forests have

long since vanished. The lakes, of which there are many, are, however, of considerable beauty, and supply abundant subjects for the pencil of the artist. We supply an example, borrowed from a lough which divides Monaghan from Cavan, close to the lovely demesne of Lord Cremorne, in the barony of Dartree. In the distance is seen, peering above luxuriant foliage, the spire of Kilcrow church. (See Plate No. 11.)

The principal town of the county is the town of Monaghan, from which, indeed, the county is said to have taken its name, derived from Muinechan, the dwelling of the monks, although all traces of monastic establishments have disappeared from its vicinity. Vestiges of ancient structures, either of religious houses or castellated mansions, are indeed rare throughout Monaghan; and in this respect it forms a singular contrast to its immediate neighbours, Armagh, Louth, and Down. The abbey of Clones is perhaps the only ecclesiastical building of which any remains exist, and these are of small account; but adjoining them is one of the far-famed and long-famed round towers: the cap is gone; the doorway is nearer to the ground than usual; and it possesses another somewhat peculiar feature, being composed of rough stones without, and of smooth stones within. Of relics of a more remote antiquity Monaghan has its full share, druidical temples and raths being found in nearly every district of it.<sup>180</sup>

As the county of Monaghan affords us but a

scanty supply of materials of an original character, we shall avail ourselves of an opportunity to relate some anecdotes illustrative of the habits and peculiarities of the "good people;"—the good people of Ireland being, as everybody knows, fairies. It is necessary, indeed, that we should no longer postpone the treatment of this subject; for in the comparatively matter-of-fact north, they lose their reputation and their influence, and cease to extort that respect, arising from fear, with which they are still almost universally regarded in the more poetical south. A belief in fairies is certainly on the decline throughout Ireland: national schools are ruining their repute; education is turning their memories into a mockery; and little growing-up urchins are found absolutely to laugh at the tiny beings about whom their fathers have so many stories—to the truth of which they will swear, in spite of all that is taught by reason or written in books. We have already "said our say" concerning the Phooka; of the Banshee we shall record some startling "facts" when we visit Shane Castle—the ruined castle of the O'Neils, among the broken walls of which the spectre wails over the fallen grandeur of the once proudest and most powerful of the ancient Irish kings. Of the Cluricaune we shall here relate an illustrative tale or two; and these three seem to us to be the only "spirits," strictly speaking, peculiar to Ireland.<sup>181</sup> For the fairies in the "gross," if we may so misapply a term, we shall reserve ourselves until, perhaps, we reach the "far west,"

or at least the wild mountains and iron-bound coast of Donegal.

All authorities agree in describing this little gentleman as one of the most archly mischievous and amusing of the fairy tribe. While the dark and stormy Phooka performs acts of desperate daring, whirling people from mountain to mountain, and then casting them into the deepest morass he can discover; while the elves, the legitimate moonlight fairies, sport in "the rings," the woods, along the yellow sands, and through the halls of the olden time; while the lonely Banshee flits about the relics of old places, frightening the lone owl with the wail of death; the Cluricaune curls himself under a hedge to mend his tiny "brogue;" seats himself astride a butt of the best wine in the cellar of a friend's house, and taps the juice of the grape for his own advantage; or, it may be, counts over the treasures which he loves to conceal in the caves of the earth, or among the stones that betoken past magnificence. In fine, while others of fairy-land are more intent upon pastime and pleasure, the Cluricaune, Leprehaun, Lewricaun, or whatever you may please to call him, is intent upon business, and a quaint methodical enjoyment of the comforts of life, seasoned with a sprinkling of mischief to prevent insipidity. He has a decided preference for some families over others; for he will eat of their bread and drink of their cup as long as it continues to be supplied, so as to suit his own ideas of respect and convenience; but if they neglect him, though he does not de-

sert, he punishes them in return, and sometimes so severely, that his absence might be esteemed a favour: he is, moreover, an insolent little fellow—cutting and sarcastic—an elderly Puck, a systematic “Robin-goodfellow.” In fact, the Irish Cluricaune seems to have monopolised the forethought of the country; and, as an old Irish gardener remarked to us, “if he has a respect for anything in the world, it is for an ancient family—as long as it keeps a good cellar.” The old man told us that “his ould master—God be good to him!—had a Cluricaune in his family for more than five hundred years, and that he was always treated as a gentleman, because of the way he bothered Queen Elizabeth and Oliver Crummell; more particularly the last thief o’ the world, who, when he thought he had a cellar full of wine, and gathered all his crop-ears together, to have a spree with the claret, sorra a drop was in e’er a butt of the whole thirteen, but salt wather! And my great-great-grandfather, who *see* it,” he continued, “said there never was finer fun in the world than to watch them try first one and then the other; and the soldiers took up the word to the general himself, saying the way it was; and he wouldn’t believe it, but walked, as black as murder, down to the cellar himself, and tastes first one and then the other of the whole set; and when he tasted the last, he flings the glass from him. ‘Blur’ an’ ounds an’ ages! what’s this?’ he says. ‘Oh, is that you, you wonderful saint!’ answers a voice; ‘I’m ashamed to hear your saintship swearing.’ And ould

Oliver looked round, and there, as 'cute as a rat, sits the little Cluricaune on a bame of the cellar, resting his elbows on his knees, and his chin on his hands, and grinning like a basket o' chips.

" 'Fire at him and defy Satan!' shouts Crummell.

" 'Fire away, Flanagan!' answers the little chap,—' Fire away; but even if you put your own red nose to the touch-hole, you'd miss fire. And now, ould depredator, if it isn't a rude question, might a body make bould to ax how much the painting of your nose cost? I've been above a thousand years on the world, and so fine a nose as that I never looked at before. I didn't think you'd have the *face* to show such a nose in the country.' Crummell began all sorts of prayers at this; but ' Knock,' as he was called, little feared him or his prayers, but kept on at the gibe and the jeer in a surprising manner. 'I've turned the wine into wather for your health's sake,' says the chap at last, as knowing as a lawyer's magpie; 'and if ye don't be off out o' this, it's hard saying what I'll do next; maybe make an honest and a marciful man of ould Noll! and sure then his power would be ended,' says the Cluricaune. But the wonder of the world is, that when the counthry got shut of the thieving crew, and the ould ancient residenther came back to his own again, sure the claret was to the fore as good as ever, barring just one cask, not worth talking of, a morsel of a quarther cask of the claret, which the Cluricaune, it is to be supposed, gave among his friends."

We inquired if he was still attached to the same family. The old man shook his head mournfully. "I know the boy that heard him mending his bits of brogues under the shadow of the tombstone, of the very last of that line; and by the same token he dodged him round and round the stone by the top of his red cap, until at last the 'cuteness of the creature to get his eye off him, made him toss up the cap in the air; and my poor Barney's look followed the cap instead of watching the Cluricaune; and so the thing gave a wild screech and was gone. I followed one of them myself along the side of a hedge for as good as a mile, and if I'd had the luck to catch him, I'd engage I'd have held him till he told me of his crock of *gould*; but after leading me the dickon's own dance, there was a gibe of a sneering laugh up a tree, and when I looked sorra a thing could I see but a bit of a woodpecker running round and round the stem like mad." He also told us, that when distress obliged the "ould residenther" to sell all he had, a great red-headed "Sassanach" bought the estates, and having heard of the family Cluricaune determined to banish him. "He had the cellar cleaned, and locks ('the tame nagur') put on the wine-bins, and wine in by the dozen bottles, instead of the dozen pipes, and sent for the clergyman of the parish; and while the two were '*colloquiny*' together, just after the fine powder puff of a butler had laid a bottle of Burgundy on the table, and they were growing mighty cozy,

the 'clargy' raised the glass to his lips—and yah! before he tasted it, it was empty!

“‘That wine’s just like the man that owns it,’ says Knock; for it was he sure enough that emptied the glass, and then spoke from under the table—‘it’s just like the man that owns it—*it is too new.*’ Well, the parson took out his book. ‘Maybe,’ says Knock, out of the curl of his bad wig—‘Maybe I’m as well read in that as yer-self; I’m neither Turk, Jew, nor haythin; and look here, you poor whey-faced, trembling, starved and starving, clodhopping, huxter-selling spawn of English trade, ye need be under no apprehension of my giving you the pleasure of my company; I wouldn’t demane myself by living under the same roof with you. I only remained here to *shoot* my own convaynience. But I’m going to tell you what you have to expect; a ferret will keep away rats, and a rat will keep away mice—one plague is better than a thousand.’ Somehow the candles were out in an instant, and the glass all broke to smithereens. And the last thing the master saw, and his head whirling round, was little Knock whirring through the ceiling, and hissing like a thousand *sarpints*. The upshot of it was, that the house, which had been one of the most paceable in the whole counthry (for every one made allowance for Knock’s little ways), became a hurricane; no one could stand the place at all. Morning, noon, or night, it was all the same; if the masther had known where to send for the Cluricaune, he’d have sent; but as he did not, why he did the

next best thing he could—he quit the country—and by the same token, the place is a ruin to this day.”

Stories of peasants who have seen the Cluricaune are plenty enough, although few have had the luck actually to “catch” the little schemer. It is by no means uncommon, however, to attribute some apparently sudden accession of wealth to a discovery of “goold,” through the interference of this, its peculiar guardian, from whom the secret of its burial-place has been extorted, not by love, but fear. We have never been so fortunate as to converse with a party so circumstanced; although, scores of times, holes under the foundations of old abbeys, or pits in fallow fields, have been pointed out to us as places from which the treasure had been delved up, that “made a man of” Tim this or Jerry that. One anecdote we remember, and it may be worth recording. It was told us by “a comfortable farmer” in Wexford county—long ago.

“A man by the name of Jack Cassidy was the only one I ever knew, who, out an’ out, had a *hoult* of a Cluricaune; and this was the way of it: Jack was a frolicsome, gay sort of fellow, full of spirit and fun and divarshin of all kinds, a gay boy intirely, and one that had no more care for the world than the world for him; and Jack had been making fierce love to a very purty slip of a girl, with a good penny o’ money, but Peggy’s father wouldn’t listen to any rason that wasn’t set to the tune of ‘guinea goold;’ and this a’most drove Jack beside himself. And he had often heard

tell of a Cluricaune that used to be below the bathered farm-house of Eddyconner; and, be-dad! Jack let his uncle's ploughing and sowing take care of itself, and set to watch the little ould chap day and night, hearing him, sometimes in one corner, and sometimes in another, until after creeping, creeping along the hedge, he fixes his eye on him, and he sitting as sly as murder, hammering away at the old brogue. Well, in course he knew that as long as ever he kept his eye on the little rogue he couldn't stir; and the 'cute nagur turns round, and says, 'Good morrow, Jack.' 'Good evenin' to you, kindly,' answers Jack. 'Evenin' and mornin' 's the same to a lazy man,' says the Cluricaune. 'Who said you was lazy?' answers Jack; and he catches up the little brogue-mender in his fist. 'Take it asy,' says the chap, 'and give me my hammer.' 'Do ye see any dust in my eye?' says Jack, who knew every trick the likes of them are up to, to get off with themselves. 'The dickons a grain,' says the Cluricaune, 'and no wonder the pretty Peggy's so taken with them fine eyes of yours; it's a pity her father doesn't see their beauty as well as the daughter.' 'Never fear, my jewel,' replies Jack, 'he'll discern a wonderful improvement in my features when you find me the crock o' goold.' 'Well, you're a fine sportin' fellow,' answers the Cluricaune, 'and if you'll carry me fair and asy, without pinching my toes off as if I was a bird, into the middle of the nine-acre field, I'll show you something worth looking for.' Well, to get at the nine-acre at all, Jack had to

cross as deep and as dirty a bit of bog as was on the country side, and he had on his Sunday clothes, so that he had no fancy at all for thramping through a slob: but this was not all; he had just got into the very middle of it, when a sudden blast of wind whirled off his bran-new hat. Still he was up to the tricks of his prisoner, for he kept his eyes steady upon ould Devilskin. 'I'm sorry for yer loss, Jack,' grins the lying imp, as fair and smooth as if it was the truth he told. 'Thank ye for nothing,' says the poor fellow, 'but ye'll not get off for either sorrow or sympathy; I'm quite up to your tricks; sure if I'd gone the way over the bog *you* told me, it's drown'd I'd be in it long ago.' 'Look ye, Jack Cassidy,' croaks out the little scamp, though it was the truth he told then anyhow; 'if you kept your thoughts as steadily fixed on *your* work as you have kept your eyes on me, you'd have money enough without hunting for Cluricaunes; but keep on to that bouchlawn there, in the very middle of the nine-acre; bedad! you put me in mind of the girl who set one eye to watch her father and the other to watch her sweetheart, for you see everything without looking.' 'Ah!' laughs Jack, 'I'd go blindfold through the country.' 'A bad sign,' observed the ould fellow, shaking his daushy head. 'A roving blade gathers no more *goold* than a rolling stone does moss.' And Jack had the sense to think to himself that, even if he got no money out of the Cluricaune, he got good advice. 'Now let me go, Jack,' shouts the little fellow; 'dig up that

bouchlawn, and you'll find a pot of *gould*.' 'Dig it for me yourself this instant,' shouts Jack, shaking him almost into smithereens. 'Sorra a spade I have,' answers the other, 'or I would with all the veins.' 'If you don't, I'll strangle you,' exclaimed Jack again. 'Oh, Jack! save me, save me!' cries Peggy's voice at his elbow. Poor Jack turned; there was no Peggy, and the Cluricaune was gone, with a laugh and a shout that made the bog shake again. Well, Jack took off his garter, and tied it three times round the bouchlawn, and cut a slip of witch-hazel off a tree that grew *convanyent*, and making a ring of it, dropt on his knees, saying an avy over it, and then let it fall over the bouchlawn, so that he might preserve it from harm, and then went home; and by break of day he was back again at the nine-acre, and as true as that you are standing there, there war above nine hundred bouchlawns sprung up in the night, with nine hundred garters tied to them, and in the midst of as many hazel rings! His heart was splitting into halves, and he sat down in the bames of the rising sun, and cried just like a babby that had lost its mother; and all of a sudden the words of the Cluricaune came into his head—'If you kept your thoughts as steadily fixed on your work as you have kept your eyes on me, you'd have money enough without hunting for Cluricaunes.' From that day out Jack was a new man; he took the little brogue-maker's hint, and in five years told down two guineas for Peggy's one, all through the fortune; and maybe

they haven't thirteen to the dozen of children this blessed day!"

That Cluricaunes, however, have been caught, is established upon "undoubted authority;" and that they have been forced to yield up their gold, to disburse their treasures, to reveal the secrets of the earth, and confess where the diamond, and the emerald, and amethyst were hidden "underground," is an acknowledged fact. A man called by the plain name of Tom, "Steady Tom Murphy," was believed by all his neighbours to have had the singular good fortune; and though he himself denied it, yet, according to the old adage, "what everybody said must be true." The most remarkable thing was, that "Steady Tom" never wasted an hour looking for a Cluricaune in all his life, which made it very provoking that he should have been the "boy" to catch one; the neighbours, those popular soothsayers of every village, always declared that if luck came to "Steady Tom," it must come of itself, for he never had a turn but for two things,—the hardest of work, and driving a *dry* bargain; a dry bargain signifying one that is not ratified and washed down by a glass of whiskey. But even in those intemperate times, "Steady Tom" never patronised the burning alcohol; on the contrary, he was never known to toss off a glass, or raise his elbow in a "manly manner" at a fair—this would have brought him into contempt, had it not been for his indomitable courage; and there is a story told of his having once sided suddenly with the Mac Murroughs, and so turned

the day against a field full of the Mac Sweeny faction; and after he had set the quarrel right, he wiped his brow, shouldered his shillala, and walked home, though several of his own dear friends, the Mac Murroughs, swore "they'd have his life if he didn't steep their luck in a gallon of punch." But "Steady Tom" continued of the same mind, and the next morning was at work by the Fairy's Folly, before the lazy sun got over an inch of his morning's march.

It was reported that Tom's Cluricaune had become so fond of the good usage of Tom's house, that he had a little place "*under the bame*" to himself, and that "he'd sit there enjoying innocent divarshin with the family, unknown to any stranger; every creature in the place would be at Tom to tell how he 'caught the cratur,' hoping to have the same chance: but he'd toss off the questions with a dry, hard laugh, and seeing that he *never was overtaken*, (that is to say, never intoxicated,) there was no way of getting anything out of him that he hadn't a mind to tell; and, moreover, he wasn't one that would spend an hour chatting to a neighbour; go when you would to his little place, he was always turning his hand to something, and even a poor blind boy he had, made bee-hives and potato-baskets for the whole country. There was, after a few years," added our informant, "so extraordinary an improvement in everything belonging to 'Steady Tom Murphy,' that if he hadn't caught the heel of a Leprehaun's leather purse, or found a crock of gold, there was no other way of accounting for

his growing so much above his neighbours, for he wasn't a bit better nor them, though every man of us remembered him a cottier, and then saw him grow and grow, and spread and spread, into a warm farmer. My wife, in a joky way, one summer evening, asked him the name of the Cluricaune he caught down by the Fairy's Folly, and he said it was 'Workall;' rather an unmannerly answer, that one might take two meanings out of; for I've heard tell of 'Knock,' and 'Moonbeam,' and 'Robin,' and 'Larkspur,' and little innocent names that way, but such a name as 'Workall' never was on a right Cluricaune since Ireland was Ireland; and it was only as a back-handed hit to others who wouldn't slave themselves into nagurs, that made him say that to my dacent woman."



## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Kildare is, according to Mr. Rawson (*Statistical Survey of the County, 1807*), a corruption of "Chilledara, or the wood of oaks. It was also called Kill-dara, from the cell of St. Bridget, first placed under a large oak; also Kill-drag; "also Caelan, or Galen, that is, the woody country, being in the early ages almost one continued wood, the decay of which produced the great bogs which still cover so much of the county, and, by the quantity of timber with which they abound, bear incontestable marks of their origin."

<sup>2</sup> The round tower is said to be 132 feet high; the entrance is fourteen feet from the ground. The cap has been displaced by an unmeaning and out-of-character Gothic battlement. A few years ago, in honour of the Marquis of Kildare's "coming of age," the inhabitants made a huge bonfire on the top; when some daring fellows contrived to climb to the summit. In Harris's edition of *Ware* we find the following passage:—"The tower of Kildare, having been pointed and repaired within these few years, had then a regular neat battlement raised on it, which before was only an irregular broken wall, as appears by the scheme given thereof by Sir Thomas Molyneux, and which I myself well remember." It is engraved without the battlement in the "*Natural History of Ireland*, by Dr. Gerard Boate, and (Sir) Thomas Molyneux;" where its height is described as only 107 feet; and where, in consequence of its being "embellished with better work and more hewn stone than others," it is assumed to be of "a more modern date." Dr. Ledwich states it to be 110 feet high. The ruins of the cathedral are kept in remarkably neat order. Various relics of antiquity have been collected and preserved in the walls of the adjoining church, for which, we understood, we have to thank the Rev. Mr. Browne. The sepulchral vault of the Geraldines—the Kildare branch of it, rather—is in this ruin; and among those of his more fortunate and more famous ancestors, are the remains of the gallant enthusiast, Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

<sup>3</sup> A low and narrow stone cell, in which "the fire" was kept burning, is still pointed out near the round tower. It was extin-

guished in 1220, by order of Henry de Loundres, archbishop of Dublin, who, no doubt, had his own reasons for "quenching the flame;"—the monks and nuns lived under the same roof, but "separated," writes Archdall, "by walls." The fire was, however, subsequently rekindled; and remained burning until the suppression of monasteries by Henry the Eighth. "Perhaps," says Ware, "the archbishop put out this fire, because, the custom not being used in other places, it might seem to have taken its origin from an imitation of the Vestal Virgins, whom Numa Pompilius first instituted, and dedicated to the Holy Mysteries of Vesta, for the preservation of a perpetual fire." St. Bridget was interred at Kildare; but her remains were subsequently removed to Down, and laid beside those of St. Patrick, her master and teacher. She is said to have been the illegitimate daughter of an Irish chieftain, and to have received the veil from the "own hands" of the great saint. Giraldus Cambrensis relates of her the following story:—"One fact of hir, being yet a child, made hir famous. The king of Leinster had given to hir father, Dubtactius, as a token of his good liking towards him for his valiant service, a rich sword, the furniture whereof was garnished with many costlie jewells. And, as it chanced, the damsell, visiting the sick neighbours diverslie distressed for want of necessarie reliefe (hir father being a sterne man and his ladie a cruell shrew), she could devise no other shift to helpe to relieve the want of those poore and needie people, but to impart the same jewells of that idle sword among them. This matter was heinouslie taken; and, being brought to the king's ears, it chanced that shortlie after he came to a banquet in hir father's house, and calling the maid afore him, that was not yet past nine yeres of age, he asked hir how she durst presume to deface the gift of a king, in such wise as she had doon his? She answered, that the same was bestowed upon a better king than he was, 'whom' (quoth she) 'finding in such extremitie, I would have given all that my father hath, and all that you have, yea, yourselves too and all, were ye in my power to give, rather than Christ should starve.'"

<sup>4</sup> On this plain are numerous mounds of earth, evidently artificial, and most probably sepulchral; but remains of a very remote period are to be encountered in every part of the county. One of the most remarkable—the ancient Carmen—is situated a short distance from Athy. It is now, according to Mr. Rawson, "called Mullimast, or Mullach Mastean, the moat of decapitation;" and was the scene of a tragic occurrence in the sixteenth century. Some adventurers proposed to the neighbouring Irish chieftains

an amicable meeting to arrange their differences: the proposal was accepted; "on the 1st of January, in the nineteenth of Elizabeth," they repaired to Carmen, and were all assassinated. "In such detestation was the act held," adds Mr. Rawson, "that the country people believe, to this day, a descendant from the murderers never saw his son arrive at the age of twenty-one. Indeed the properties thus acquired have melted away, and got into other hands." Near Athy, also, is the "Moat of Ascul," memorable as the scene of a sanguinary conflict in 1315, between the invading Scots under Edward Bruce, and the English forces commanded by Sir Hamon le Gros—a descendant of Raymond, and an ancestor of the present family of Grace. A tradition was communicated to us that pleased us "mightily." Inch Castle is about three miles from Athy; and adjoining it is a small tumulus—to which the following story is attached. It is not far from Ascul, "where heroes fell;" but a trait of natural affection will dwell upon the memories of "the few" far longer and far stronger than the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!" In the year 1439, the plague was destroying, by thousands, those whom famine and the sword had spared. One of the Mac Kellys—a powerful family—then had possession of Inch Castle. He was harsh and tyrannical; of a cold proud nature; and had few sympathies with the poor. He had one son whom he loved above all his other children; and the youth's name was Ulick. He was of fair face and noble stature, and among many maidens whom he had insulted with a love warm as evanescent was Oona More. She dwelt with her brothers at the place now known as Ballycolane, then called Bally-kil-bawn. Her brothers sought an opportunity to avenge the wrong, that causes men like Ulick to laugh and jest, and women to hide their faces and die. When it pleased God, in the midst of his wild career, to strike Ulick, the beloved of Mac Kelly, with the plague, his father "lift up his voice and wept;" and between the sobbings of his breaking heart, he said,—“My son, the beloved of my bosom, the strength of my house, the golden-haired, whose voice is as the music of the dancing waters, and whose step is swifter than the red deer's,—he shall not go from his father's castle as others of the afflicted do, to die beneath a shed;—he shall stay in his father's castle.” But his brothers murmured, “Behold for this one our father would sacrifice all his other children;” and the voices of his sons overpowered the voice of the old man: so, as was customary, the youth was removed to the fields, and a shed erected over him, and he was left with a pitcher of water, and a cake of unleavened bread,

marked with the sign of the cross;—alone, away from the music, the dance, and the hunting-horn—away from the sweet care of kindred—alone with the madness of the mad disease, and with little of internal peace to soothe its wild destruction! When the love so sworn to Oona More had been forgotten, she made no complaint, humbling her confiding heart to the dust, to which she had been reduced. Meekly, in the confessional, she prayed for this world's penance, as an atonement for this world's sin. She forgave, as she hoped to be forgiven. She became a constant visitor to the holy women of White Church, and, looking beyond this world to the next, the frightful mortality that surrounded her seemed but a quickened passage to the world to come. Her kindred and friends crept stealthily about, shrinking from every breeze, lest it should be ridden by the plague, and avoiding the performance of every act of love and charity, lest they might become infected; but Oona did not so. She walked abroad in both shower and sunshine, and blessed God for the one and the other. At last she heard how Ulick, the son of Mac Kelly of Inch Castle, had been “struck,” and removed by his family to a shed, where he would not have suffered his dogs to repose when the chase was done; then the deep unfathomable well of affection, which neither injury nor desertion could dry up in her faithful heart, sprang up within her bosom; and she said unto herself, “I will watch beside the door and moisten his lips with water, and pray for him; and it may be, if his time is come, and he be smitten by the angel of death, my spirit may pass with his spirit, and so, though we could not be united in life, we may be in death.” And the next morning, those who crossed the moor, and looked over the rippling river to the small hillock upon which the plague-shed stood,—there, with her face turned to the door, saw Oona More, rocking herself to and fro, to and fro; and they whispered the strange story, of how she, the injured one, watched by the deserted of his own people; and her brothers offered prayers for her safety; and the next morning still she was there—and the next. And at last, as if wearied even of the monotonous motion that had accompanied her so long, she was perfectly quiet; her face still turned towards the door. And the plague was stayed throughout the country; and the people still whispered together, wondering; and behold, when they looked again, they saw the carrion crow wheeling in the air above the shed, and the hoarse croak of the raven mingled with the moaning of the wind; and one of the people said unto another, “Truly, Ulick the son of Mac Kelly is dead;” and the

answer was, "I do not think it, for, see, neither crow nor raven have entered the hut." And the other said, "Look there!" And the first speaker did look, and saw that every time the fierce carrion crow attempted to alight upon the shed, he was driven back by a small white bird that hid above the door; and when the raven—the wisest of all winged things—attempted stealthily to enter, the white bird would fly also at him—and he would depart; and they marked these sights until the evening; and then again the next morning they saw Oona sitting, and the raven and the crow heeded her not—nor did the small white bird heed her—but still prevented the foul creatures of the air from entering the plague-shed. And at last the people crossed over the moor, and they found Ulick dead. And they called to Oona to come away, but she answered them nothing; and then her brother went up to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder, and said, "Oona, come home, the cow loweth for you in the field, the calf and the new-dropped lambs have no one to tend them now. Oona, come home with the child of your mother; God has avenged you, and you have seen the avenging,"—and Oona made no reply; and her brother drew back her hood, but the face beneath it was the face of a corpse—his sister was dead. And the people placed her body beside the body of Ulick without fear, for the plague was stayed. And they put fire to the shed. And from their ashes sprang the seven thorn-trees which remain unto this day, and people say that Oona sometimes comes among their branches as a small white bird.

<sup>5</sup> Although coal has been discovered in various parts of Ireland, no vein has been hitherto worked, the produce of which is likely to come into general use, and the existence of *good* coal in Ireland is at least problematical. We have visited many places, within a few miles of pits, where English coal was used in preference to the Irish, because it was not only better but *cheaper*: a circumstance to be accounted for, first by the extent of land carriage, and next from the clumsy and unscientific mode in which the works are usually conducted: evils that may be, and will be unquestionably, removed; but the inferior quality of the coal is an evil not so capable of remedy. It is to be met, indeed, by procuring coal from England; and although it may at first startle many to propose the comparative disuse of bogs and the import of its substitute, it involves but one consideration, whether the acres of peat, when converted into arable land, would not yield a produce sufficient to pay the extra cost of the fuel?

<sup>6</sup> The most common method of providing turf fuel in Ireland requires six distinct operations, viz.—cutting, spreading, footing, rickling, clamping, and drawing home.

1. The first operation, or cutting, requires four men with two turf-barrows. The chief or strongest man is selected for the turf-spade (slane), which is narrower than a common spade, with a ledge at right angles to one side. The second man in strength is put to the turf-barrows, of which one is being filled whilst the other is being emptied. Upon these barrows he carries the turf out upon the spread-field. The third man goes before the turf-cutter, paving and levelling the banks, and a man lifts the turf two at a time as they are sliced from the bank by the cutter, and deposits them on the barrows. The four men employed at this work are usually paid about one shilling a day, a somewhat higher rate than for ordinary labour. The quantity cut and wheeled out by this party in one day is generally termed a dark, which, therefore, is an indefinite quantity, dependent upon the strength and industry of the workmen. Still, when a cottager speaks of his fuel, he estimates it at so many darks; and a year's supply for a cottage with one fire varies from two to four darks. An average dark, or day's cutting for one spade with its attendant as above, should be about sixty cubic yards of the solid bank, the dark being usually sixty yards long, about one yard wide, and one deep, cut into three tiers. Properly-cut turf should not exceed two and a half inches square when dry, although idle or careless turf-cutters make them much larger. When each barrowful of turf is wheeled from the bank to its proper place in the spread-field, it is simply tumbled off, and left as it falls for about a week.

2. The second operation is the spreading or scattering the turf from the small barrow heaps, so as completely to cover "the spread-field," turning up the sides of the turf that were underneath. This work is usually done by women and children. One woman can spread three darks in a day. The turf remains about a week thus spread out.

3. The third operation is footing, which means collecting the turf into parcels of about six each, placing them on end in a circle, and supported against each other by meeting in a point at the top. This is done by women and children. One woman can foot at the rate of a dark per day. The turf remains in the footings about ten days.

4. The fourth operation is rickling. A rickle contains about ten footings laid on their sides, one turf deep, and built up about two

feet high. The rickling is done by women and children. Two women can rickle three darks in a day. The turf remains in rickles about fourteen days.

5. The fifth operation is clamping. The clamps are small stacks about twelve feet long, six feet high, and four feet wide; they are placed on the most convenient spots for the carts to approach. They remain in the clamps until it is convenient to bring them home; and those who are indolent or dilatory, frequently leave them until the fine weather is past, and the bogs become inaccessible to carts, and are obliged to carry them home in ricks on their backs through the winter, making the cost of transport about twenty times more than it should be. Sometimes the operation of clamping is dispensed with, and the turf is carted home from the rickles. A man can clamp a dark in a day and a half.

6. The sixth operation is drawing home, when the turf is usually built in a large stack exposed to the weather. Those who are careful and provident, either put them in sheds, or thatch their stacks over. It is very essential, when building the permanent stack, to place it in a proper aspect, presenting one end to the prevalent wind; and it should be built in what is termed "leets," meaning that it should have a number of well-built transverse sections, so formed that a month's or a fortnight's supply may be put into the house from the sheltered end at a time, leaving always a square face to the stack. Every possible scheme should be used to preserve the turf from wet. The usual slovenly appearance of a stack is deplorable; the consumption double, without the least comfort. Nothing but blowing of fires, wet, &c., throughout the winter. The only way by which the supply of turf can be insured with certainty, is by timely cutting; this should be done as early as possible in March; and if such a rule were adopted, and vigilance used in performing the process as the weather might permit, we should never hear of differences in the turf supply even in the worst seasons. It is necessary to observe, that the times specified above as necessary for each operation of seasoning, are given under the supposition that the weather be dry. If it be variable, of course the proceeds must be proportionably longer. The following is an estimate of the cost of a dark of turf, where the average labourer's wages is tenpence per day:—4 men one day each, cutting, &c. at one shilling, 4s.; 1 woman one-third of a day spreading at sixpence, 2d.; 1 woman one day footing at sixpence, 6d.; 1 woman two-thirds of a day rickling at sixpence, 4d.; 1 man one day and a half clamping at tenpence, 1s. 3d.; total cost of cutting and seasoning, 6s. 3d. The

cost of drawing home is variable. If the distance be about *half a mile*, it may require a horse and cart two days at two shillings and sixpence, 5s.; total cost per dark in this case would be about 11s. 3d.; if the distance be about *one mile*, the probable cost of transport would be ten shillings per dark, or total cost, 16s. 3d.; if the distance be about *two miles*, the probable cost of transport would be a pound per dark, or total cost, 1l. 6s. 3d.; if the distance be about *four miles*, the probable cost of transport would be two pounds per dark, or total cost, 2l. 6s. 3d. Another mode is that of making turf by *hand*, and turf so made is called for distinction "hand-turf." This method only takes place on the petty bogs, and generally where the slane has preceded in former seasons. The peat treated in this way is less fibrous, has some earth or dissolved vegetable matter mixed with it, and is in consequence deficient in cohesiveness: it would crumble from the slane, and is therefore made by hand. After a sufficient quantity has been raised from the bog and carried to the dry margin, it is usually worked by the legs of women, and perhaps men, bare to the knees, until it acquires a consistency like that of dough: it is then moulded into shape, like loaves for the oven, by the hands of many men and women, and spread out on the ground until it is sufficiently dry to be footed: after soaking in the small heaps, very loosely put together, for a sufficient time, the process of re-footing takes place, that is, the heaps are made larger; and in due time the clamping takes place. This turf is black, gives much ashes, and is therefore inferior to the other. One almost universal defect in the cutting of peat from bogs, was the inattention to the regularity of the sections made. Every one used to cut out where he pleased, and, in consequence, the surface is still in many places so full of holes as to be dangerous to cattle, and productive of much increased labour and expense in the future levelling and reclaiming of the land so *punctured*. These holes in winter are full of water, and therefore, to say the least of the inconvenience caused by them, they require an active foot and vigilant eye in the person who crosses one of those ill-worked bogs in which they abound. A friend of ours last winter, while shooting in the county of Tipperary, and gazing at a brace of widgeon over his head, just as he was about to try his trigger, fell, soused up to his chin, into a bog-hole full of water. Proprietors are acting more wisely now when letting bog for fuel. They usually have a steward to mark out each person's *bank*, and they take care to have the peat cut out continuously and uniformly. The turf is conveyed to market in a large basket of wicker-work, called a

"kish." It is obvious that the cost of conveying turf to places where it is to be used, is immensely disproportionate to the expense of cutting it; that, in fact, the article thus becomes a very expensive one to the consumer. Yet the evil is capable of remedy to a great extent—by *the process of compression*. Some years ago, a paper was published by a Mr. Slight, in the "Transactions of the Highland Society," containing information on this subject, so valuable that it is wonderful to find it has not been made available; although the principle is known to be largely adopted, and with entire success, in Scotland. We shall offer no apology for abridging and printing the greater portion of it, in the hope that his suggestions may be acted upon in Ireland. "It is presumed, that by adopting a compressing machine, a period from eight to twelve days may be sufficient to produce the degree of dryness required. The introduction of a simple and efficient machine would therefore appear to be of great benefit to the inhabitants of the peat districts; and should the plan be objected to as expensive beyond the means of the poorer class, it may be answered that there is no necessity for each family or householder to possess one. Let the proprietor or tacksman furnish one or more for the use of his tenants or cottars, who might again pay a small equivalent for the use of the machine. As the cottars of one farm or one hamlet usually dig their peats in the same field, a sufficient number could join together to work it to advantage. For such situations the machine must be of the simplest construction, so as to be cheap, and little liable to derangement. The form which Mr. Tod has employed in his experiments seems to fulfil these conditions. Its simplicity is such that the rudest mechanic may make it and keep it in repair. The first cost must be trifling, being little more than the prime cost of two or three rough planks. Perhaps, under present circumstances, nothing better could be devised for the purpose of local supply. Two women filled and removed the boxes. In this way, a man and three women could compress about eight cart-loads in a day. One man digging, and a woman throwing out the peats, could keep this process in full operation. The peats, when taken from the machine, are built like small stacks of bricks, put so open as to admit a free circulation of air. The stacks put up in this way became perfectly dry, without being moved till they were led home. If the machine thus described were to be adopted for compressing peat, boxes of cast-iron, full of small holes (covered with a lining of hair-cloth to prevent the escape of peat, and at the same time allow the escape of water), would answer the pur-

pose best; for the pressure was so great, that the wood-box frequently gave way, though strongly made, and secured with iron at the ends; even the one of strong sheet-iron bent under the pressure." A pamphlet, describing "different machines for the compression of peat," has been recently published by Lord Wilmoughby de Eresby, who has taken out a patent for one of them; but "he wishes it to be understood, that any individual is at liberty, upon proper application, to avail himself of the invention gratuitously," his lordship's object being to promote improvement generally, and not to derive from his exertions any personal advantage. He explains the objections that have been found in practice to the more simple principle; and which may, to some extent, apply to Mr. Tod's machine—which certainly *would* apply to its use on a grand scale. The plans of his lordship are, however, too expensive to be adopted by the peasantry; while that of Mr. Tod they can easily procure, and readily turn to account. The pamphlet may be obtained at the printers', Messrs. Nuttall and Hodgson, Gough-square, London. We regret that our limits will not permit us to notice it at greater length.

7 For the following remarks "on thorough draining and trenching—showing a method applicable to the reclaiming of waste lands, and to the improving of wet retentive soils, and within the means of small farmers,"—we are indebted to Captain Pitt Kennedy; of whose wonderful success in converting barren tracts into excellent productive land, we shall have to speak when we describe the county of Donegal. The first essential in the cultivation of land is to relieve it from superabundant moisture. When the subsoil is of a stiff quality, impervious to water, there appears to be but one course to pursue; that is, to make parallel drains in the direction of the slope, at distances not exceeding twenty-one feet apart, and to loosen the ground between the drains to a convenient depth, not less than sixteen inches; so that the water may percolate freely to the drains. Those who apply their labours to make irregular, broad, deep drains to cut off springs, are but wasting their energies and their means. In this humid climate, the surface water is quite sufficient to damage any crop when the subsoil is stiff, in a wet season. No one will assert that spring drains are sufficient to remove the surface water, and they frequently fail in catching even the springs. The parallel drains, on the contrary, relieve the land from both spring and surface water, when the soil is deeply loosened between by trenching or otherwise. But the ordinary way of performing this work requires a considerable outlay. The cost would range, according to the soil and

other circumstances, from six to twelve pounds per acre, or even more. This is beyond the powers of the ordinary Irish farmer. He might, however, open his parallel drains at a very slight cost, not much exceeding the rate of one pound per acre in general. He might then go about his usual operations of tilling the land upon a principle that should lead gradually to the perfect system of draining, deepening, and loosening the soil, indispensable to the production of copious crops. The land becomes well deepened by this method in those portions occupied by the trenches the first year; and the next time that potatoes are planted on the same ground, care must be taken to make the trenches occupy the centre of where the ridges were previously. By this method, two potato-crops would have the effect of loosening to a sufficient depth two-thirds of the land thus treated; and all superabundant moisture, whether from springs or surface, would percolate through the lowest part of the loose soil, and by the shortest possible courses, to the drains. The parallel drains should be gradually covered with as great care as the farmer's improving circumstances will permit, and in the meantime they will serve every purpose of drainage. It is clear, that a third crop of potatoes, when planted, would deepen the small portions of land which had escaped the first and second crops, but the land would be perfectly dry without this. The parallel drains should be two feet six inches deep in ordinary soils, and somewhat more in bog, to allow for the sinking of the surface. Their width would depend on whether they were to be finished afterwards with gulleys, or with small broken stones. Eight inches at bottom are sufficient for broken stones; the gulleys require more. This method is particularly well suited to the reclaiming of waste land. It sometimes answers to bring up the clay for the surface of bog-land from the parallel drains, which are left open for this purpose; and the chief thing to attend to in such lands is, to supply a copious coating of clay, never less than three or four inches deep if possible. The moving bogs—which for so long a period were classed among the phenomena of Ireland—are now universally known to be caused by want of drainage; the bog is sometimes carried by the rising waters for miles, covering in its progress cottages and hay-ricks, sometimes to the height of fifteen to twenty feet.

<sup>8</sup> The hill of Allen—"Dun Almhain," whence the bog is said to derive its name—is remarkable as the stated residence of Fin Mac Cual, the Fingal of Macpherson. It is called in Irish, Almhain, being the Selma of the victor. Fin, of whom some notice has been given in our eleventh number, is popularly said to have

been General of the Irish Militia; but such an appellation has no warrant from any original records of this people. He is simply termed in Irish, *Ri' Feine* and *Flaith Feine*, *i. e.* king or chief of the Fians or Feinans. The word *Fian* denotes a hunter or man of chase, and seems to have been used to designate those tribes among the ancient Irish who followed hunting, in contradistinction to those who pursued pasturage and agriculture. These wild and hardy tribes, comprising different races, appear to have been formed into a kind of national guard (somewhat like the *Jäger* corps of Germany), whose special duty was to guard the coasts against foreign invasion. They might, in some respects, be termed a species of Irish *mamelukes*, and, like the Egyptian *mamelukes*, the Feinans often affected independent authority, and at length engaged in war with the Irish monarch, *Cairhe*, which ended in their defeat and overthrow at the battle of *Gabhra*, towards the close of the third century. The most remarkable amongst the Feinans were *Fin*, the son of *Cual*, their chief; *Ossian* (*Oisín*), *Fergus*, and *Dara*, their chief bards; *Oscar* of the sharp swords, son of *Ossian*, *Gaul*, the son of *Morni*, of the golden shield, *Brown-haired Dearnid*, *Blue-eyed Ryno*, &c. Their deeds are celebrated in the Feinan tales and poems still extant, some of which are ascribed to *Ossian* and *Fergus*, the sons of *Fin* above-mentioned. Without entering here into the question of their genuineness, we may observe that they possess marks of great antiquity, and many of them are valuable for their poetical beauties, as well as for the light which they throw on ancient manners. Though daily sinking into oblivion, it is not yet too late to make a collection of these ancient poems, fully as beautiful and far more genuine than those made in Scotland by *Macpherson* and *Smith*.

° The Irish cloak forms very graceful drapery; the material falls well, and folds well. It is usually large enough to envelop the whole person; and the hood is frequently drawn forward to shield the face of the wearer from sun, rain, or wind. Yet we would fain see its general use dispensed with. A female in the lower ranks of life cares but little for the other portions of her dress if she has "a good cloak;" and certainly her ordinary appearance would be more thought of, if the huge "cover-slut" were not always at hand to hide dilapidations in her other garments. "Oh, then, I'm not fit to be seen; hadn't I better tidy myself a bit?—but asy! sure when I throw on my cloak no one will know what way I am," is a too frequent observation; and away they go shrouded from head to foot in this woollen hide-all. It is true that the climate is damp, that it is cold, and that the cloak commonly performs a

double office, being used as a blanket by night as well as a covering by day. But woollen retains the damp; and this fact, together with the certainty that it imbibes and retains all unwholesome infections, and is seldom or never washed, are serious arguments against it—picturesque though it be. The peasant Irish have so few comforts, that we would far rather add to than take from their small store; but we conceive the “cost of a cloak” could be more advantageously laid out. We remember being delighted at Rosstrevor with the effect produced on the beautiful landscape by the tartan shawls, so much worn in the north. A good-sized shawl of that description imparts nearly, if not quite, as much warmth as a cloak, at about a fourth of the cost, and it is *easily washed*—a great consideration in all matters of peasant clothing.

<sup>10</sup> Not far from Leixlip, and beside the “Liffey’s Banks,” is the village of Celbridge—famed as the residence of Swift’s “Vanessa.” Esther Vanhomrigh was the daughter of a Dutch merchant, who had settled in Dublin, where he purchased property, which he bequeathed to his widow, and two sons, and two daughters. In the course of a few years Esther was the only survivor, and inherited the whole of his wealth, together with the house he had built a short time previous to his decease, at Celbridge. Swift “found her pre-eminently gifted with the richest natural endowments, cultivated almost to the highest reach of improvement, and adorned with all the accomplishments which the most refined education could bestow.” She was, moreover, handsome and rich: and her attachment to the Dean was as pure and disinterested as ever woman felt towards man. But he was incapable of appreciating, and consequently of repaying it. His intimacy with her was kept up, even after his secret and “unnatural” marriage with “Stella;” and at length she died at Celbridge literally of a broken heart. Desirous to learn the precise nature of her rival’s claim upon the Dean, she wrote, it is said, to Stella. The answer was conveyed by Swift—her own letter in a blank cover, which, without a word of hope, apology, or consolation, he laid upon her table:—“the blackness of concentrated and appalling fury in his countenance” giving the only explanation by which he communicated her fate to the hapless and betrayed lady.

<sup>11</sup> The history of the ancient Castle of Maynooth is one of exceeding interest; abounding in incidents akin to romance. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, during the rebellion of “Silken Thomas,” one of the bravest and most chivalric of the Geraldines, it was taken by treachery. In the absence of its lord, the gov-

ernorship was intrusted to "Christopher Parese," his foster-brother. This "white-livered traitor resolved to purchase his own security with his lord's ruin;" and therefore sent a letter to the lord-deputy, signifying that he would betray the castle on conditions; "and here the devil betrayed the betrayer, for in making terms for his purse's profit, he forgot to include his person's safety." The lord-deputy readily accepted his offer, and, accordingly, the garrison having gained some success in a sally, and being encouraged by the governor in a deep joyous carouse, the ward of the tower was neglected—the traitorous signal given, and the English scaled the walls. They obtained possession of the stronghold, and put the garrison to the sword—"all except two singing men, who, prostrating themselves before the deputy, warbled a sweet sonnet called *dulcis amica*, and their melody saved their lives." Parese, expecting some great reward, with impudent familiarity presented himself before the deputy, who addressed him as follows: "Master Parese, thou hast certainly saved our lord the king much charge, and many of his subjects' lives; but that I may better know to advise his highness how to reward thee, I would ascertain what the Lord Thomas Fitzgerald hath done for thee?" Parese, highly elevated at this discourse, recounted even to the most minute circumstance all the favours that the Geraldine, even from his youth up, had conferred on him. To which the deputy replied, "And how, Parese, couldst thou find it in thy heart to betray the castle of so kind a lord? Here, Mr. Treasurer, pay down the money that he has covenanted for—and here also, executioner, without delay, as soon as the money is counted out, chop off his head!" "Oh," quoth Parese, "had I known this, your lordship should not have had the castle so easily." Whereupon one Mr. Boice, a secret friend of the Fitzgerald, a bystander, cried out "Auntraugh," i. e. "too late," which occasioned a proverbial saying, long afterwards used in Ireland—"too late, quoth Boice." The castle is said by Archdale to have been erected by John, the sixth Earl of Kildare, early in the fifteenth century; but in that case it must have been preceded by some other defensive structure; for it is certain that the Kildare branch of the Geraldines resided at Maynooth at a much earlier period. The first Earl of Kildare, John Fitz-Thomas, was created by patent, dated 14th May, 1316. "He had," according to Lodge, "great variance with William De Vesey, Lord of Kildare, and lord-justice of Ireland in 1291;" which caused them both to appeal to the king, when John Fitz-Thomas challenged De Vesey to single combat—the ordeal of battle; "which being accepted, and the day appointed, De Vesey

conveyed himself to France to avoid the trial; whereupon the king bestowed upon his rival the lordship and manors of De Vesey, saying, 'that although he had conveyed his person into France, he had left his lands behind him in Ireland.'

Another castle, Castle Carbery, which borders the northern part of the bog of Allen, is memorable in Irish history, and will always possess the deepest interest from its association with the name of the Duke of Wellington. Sir Henry Cowley, or Colley, an ancestor of his Grace, had possession of this castle in the reign of Elizabeth. He was knighted by the Lord-Deputy Sidney, who thus recommended him to his successor the Lord Grey: "Sir Henry Cowley, a knight of my own making, who, whilst he was young, and the ability and strength of his body served, was valiant, fortunate, and a good servant." One of his descendants married Garrett Wesley of Dangan, in the county of Meath; and in 1746, Richard Colley, Esq., "who had taken the surname of Wesley as heir to his first cousin," was created a peer by the title of Baron Mornington of Mornington, in the county of Meath. The Westleys, Wesleys, or Wellesleys, were originally from the county of Sussex. The ancestor who first settled in Ireland was standard-bearer to Henry the Second, whom he accompanied in his expedition to that country in 1172; and from whom he received large grants in the counties of Kildare and Meath. But this very interesting part of our subject more immediately belongs to the latter county.

<sup>12</sup> A short time prior to the French Revolution, (according to the Rev. Dr. Walsh, "History of Dublin,") the number of Irish Roman Catholics, masters and students, in the several Continental colleges were, of the former twenty-seven, and the latter four hundred and seventy-eight. In France, there were—in Paris ("College des Lombards," and "Communauté, rue Chevel Vert,") one hundred and eighty scholars; at Nantes, eighty; at Bordeaux, forty; at Douay, thirty; at Toulouse, ten; and at Lille, eight. At Louvain there were forty; at Antwerp, thirty; at Salamanca, thirty-two; at Lisbon, twelve; and at Rome, sixteen.

<sup>13</sup> The Act did little more than declare that, whereas in times past it had been unlawful to endow any college for the education, exclusively, of persons professing the Roman Catholic religion, and that it had now become expedient that a seminary should be established for that purpose; certain trustees should be empowered to receive subscriptions and donations to enable them to establish an academy for the education of persons professing the Roman Catholic religion, and to purchase and acquire lands, not exceed-

ing the annual value of one thousand pounds (exclusive of the value of the land and premises actually occupied); and to erect and maintain all such buildings as may be, by the said trustees, deemed necessary for the lodging and accommodation of the president, masters, professors, fellows, and students, who shall from time to time be admitted into, or reside in, such academy. It was certainly, at that period, not in contemplation to ask for any annual grant in aid from the state; the original purpose being to uphold and support it by private subscriptions. The Act merely declared the establishment lawful; and did not endow it, although a sum of money was voted, simultaneously with the passing of the Act, "towards establishing the said academy." But it is equally certain, that by the Act of Union the grant was recognised; it was subsequently passed, annually, by the Imperial Parliament; and there can be no doubt that expenses were incurred, from year to year, under the implied pledge of its continuance. There can be as little question that Parliament retains the right to withhold it; but that the exercise of such a right could be justified only on "very strong grounds," it is impossible to deny.

<sup>14</sup> The number of students at Maynooth is now about 450. The number of free students is 250; they are supplied gratuitously with lodging, commons, and instruction. The free presentations are made by the four ecclesiastical provinces—by Armagh and Cashel, each seventy-five, and by Dublin and Tuam, each fifty. They are admissible at the age of seventeen; and are selected after examination by the bishops of the respective dioceses. Besides the free students, there are pensioners and half-pensioners—the former paying twenty-one pounds, and the latter ten pounds ten shillings annually. Each free student pays an entrance fee of eight guineas; and each pensioner an entrance fee of four guineas. The sums thus raised are insufficient for the maintenance of the establishment. Its principal means of support are derived from annual parliamentary grants. During the first twenty-one years of its existence they averaged £8,000 annually; the sum was subsequently raised to £8,928—the present amount of the grant. The income has been augmented by various donations and bequests; the principal of which, £500 per annum, is derived from an arrangement entered into with the representatives of the late Lord Dunboyne, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork; but this sum is appropriated to the maintenance of an order of senior students, to the number of twenty, taken from the four provinces in the same proportion as the free students. An allowance of sixty pounds per annum is granted to each; but the half of that sum

is deducted for their board. They are educated with a view to their becoming professors of the college, as vacancies occur; and assist in the business of the schools. Thirty bursaries have been founded, of different annual amounts, from thirty pounds downwards. A sum of one thousand pounds was bequeathed by Mr. Keenan (a person in humble circumstances) for the foundation of a professorship of the Irish language—for which, strange to say, no provision was originally made. There are, consequently, three orders of students—senior students, pensioners, and free students. They wear caps and gowns. There are two months of recess in the summer; and a recess for a few days at Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost: these recesses are, however, but nominal; for permission to take advantage of them must be specially given by the bishop of the diocese from which the student has been selected. Very few of the students, therefore, ever leave the college for a single day, from the time they enter it to their final departure from its walls. They are permitted once a week to walk without the gates; but on such occasions are always accompanied by the dean. The college is placed under the direction of a board of trustees, consisting of seventeen Roman Catholics, of whom the four archbishops are members *ex officio*; of the thirteen, seven are of the church and six are laymen. The laymen are, the Earl of Fingall, the Earl of Kenmare, Viscount Gormanston, Lord French, Sir Patrick Bellew, Bart., and A. S. Hussey, Esq. In 1800, a board of control, under the name of "Visitors," was appointed by Act of Parliament, consisting of the lord chancellor, the chief justices of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, the chief baron of the Exchequer, two Roman Catholic archbishops, and the Earl of Fingall. They are directed to hold visitations *triennially*, or whenever the lord-lieutenant shall direct them so to do; and are empowered to examine, upon oath, "touching the management, government, and discipline;" all matters connected with doctrine being subjected to the decision of the Roman Catholic members only. The officers charged with the superintendence of the institution, are the president, the vice-president, and the senior and junior deans. They must be natives of Great Britain. The professors rank in the following order:—1. Dogmatic Theology; 2. Moral Theology; 3. Hebrew and Sacred Scripture (divinity professors); 4. Natural Philosophy and Mathematics; 5. Logic, Ethics, and Metaphysics; 6. Greek and Latin; 7. French and English; 8. Irish. The president is the Rev. Michael Montague, D.D.; the vice-president, the Rev. Lawrence Renehan. The triennial visitations are, and always have been, mere matters of form; the Com-

missioners of Irish Education Inquiry, in their 8th Report (1827), inform us that "the business does not appear, generally, to occupy more than an hour." The Lord Chancellor inquires of the president whether anything irregular has occurred to call for the intervention of the visitors; and of the students, whether they have any complaints to make against their superiors;—and the ceremony terminates.

<sup>15</sup> It is needless to substantiate this statement by proof; we may, however, quote the opinion of Mr. Grattan, delivered in the Imperial Parliament in 1807. He says, "Keep the Roman Catholic at home; home education will promote allegiance; kept at home and taught to love his country, he must revere its government;" and again, in 1808, "If provision be not made for their education at home, they must seek it abroad; they would then bring back with them foreign obligations and foreign connections."

<sup>16</sup> We call to mind, with feelings of intense pleasure, three priests who resided at Bannow—admirable examples of the clergymen of the old school. One, the parish priest, had been educated in Paris; his active and energetic mind had been softened by his calling—quick and sensitive, his cheek would flush and his dark eye sparkle at an insult or an injustice, whether offered to himself or to another; but his words were restrained by sound discretion, and he rarely yielded to the clever sarcasm ready to his lip. Both Protestant and Catholic would ask his advice, trusting to a wisdom chastened by early troubles; and it was seldom appealed from. He kept his flock in admirable order; and if a robbery was committed, without disclosing the secrets of the confessional, ample restitution was sure to follow. During the rebellion, not a drop of blood was shed in his parish; and his watchfulness over the lives of two English ladies can never be forgotten by their descendant; he wrote protections over the gates leading to their dwelling, and would write to them in *French*, telling them to fear nothing, but to put their trust in God. One of his notes, we have been told, contained this passage:—"The power is passing from all who go not entirely with the people; the priest can now lead to evil, but hardly to good." Good Father Murphy! we honour his memory! He was our most welcome guest until the day we quitted the country; when he turned away bitterly from the carriage door. The two others—also friends of our childhood—were friars of the order of St. Augustin. They had a small chapel, a farm, and a sort of religious house, where they educated two or three young men; and a garden was attached to it, filled with flowers and useful herbs: the former they cultivated for pleasure, and with the

latter they compounded medicines, which they freely gave to all who needed. The superior was a man of goodly presence; his fair, round, rosy face beamed with smiles and blessings; his manners, gracious to high and low, created a multitude of friends; his rich full voice would occasionally join in a glee as well as a canticle; and it was remarked of Father Butler, that he was never out of tune or out of temper. His companion—we may mention his name, though he is still alive, Mr. Doyle—was a man of a more sober and studious cast, as if the shadows of the “Queen of Cities,” where he took his vows, remained upon him; quiet and retiring, he devoted himself to the education of the children of the labouring poor; before national schools were thought of, he established one from motives of pure benevolence; he contended that religion was the first blessing, and reading the second; he was constant, in season and out of season, doing good to all who needed; passing noiselessly but usefully onward, observing and noting much, but saying little to compliment and nothing to offend. If the parish priest’s stories of the old French régime interested and amused, the friar’s tales of “Old Rome” thrilled to the heart; he would come completely out of himself when speaking of Italy, and it was impossible to pass an evening more delightfully than in the society of those three men. The priest, eager for the honour of old France, her court, and her manners—graphic in his details, and occasionally racy and sarcastic, so as to call forth the benevolence of Friar Butler, if, indeed, that needed to be called forth which was always present; while the younger friar would, when warmed into his theme, become eloquent of Italy, and say of it, and in language almost as poetic, as much as Rogers has sung. They were all three zealous of good works—all ready to contribute to the cheerfulness of society, keeping up that little interchange of kindly offices which sweetens life. Mr. Doyle is now a very old man; we still preserve his parting gift, “Veneroni’s Italian Grammar;” a gift in keeping with his devotion to Italy; he is the only one living of the three we loved and honoured in childhood.

<sup>17</sup> At Maynooth there is an excellent and rather extensive library, formed chiefly by presents and bequests, containing the choicest works in History, Belles Lettres, the Arts and Sciences, &c. &c. But they are closed books to the students. The assistant librarian, who conducted us through it, stated frankly that even he was not permitted to peruse any volume he was pleased to select; that the majority of the students were not allowed even to enter the room, and that those who have the entrée must apply for express leave to read any particular book, explaining for what object they desired

to consult it: the restriction, as we understood our informant, applies to every general history. "The course of study at Maynooth," writes Mr. Inglis, "is arduous, and, as laid down in the Report of the Commissioners on Education, very extensive. I was shown this Report in answer to my interrogatories as to the course of education, and I confess I was greatly surprised to find it so varied and so liberal. But upon a little further questioning, I learned that this course is not adhered to; and that only as much of it is followed *as can be accomplished*; these were the words used, from which I infer that the course of instruction is entirely optional with, and varies at the pleasure of, the heads of the college; and that whoever forms any opinion of the course of education pursued at Maynooth from what he has read in the Report of the Education Commissioners, will fall into a grievous error." Again: he observes, "I glanced over the shelves with some attention, and saw no work improper by its levity or character for the perusal of a minister of religion; and yet I was informed that a strict watch is kept on the studies of the students; and *that it is soon discovered if their studies be improper!!* Now what is the inference to be necessarily drawn from this admission? What are the studies that require so much watching? I saw only the standard histories, and most unexceptional works of Christian philosophers; from which then it necessarily follows, that history, philosophy, and discovery—that all books not strictly theological—all, in short, by which the mind can be informed and enlarged, are considered to be *improper studies*." Indeed, upon this subject we have the testimony of the Commissioners of Irish Education, who expressly state (8th Report), "And if any student should read any book prohibited by the president or dean, he is by the statutes of the college liable to expulsion."

<sup>18</sup> In this view, persons of all classes and parties, who are familiar with Ireland, seem to be content. We may be content with citing one of them—one who was a "liberal" in politics, but whose opinions are universally admitted to be shrewd, discriminating, and generally just. Mr. Inglis says, "I had ample opportunity of forming comparisons between the priest of the olden time and the priest of Maynooth; and with every disposition to deal fairly with both, I did return to Dublin with the perfect conviction of the justice of the opinion which I had heard expressed. I found the old foreign educated priest a gentleman, a man of frank easy deportment, and good general information; but in his brother of Maynooth, I found either a coarse, vulgar-minded man, or a stiff, close, and very conceited man; learned, I dare say, in theology,

but profoundly ignorant of all that liberalizes the mind; a hot zealot in religion, and fully impressed with, or professing to be impressed with, a sense of his consequence and influence. I entertain no doubt that the disorders which originate in hatred of Protestantism, have been increased by the Maynooth education of the Catholic priesthood." And again: "I do look upon it as most important to the civilization and to the peace of Ireland, that a better order of Catholic priesthood should be raised. Taken, as they are at present, from the very inferior classes, they go to Maynooth, and are reared in monkish ignorance and bigotry; and they go to their cures with a narrow education, grafted on the original prejudices and habits of thinking, which belong to the class among which their earlier years have passed. From my considerable experience of Catholic countries, I know enough of popery to convince me how necessary it is that its priests should have all the advantages which are to be gathered beyond the confines of a cloister." We have no desire to "rub the sore,"

"When we should give the plaster;"

we, therefore, avoid illustrating these observations with corroborative anecdotes; and equally abstain from quoting authorities whose opinions may be considered as not uninfluenced by prejudice. Lord Alvanley contrasts in very strong terms the "gentlemanly bearing of the old French and Spanish priest," with the "coarse political partisans who compose the priesthood of the present day," and the testimony of John O'Driscoll, Esq., a barrister, and a Roman Catholic, is so strictly in point, that we cannot hesitate to extract it. He states (*Views of Ireland, 1823*), "Before the establishment of the college, the Catholic youth, intended for the priesthood, were, for the most part, educated on the Continent. There they certainly met with prejudices against England, but by no means equal to those they left at home. The prejudices of the Continent were mingled with respect and admiration; in Ireland, the prejudices of the people were mingled with no respect. England was only known as the cause of innumerable calamities to the country; she was only known in the cruelties she had committed, the tyranny she had exercised, and the injustice which marked every hour of her dominion. There was a rooted and rancorous enmity in the popular mind. The youths intended for the Catholic ministry were generally taken from the middle and lower classes of the people; those classes in which prejudice abounded most. When the new establishment began to work, it was called upon to send out its

students young, raw, and badly prepared, with little more than some knowledge of the Latin tongue, some ill-digested scholastic learning, a partial acquaintance with the fathers, and the conceits of a peurile logic. With these acquisitions, they came out also laden with the prejudices of those classes of society from which they were taken. They had brought these with them into college, as into a hotbed, where they had grown and been nourished by the closeness of the place, rather than destroyed by exposure. There was more of the spirit of Rome at Maynooth, than at Rome itself; and we are sure that the pope has less of popery in his mind and character, than some of the young students of that college."

<sup>19</sup> There are many exceptions; but unhappily their voices are unheard, and their counsel is unheeded. The parish priest of Borrisokane, the Rev. James Bermingham, has within the last month published a letter, showing that, in defiance of resolutions adopted by the Roman Catholic Bishops in 1834—"That our chapels are not to be used for the purpose of holding therein any meeting, except in cases connected with charity or religion,"—he has been unable to carry the principle into effect. He adds, with a feeling that does him honour, and in forcible language that we gladly and gratefully quote,—“We all sigh for rest—we long to be released from the ceaseless ‘toil and trouble’ of agitation—we desire that a better feeling should spring up between persons professing the Christian name—and we wish to cultivate with all our brethren the kindly and soothing offices of social life. In accordance with these wishes, entertained by great numbers of the Roman Catholic population of Ireland, would it not be gratifying if our countrymen would turn from the pursuit of objects which, if attained, would not infallibly produce good, but which, in ordinary calculation, are unattainable—would it not, I say, be gratifying if they should turn from what I humbly consider delusions—

‘Dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,’—

and direct their noble energies to the obtaining for our unhappy country measures at once practicable and practical—measures that would not divide, but bind together, reformers of all persuasions—which would tend to improve the country, to give general employment, and thus to alleviate, if not to render comfortable and happy, the condition of our poor fellow-countrymen? The opening of railways through Ireland, under government sanction and support—the improvement of our splendid rivers—the reclaiming of

waste lands generally,—such as these are attainable objects, worthy the attention of a powerful people.”

<sup>20</sup> The leading objections to the system pursued at Maynooth are, in brief, these:—

The amount of knowledge required at entrance is limited in quantity, and far from being good in quality.

The course of study is narrow in its range; dogmatic theology occupies too large a portion of it; physical science is very lightly touched, and the course of metaphysics and ethics is not suited to the present state of mental and moral science.

The discipline is perfectly monastic; it is the iron rule of St. Bernard revived in the nineteenth century.

Sodalities, or religious associations, everywhere the nurses of bigotry, are permitted among the students.

The cultivation of the belles-lettres and general literature is discouraged, if not actually prohibited.

The professors are not appointed by open competition and public examination.

The official visitation is an idle form. There should be a Government Inspector resident on the spot, to report any violation of the condition, expressed or implied, on which the grant is made.

The college should be, undoubtedly, removed from the miserable village where it at present stands, to the immediate neighbourhood of some city; where, while the students are subjected to wholesome and sufficient restraint, they may be permitted occasional intercourse with mankind, instead of being, as they are at present, as completely immured from society as if they had taken the monastic vows. The college might be placed under the Dublin University, and its students be obliged to present themselves twice in the year at the terminal examinations in T. C. D. This, at all events, would insure attention to classics and science. The restrictions on intercourse and communication between the students should be removed. In fine, an effort should be made to have Roman Catholic clergymen educated gentlemen; at present they are only priests. It is an anomaly that the Dublin college should be co-extensive with the university; the Oxford and Cambridge universities contain several colleges and halls. It would be easy to substitute for Maynooth, a college which might form a branch of the Dublin University. Its students might remain subject to their collegiate rule of life, but their educational course would be subject to the university. Such a plan would impose on the Catholic priests the necessity of a more general and liberal course

of study than that adopted at Maynooth; and would, consequently, bring into the priesthood persons of a higher grade in society. A university should be national; a college need not be so. We do not therefore propose any interference with Trinity College; in fact, our plan only follows out the intention of Elizabeth and Charles I., both of whom contemplated the establishment of a second college under the one Irish university. Indeed the plan is partially adopted now—for students in medicine and civil engineering, who are subject to a different *régime* from the other students. We have reason to believe that Mr. Pitt's first design was essentially this, but that he was induced to alter it by certain difficulties connected with the corporate character of the university. These difficulties have been removed by the Reform Bill.

21 Spiritual terrors have to a great extent lost their influence: we have conversed with scores of the peasantry, who have had no hesitation in expressing their contempt of all threats of the kind; but if a peasant quarrels with his priest, or disobeys him, his life is made miserable; he at once becomes a mark for the scorn and enmity of his neighbours; he is opposed and annoyed in all his ordinary dealings; his family are exposed to daily insults; nay, those who hold intercourse with him are equally subjected to punishment. Even this evil, however, is diminishing; the people have been so frequently placed, against their judgments and interests, in collision with their landlords, that they are, very generally, beginning to *reason* on the subject.

22 It has been estimated, and we believe, from various inquiries we have made, the estimate to be by no means exaggerated, that there are in Ireland about 4,000 Roman Catholic priests, whose united incomes amount to about £800,000 per annum. This is calculating to each an annual income of £200. Lord Roden's calculation is to each £150. But this is unquestionably below the mark. If we include the incomes derived by the Roman Catholic bishops, and other dignitaries, the sum will not fall far short of one million per annum. It should be borne in mind, that the priest is paid "in kind" by those who cannot pay in coin. His house is kept in repair, his horse is fed, his harvest is reaped and garnered usually without his incurring expense.

23 Dublin is, in population and extent, the second city of the British empire, and ranks as the seventh of Europe; it is somewhat above three miles long in a direct line from east to west, and of nearly equal breadth from north to south. It is encompassed by a "circular road," in extent about nine Irish miles; in 1841 the population amounted to 232,736. In 1682, the number of inhab-

itants was 64,843; in 1728, 146,075; in 1753, 128,570; in 1777, 138,208; in 1798, 182,370. It contains above 800 streets, and 22,000 houses. It is situated at the western extremity of Dublin Bay; and the river Liffey, which rises among the Wicklow mountains, runs through it; increased by the King's River, the Dodder, and the Tolcan; but these are of small importance. The city occupies a space of 1,264 acres; originally it was confined within walls to the hill upon which the Castle now stands. These walls were not above a mile in circumference. Its increase during the past century was very considerable; but since the Union, its extent has been very little augmented; and the mansions of the nobility have, almost without exception, been converted into hotels, public offices, charitable asylums, or schools. The corporation consists of a lord mayor, aldermen, and common council. The title of *lord mayor* was bestowed on the chief magistrate by Charles I. in 1641. The city returns two members to the Imperial Parliament; and two are also returned for the University. Dublin is the seat of the Vice-regal government. Its first charter was granted by Henry the Second, A.D. 1173—"to the men of Bristol." The ecclesiastical province of Dublin, over which the archbishop presides, comprehends the dioceses of Dublin and Glendalough, Kildare, Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin. Dublin contains two cathedrals—Christ Church and St. Patrick's. The number of vessels belonging to the port in 1836 was 327; and the amount is now nearly the same. The export trade is considerable in the usual articles of Irish commerce—cattle, corn, butter, &c.; but its import trade is by no means great.

<sup>24</sup> The harbour was for a series of years the station for the Dublin packets. It was constructed at a cost to the country of nearly half a million sterling; having been commenced in 1807, and completed in two years, under the superintendence of the late John Rennie, Esq.; but since the construction of Kingstown Harbour, that of Howth has been entirely deserted. On the east pier is a lighthouse, displaying a red light. Mr. Sargent has introduced it into his sketch of the town. The grand lighthouse of Howth, however, stands on a small peninsulated rock, at the eastern extremity, called from its verdure, "the Green Bailey." Seen from every point of view, it is an object of exceeding interest and beauty. Its form is that of a frustrated cone, supporting a lantern which exhibits a fixed bright light. The illumination, according to the system now generally adopted by the Trinity-house, is produced by a set of reflectors ground to the parabolic form, in the foci of which twenty large oil-lamps are placed: an outer

gallery, lightly but securely railed, surrounds the dome. The light is one hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea; and is visible at a distance of seventeen nautical miles in clear weather. The Bailey lighthouse was erected by the Ballast-board of Dublin in 1814; "the Howth light" formerly stood on a hill more to the north, and at an elevation of three hundred feet above sea level; it was found, from its extreme height, to be often involved in clouds and mist, and was therefore abandoned.

<sup>25</sup> "The bold and nearly insulated promontory, called the Hill of Howth," writes Mr. Petrie, "which forms the north-eastern terminus of the Bay of Dublin, would in itself supply abundant materials for a topographical volume—and a most interesting work it might be made. For the geologist, botanist, and naturalist, it has an abundant store of attractions; which its various ancient monuments of every class and age, from the regal fortress, the sepulchral cairn, and the cromleac of Pagan times, to the early Christian oratory, the abbey and the baronial hall of later years, would supply an equally ample stock of materials for the antiquary and the historian."

<sup>26</sup> The original name of the family is said to have been Tristram—and its great founder a knight of the "Round Table." The name was changed in consequence of the vow of one of its members who fought with the Danes at Clontarf, to assume that of his patron saint, if he obtained the victory. This he did, and was thence called St. Lawrence. In the year 1177, when Sir John de Courcy was comanded into Ireland, he entered into an agreement with Sir Armoricus Tristram, a worthy knight, and his brother-in-law, that "whatever they should win in any land, either by service or otherwise, they should divide between them." They landed at Howth, where they were opposed by the Irish, whom they defeated; the victory being mainly attributable to the valour and skill of Amorey, the title and lands of Howth were allotted to him; but they were dearly purchased, for he lost in the encounter "seven sons, uncles, and nephews." The bridge of Evora where the battle is said to have been fought, crosses a mountain stream, that falls into the sea on the north side of Howth, nearly opposite the west end of Ireland's Eye. In clearing out the foundation for the new parish church, erected a few years ago near this spot, a quantity of bones were discovered scattered over an extensive space; and, in the neighbourhood, an antique anvil, with bridle-bits and other parts of horse harness. The knights continued their conquests in various parts of Ireland; but in 1189, on the recall of De Courcy from the government, the Irish resolved upon an effort

to regain their country. Sir Amorey being then in Connaught, was advertised, by letters from De Courcy, of his removal and danger, and desired to hasten to his assistance: accordingly, he set out, attended by thirty knights and two hundred footmen, in order to join his friend; but O'Connor, king of Connaught, understanding his design, assembled all his forces to intercept his march, and, unperceived, surrounded his devoted band. Sir Amorey animated his men resolutely to attack the enemy; but the horsemen seeming inclined to preserve themselves by flight, he cried out, "Who will may save his life by flight on horseback if he can, but assuredly my heart will not suffer me to leave these, my poor friends, in their necessity, with whom I would sooner die in honour than live with you in dishonour." At the same time he thrust through his horse with his sword, saying, "He should never serve against them with whom he had so worthily and truly served before." His example was followed by all the horsemen, except two young gentlemen, whom he ordered to stand on the next hill to see the battle, and after it was over to carry the news to his brother; which they accordingly did, and testified all the circumstances of the transaction. This done, he engaged the enemy, said to be twenty thousand strong, so desperately, that one thousand were slain; but being overpowered by numbers, he and his party perished to a man. "Thus," say the old chroniclers—"thus died Sir Amorey Tristram, who, among a thousand knights, might be chosen for beauty and heroic courage—for humility and courtesy to his inferiors—yielding to none but in the way of gentleness." Such is the history of the first Baron Howth; there never was an attainer in the family; and the present earl is the twenty-ninth representative of the ancient barony.

<sup>27</sup> The castle contains several interesting relics of antiquity; among others, the sword with which Sir Tristram is said to have won the victory at Clontarf, and the bells which formerly belonged to the abbey. "These bells," writes Dr. Walsh, "were discovered by accident." When the new church—a pretty and graceful structure—was built, and it became necessary to provide a bell for it, some one called to mind a tradition that the old ones existed somewhere about the castle. They were sought for and found; and, very properly, preserved by Lord Howth as objects of curiosity. They are "about two feet and a half in height, and one foot and a half in diameter at the base." A singular and romantic legend is attached to Howth Castle. We borrow it from Dr. Walsh. "The celebrated Grana Uille, or Grace O'Malley, noted for her piratical depredations in the reign of Elizabeth, returning on a

certain time from England, where she had paid a visit to the virgin queen, landed at Howth, and proceeded to the castle. It was the hour of dinner—but the gates were shut. Shocked at an exclusion so repugnant to her notions of Irish hospitality, she immediately proceeded to the shore where the young lord was at nurse, and seizing the child, she embarked with him, and sailed to Connaught, where her own castle stood. After a time, however, she restored the child; with the express stipulation that the gates should be thrown open when the family went to dinner—a practice which is observed to this day.”

<sup>28</sup> The view from this tiny island is magnificent in the extreme. We borrow a description of it from an anonymous writer:—“Placed exactly opposite the harbour of Howth, the rugged promontory of Dun Crimthem appears to the left, breasting the surge in all its savage grandeur—the modern railroad now winding up its steep declivity—in front the lighthouse, harbour, town, and ruined abbey church, backed by the serried mountain ridge. To the right, the proud baronial castle of the St. Lawrences, embossed in wood, from which the modest steeple of the parish church peeps forth—the hill gradually sinking, or abruptly breaking down into the low neck that joins it to the highly cultivated level of Fingal—that level dotted with its marks of human life—the shore trending away to the west and north, on which appears the fishing village of Baldoyle, with its tiny fleet of hookers—the bay, enlivened by the glancing sails of the fleet cutter, or surged by the propelling wheels of the rapid steamer; while over and beyond, to the south, rise the Wicklow mountains, their bases hazy and indistinct from the smoke of thousands of habitations, and their indented summits seeming to blend and to harmonise with the blue sky above them—altogether forming a panorama of unrivalled beauty and magnificence.”

<sup>29</sup> The first stone of this extensive and expensive work was laid in 1817, by Lord Whitworth, then Viceroy of Ireland. “The pier,” according to the Picture of Dublin, “extends 2,800 feet, and is at the base 200 feet in breadth; it terminates in a nearly perpendicular face on the side of the harbour, and an inclined plane towards the sea. A quay fifty feet wide runs along the summit, protected by a parapet eight feet high on the outside; there is a beacon to mark the harbour. Close to the pier-head, there is twenty-four feet depth of water at the lowest springs, which it is calculated will allow a frigate of thirty-six guns, or an Indiaman of eight hundred tons, to take refuge within its enclosure; and at two hours’ flood there is water sufficient to float a

seventy-four. Towards the shore, the depth gradually lessens to fifteen or sixteen feet."

<sup>30</sup> The Dublin and Kingstown Railway was opened for the public on the 17th December, 1834; but was not finished the entire distance until the year 1837.

<sup>31</sup> On entering the library through the folding-doors at the head of the stairs, the visitor has before him a room 210 feet long, 41 broad, and 40 high, the largest room used as a library in Europe. It is divided into compartments by oak partitions, each terminated by fluted Corinthian pillars. These are surmounted by a cornice and balustrade of carved oak, forming the front of a gallery, which is continued quite round the room. The number of volumes in the library is about 150,000. The present librarian has zealously exerted himself to render the collection complete, especially in foreign literature. In the eastern pavilion is another collection of books called the Fagel Library, amounting to 20,000 volumes: it was the property of the Fagel family, and was removed to London from Holland in 1794, upon the invasion of that country by the French. The MSS. room contains many valuable manuscripts.

<sup>32</sup> The college is, however, justly proud of its "mathematical men." The present Professor of Natural Philosophy is better known and more often quoted on the Continent, than any other professor in Great Britain. The recent discoveries in the science of optics, so honourable to Trinity College, have been mainly the result of his labours, in conjunction with Professor Lloyd and Sir W. Hamilton.

<sup>33</sup> Hence Dublin University has been sarcastically termed "the silent sister:" but the depressed state of Ireland, as regarded science and literature, until very recently, should be borne in mind; and also the encouragement and assistance usually given at Oxford and Cambridge to authors connected with the Universities, who engage in the production of costly works, the circulation of which must be necessarily limited, and certainly insufficient to pay the expenses of their publication. Hitherto, the only medium by which the discoveries of learned men connected with Trinity College have been made known to the public is, the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy."

<sup>34</sup> The grand portico in College-green extends 147 feet, is of the Ionic order, and though destitute of the usual architectural decorations, "derives all its beauty from a simple impulse of fine art, and is one of the few instances of form only, expressing true symmetry." The tympanum of the pediment in front has in the

centre the royal arms, and on its apex a figure of Hibernia, with Commerce on her left hand, and Fidelity on her right. The pediment over the east front is also ornamented with statues of Fortitude, Justice, and Liberty. The interior of this superb edifice fully corresponds with the majesty of its external appearance. While used as a senate-house, the middle door under the portico led directly to the House of Commons, passing through a great hall called the Court of Requests. The Commons-room formed a circle, 55 feet in diameter, inscribed in a square. The seats were disposed around the room in concentric circles, rising above each other. A rich hemispherical dome, supported by sixteen Corinthian columns, crowned the whole. Between the pillars a narrow gallery was handsomely fitted up for the convenience of the public. A beautiful corridor communicated by three doors with the committee-rooms, coffee-rooms, &c. The House of Lords, to the right of the Commons', is also a noble apartment, ornamented at each end with Corinthian columns. An entablature goes round the room, covered with a rich trunk ceiling, and in a circular recess at the upper end was placed the throne of the Viceroy, under a rich canopy of crimson velvet. This room remains unaltered; it is now designated the Court of Proprietors. It is 73 feet long by 30 broad, and the walls are ornamented with two large pieces of tapestry, representing the battle of the Boyne and the siege of Londonderry, in a state of excellent preservation.

<sup>35</sup> Twelve fluted columns, of the Composite order, thirty-two feet high, form a rotunda in the centre of the building. Above their entablature, which is highly enriched, is an attic ten feet high, with as many circular windows, answering to the inter-columns below, and connected with pendent festoons of laurel in rich stucco-work, and from this rises an elegantly proportioned dome, ornamented with hexagonal *caissons*. The inter-columns are open below to the ambulatory encompassing the circular area in the centre of the building. Ionic impost pilasters, about half the height of the columns to which they are attached, support a fluted frieze and enriched cornice, above which, in the upper spaces of the inter-columns, are panel and other ornaments. The ambulatory is much lower than the rotunda, being covered with a flat ceiling, the height of the impost pilasters, with enriched soffits, extending from these pilasters to others opposite to them against the wall. Between the pilasters are blank arcades with seats.

<sup>36</sup> The Custom-house is three hundred and seventy-five feet in length, and two hundred and five in depth, and exhibits four decorated fronts, answering almost directly to the four cardinal

points of the compass—the south being the principal front. In the interior are two courts, divided from each other by the centre pile, which is one hundred feet broad, and runs from north to south the whole depth of the building. The south, or sea front, is composed of pavilions at each end, joined by arcades, and united to the centre. It is finished in the Doric order, with an entablature, and bold projecting cornice. A superb dome, one hundred and twenty feet in height, surmounts the whole, on the top of which is a statue of Hope resting on her anchor, sixteen feet high. The north front has a portico of four pillars in the centre, but no pediment. The south front is entirely of Portland stone; the other three are of mountain granite.

37 “The whole edifices of the law courts and the law offices together form an oblong rectangle of four hundred and forty feet in front to the river, and one hundred and seventy feet deep to the rear. The centre pile, one hundred and forty feet square, divides off the law offices, and forms two court-yards, one to the east, the other to the west, which courts are shut out from the street by handsome screen walls, perforated by arches (defaced, by the way, by lines of old-book stalls).” The middle structure contains the “Four Courts” of Judicature, Chancery, King’s Bench, Exchequer, and Common Pleas. On the pediment over the portico stands the statue of Moses, with figures representing Justice on the one hand, and Mercy on the other. On the corners of the building, over the coupled pilasters, are sitting statues of Wisdom and Authority. “To have a clear conception of the disposition of the various apartments of the inside,” writes Mr. James Malton, “as they are arranged around the circular hall, it is necessary first to conceive the plan well, which may be distinctly delineated in the imagination, by figuring a circle of sixty-four feet diameter, in the centre of a square of one hundred and forty feet, with the four courts radiating from the circle to the angles of the square.” The various offices occupy the spaces between the courts. The hall is surrounded by Corinthian columns. From the attic springs the dome—seen in Mr. Creswick’s view, and forming a conspicuous object from all parts of the city. In this dome are the eight windows by which the hall is lighted; and between these windows are eight colossal statues in *alto rilievo*—emblematic of Liberty, Justice, Wisdom, Law, Prudence, Mercy, Eloquence, and Punishment. There are also *basso relievo* medallions of the principal lawgivers of the world, and tablets representing the most interesting events in legal history, as the granting of Magna Charta, &c. The ruinous houses in Pill-lane, which

heretofore deformed the back of this structure, have been within the last few years thrown down, and magnificent and spacious additions built. The principal of these are the Rolls Court, the Nisi Prius Court, and the Court of the Commissioners of Bankrupts—a library for the use of the bar, and two large rooms for the convenience of attorneys for a coffee-room.

<sup>38</sup> The Post-office is 223 feet in front, 150 in depth, and 50 feet (three stories) in height, to the top of the cornice. In front is a grand portico, eighty feet in length, consisting of a pediment, supported by six massive pillars of the Ionic order. This pediment is surmounted by three finely-executed statues, representing Hibernia resting on her spear and harped shield; Mercury, with his caduceus and purse; and Fidelity, with her finger on her lips, and a key in the other hand. The tympanum of the pediment is decorated with the royal arms, and a fine balustrade surmounts the cornice all round the top, giving an elegant finish to the whole. This edifice is built of mountain granite, except the portico, which is of Portland stone.

<sup>39</sup> "The History of the City of Dublin, from the Earliest Accounts to the Present Time," 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1348: published in 1818, with numerous illustrations. The work was commenced by Mr. Warburton, keeper of the records of Birmingham Tower; and the Rev. James Whitelaw, vicar of St. Catherine's. The deaths of both these gentlemen while the work was in progress, but in a very unfinished state, consigned the duty of continuing and completing it to the Rev. Dr. Walsh.

<sup>40</sup> The city is known in history by various names. The Irish call it *Drom-coll-coil*—*i. e.* the brow of a hazel wood; another ancient name by which, according to Dr. Walsh, it is "known by the Irish to this day," is *Bally-ath-cleath*—*i. e.* the town of the ford of hurdles, from a common practice of the Irish, who used to make muddy rivers, such as the Liffey was, near its junction with the sea, and near bogs and marshes, fordable by means of hurdles laid down where they desired to pass. It was a rude substitute for a bridge.

<sup>41</sup> The decisive contest with the Danes was fought at Clontarf, a village near Dublin, which skirts the harbour. The "strangers" were assisted by several of the native chieftains, at the head of whom was the king of Leinster. The battle was fought on Good-Friday; and although it was for a long time doubtful, the Irish were at length conquerors; but the victory was saddened by the loss of the good and brave monarch, and nearly all their leaders.

<sup>42</sup> The Anglo-Normans having established themselves in Wex-

ford, their ally Dermot McMorogh persuaded them to attack Dublin, of which they possessed themselves on the twenty-first of September, 1170. The Irish king was stimulated upon this occasion more by a craving for vengeance than a desire to add to his possessions, for the citizens of Dublin had murdered his father; and, as a farther insult, had buried the body in a dunghill with a dog. The Danish king escaped for a time; but returning soon afterwards, he was taken and slain by the Irish deputy (appointed by Strongbow) Miles de Cogan. It is related, that when the vanquished chieftain was brought before the fierce Norman and his officers, "he looked round him with ferocious pride, and bade his conquerors reserve their exultation for a day of final triumph that might never come." The threat cost him his life; he was immediately beheaded. His army was intercepted before they could reach their ships, and nearly the whole of them were slain. Mac Torcall was attended by a Scandinavian giant, named John le Dane. Maurice Regan reports, that this northern Hector was of such enormous prowess, that with one blow of his battle-axe he could cut the thigh-bones of the horsemen like cheese, and their legs would fall off like so many cabbage-stalks to the ground. He fell, however, by the stronger arm of Miles de Cogan. A petty king of the name of Gille Mo Holmock, of Oastman descent, but who had adopted the manners, dress, and habits of the Irish, and who governed a district not far from Dublin, came and offered the English his assistance. "No," says Miles de Cogan, in the pride of his knighthood, "we won't have your help! all we want you to do is this—if we beat the Danes, cut off their retreat to their ships, and help us to kill them; and if we be defeated and are forced to fly—why, fall on us and cut our throats, sooner than let us be taken prisoners by these pirates!"

<sup>43</sup> The records of this tower—in modern times the State Paper Office—would afford materials for one of the most singular and romantic histories ever published. It received its name, according to Dr. Walsh, not from the De Berminghams, who were lords justices in 1321 and 1348; but from Sir William Birmingham, who was imprisoned there in 1331, with his son Walter: "the former was taken out from thence and executed, the latter was pardoned as to life because he was in holy orders." It was the ancient keep, or ballium, of the fortress; and was for a very long period the great state prison, in which were confined the resolute or obstinate Milesian chiefs, and the rebellious Anglo-Norman lords. Strong and well guarded as it was, however, its inmates contrived occasionally to escape from its durance. Some

of the escapes which the historians have recorded are remarkable and interesting; and none more so than that of Hugh O'Donnel, in 1591. From his fastnesses in Donegal, he had intimated designs of maintaining his independence; in consequence of which the lord-justice, Sir John Perrot, laid a plot to obtain possession of his person. Accordingly, in the year 1587, a ship was fitted out, and stowed with Spanish wine, and directed to sail to one of the harbours of Donegal. The vessel put into Lough Swilly, and cast anchor off the castle of Dundonald, near Rathmillan. The captain, disguised as a Spaniard, proposed to traffic with the people of the fortress, who bought and drank until they became intoxicated. The people of the adjoining district did the same, and all the surrounding septs of O'Donnel, Mc Swiney, and O'Dogherty, entered into dealings with the crafty wine-merchant. O'Donnel, among the rest, sent for some of the wine, and was informed that there was no more to sell, but if the young prince would come on board the vessel, he should taste some of the choicest. The bait took; the prince, "overtaken" by drink, was easily secured and conveyed a prisoner to Dublin. Here he remained in custody for above three years. In the year 1591, he and some of his followers descended by means of a rope on the drawbridge, and getting safe off from the fortress, they escaped towards the Wicklow mountains, and reached the borders of O'Toole's country. There O'Donnel was obliged to stop—his shoes had fallen off his feet; and, passing barefooted through the furze and brakes that covered the hills, he soon broke down; and his companions, consulting their own safety, left him with the one faithful servant, who had assisted him and them to descend from the tower. The O'Tooles betrayed him; and he was again a prisoner, under stricter ward, in his old place of confinement. A second time, however, he effected his escape, in company with other prisoners, Arthur and Henry O'Neil. They endeavoured to reach the Wicklow fastnesses of Glen Malur. "In the early period of their flight they were separated from Henry O'Neil, and as night advanced, Arthur O'Neil, being a heavy and inactive man, was obliged to give over, and he laid down drowsily, and slept the sleep of death. Young O'Donnel got a little further, stationed himself under a projecting rock, in order to shelter himself from the snow hurricanes that swept the hills, and sent his servant to Glen Malur. Feagh Mc Hugh, on the arrival of the servant, sent his people, provided with all possible refreshments and clothes, for the relief of the fugitives. O'Neil was

found dead—O'Donnel's young blood was still circulating, but his feet were dreadfully frost-bitten. Every hospitality that the O'Byrne could show to him he did; and when he was able to ride, he forwarded him and his faithful servant, Turlough Buy O'Hogan, on good horses, towards the province of Ulster. On their arrival at the Liffey, they found its usual passes guarded, for the Government were on the watch to prevent O'Donnel's escape to his own country. But the Liffey is in so many places fordable, that he found no difficulty in passing it, and getting through the plains of Meath. On coming to the Boyne, they were obliged to throw themselves on the patriotic fidelity of a poor fisherman, who not only faithfully ferried them over, but also, with no small courage and address, drove their horses before him as cattle he intended to sell in the north country, and so driving them to where their owners were lying in secret, he furnished them with the means of reaching the hills of Ulster; thus regaining, after five years' absence, their own principality. On Hugh's arrival, all the different septs of the country, the O'Donnel, the O'Dogherty, and the Mc Swiney, elected him as 'The O'Donnel,' in the room of his father, who was now much advanced in years, and willing to resign his government to a bolder and steadier hand."

<sup>44</sup>The following description of the ancient character of "the Castle" is gathered from Dr. Walsh. "The entrance from the city on the north side was by a drawbridge, placed between two strong round towers from Castle Street, the westward of which subsisted till the year 1766. A portcullis, armed with iron, between these towers, served as a second defence, in case the bridge should be surprised by an enemy. A high curtain extended from the western tower to Cork Tower, so called after the great Earl of Cork, who, in 1624, expended a considerable sum in rebuilding it. The wall was then continued of equal height until it joined Birmingham Tower, which was afterwards used as a prison for state criminals; it was taken down in 1775, and the present building erected on the site, for preserving part of the ancient records of the kingdom. From this another high curtain extended to the Wardrobe Tower, which served as repository for the royal robe, the cap of maintenance, and the other furniture of state. From this tower the wall was carried to the North or Storehouse Tower (now demolished) near Dame's Gate, and from thence it was continued to the eastern gateway tower, at the entrance of the castle. This fortress was originally encompassed with a broad and deep moat, which has long since been filled up. There were

two sally-ports in the wall, one towards Sheep (now Ship) Street, which was closed up in 1663 by the Duke of Ormond, after the discovery of Jephson and Blood's conspiracy."

<sup>45</sup> St. Patrick's was collegiate in its first institution, and erected into a cathedral about the year 1225, by Henry de Loundres, successor to Archbishop Comyn, "united with the cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Christ's Church, Dublin, into one spouse, saving unto the latter the prerogative of honour." The question of precedence between the sees of Dublin and Armagh was agitated for centuries with the greatest violence, and both pleaded authority in support of their pretensions; it was at length determined, in 1552, that each should be entitled to primatial dignity, and erect his crosier in the diocese of the other: that the archbishop of Dublin should be titled the "Primate of Ireland;" while the archbishop of Armagh should be styled, with more precision, "Primate of all Ireland"—a distinction which continues to the present day. Above two centuries before this arrangement, however, as the diocese of Dublin contained two cathedrals—St. Patrick's and Christ Church—an agreement was made between the chapters of both, that each church should be called Cathedral and Metropolitan, but that Christ Church should have precedence, as being the elder church, and that the archbishops should be buried alternately in the two cathedrals.

<sup>46</sup> The prevailing architectural character throughout the exterior is that of the early pointed style, with not a few incongruous additions, probably the improvements of later days. From the north-west angle of the building rises a square tower of "fair proportions," composed of blue limestone, erected under the care of Archbishop Minot, about the year 1370: this has been sparingly ornamented, but from the nature of the stone, and the accumulation of smoke or soot, these details are nearly illegible. A spire, formed of granite, which has been not inaptly termed a huge extinguisher, was added in 1740. The height of the square steeple is one hundred and twenty feet, and that of the spire one hundred and one, making a total elevation of two hundred and twenty-one feet. The interior is principally divided into a nave with side aisles, a south transept comprising the chapter-house, a north transept lately rebuilt, and occupied as the parish church of St. Nicholas Without; a choir having lateral aisles, and a lady chapel to the eastward of the choir and chancel. The whole is in the pointed style, and in the simple and unadorned mode of design which marks the first regular structures of this species of architecture. The nave is separated from its aisles

by unornamented arches sustained by octangular columns. The choir is on a more liberal scale, and is more highly finished than the nave. This division of the structure displays the original plan in every leading particular, except where cumbrous monuments or cathedral furniture engross the space between the pillars, or otherwise interfere with the general effect. The arches which divide the centre from the aisles are narrow and high pointed, having clustered columns, or rather piers, each component shaft of which finishes in a small and single capital, composed of foliage. There are two ranges of triforia, the arches of the lower tier being separated by a slender central column, that assists in forming two smaller arches beneath the sweep of each pointed opening. The mouldings are in general plain, and the ornaments are chiefly confined to the capitals of the various columns. The roof was originally of stone, but was removed on account of its decayed state, and the present ceiling of stucco, said to be an exact counterpart, has been substituted. It is vaulted and groined by simple intersecting ribs or cross-springers; the windows are all of the triplicated lancet form. The archbishop's throne is of oak, as are the prebendal's stalls; and also those used by the Knights of St. Patrick, over each of which waves the banner of the installed, surmounted by the sword and helmet of the knight; and a fine organ is placed in the screen which divides the nave and choir. The chapter-house, or south transept, exhibits little variation from the character of the body of the cathedral, and the same mode of design is preserved in the lady chapel, to the east of the chancel.

<sup>47</sup> Some of the records connected with Christ Church are very curious. In this cathedral, "in 1487, Lambert Simnell, the impostor, was crowned by the title of Edward VI. The crown used on the occasion was borrowed from a statue of the Virgin, which stood in the church of St. Mary-les-Dames, and shortly after he received the homage of the citizens in the Castle. In 1508, Robert Castele, alias Payneswick, a canon-regular of the Priory of Lanthony, was installed on the 4th of July; and the same year the staff of St. Patrick, which was brought hither from Armagh as a relic of great estimation, was publicly burned. In 1559, a Parliament was held in a room in this cathedral, called the Commons'-house."

<sup>48</sup> The following is Cambrensis' portrait of the renowned knight:—"The earl was somewhat ruddie and of sanguine complexion and freckle-faced, his eies grei, his face feminine, his voice small, and his necke little, but somewhat of a high stature. He was

very liberal, courteous, and gentle; what he could not compass and bring to passe in déed, he would win by good words and gentle speeches. In time of peace, he was more readie to yéeld and obeie than to rule and bear swaie. Out of the campe he was more like to a souldior companion than a capteine or ruler; but in the campe and in the warres he carried with him the state and countenance of a valiant capteine. Of himselfe he would not adventure anie thing, but being advised and set on he refused no attempts; for of himselfe, he would not rashly adventure or presumptuously take anie thing in hand. In the fight and battle he was a most assured token and signe to the whole companie, either to stand valiantlie to the fight or for policie to retire. In all chances of warre, he was still one and the same maner of man, being neither dismaid with adversitie nor puffed up with prosperitie."

<sup>49</sup> The principle of separation is carried to such absurd lengths, that from many of the towns of Ireland—Cork and Wexford, for examples—two coaches start for the metropolis. The spirit of rivalry does not consist in being better horsed, more comfortably furnished, or stopping at the best inns; but the one is known and recognised as the Protestant, and the other as the Catholic coach; and the traveller may be very certain that passengers by either are all of an exclusive character.

<sup>50</sup> It will be scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that these remarks proceed from but one of the authors of this work; that they give the opinions, not of an Irishwoman, but of an Englishman.

<sup>51</sup> One example of the "jackeen" we encountered, a few years ago, in a police-office; we record the anecdote, not only because it pictures the class, but because it illustrates the self-sacrificing generosity of the Irish woman. An itinerant apple-dealer was applying to the magistrate for "justice against a jackeen," who had given her some cause of complaint. "If yer honor plazes to hear me," she said, curtsying respectfully; "if yer honor's so good as to hear me, and let me tell mee story—just from the beginning to the end—and not mind that jackeen that murdered me, yer reverence will understand the rights of it from a poor heart-broken widdy woman with nine soft childer as good as my own, for two of them's my sister's—God be good to her in her grave." Having opened her case, addressed a few words of 'mother's language' to the baby in her arms, and warned two imps at her feet 'to mind their manners, or his worship would put them in the law,' she hitched up her cloak on one shoulder, tucked a few of her straggling locks under a wide-bordered mob-

cap, and rubbing the back of her hand once or twice across her lips, again curtsayed, and again began—"My name, plaze yer honor, is what I go by, Mary Brady—I mean, that's not what I go by, though it's my name—there's some calls me Poll, and more 'College Poll,' because I do be about the University betimes; and twice seven years I've been in the beautiful city, and never was forenint yer honor, or any of yer sort (glory be to God for all his marcies!) but twice—counting this one as nothing—and the other time, sure it was on account of the flaking poor Dan gave me, and the murder of his own lawful babby, which he marked for life through the whiskey. Hould up yer face, little Danny, my man, and let his reverence see 'daddy's mark' on ye, my child!—God help ye, he spiled yer beauty anyhow. Well sure, we little know what's good for us," she added, wiping a genuine tear from her worn eye; "as long as my back was sore with the *flaking*, I was mad enough with him; but now—wouldn't I say, 'Flake away, my jewel, and welcome,' so I had you once out of the cowl'd dirty grave—and love heals all blows. It's little ye thought, Dan darling, yer lawfu wife would have to be chated and insulted by nothing but a bit of a jackeen!"

"Not *cheated*, if ye come to that, Poll," was the faded-looking young man's comment; "not cheated—and if yer worship will listen to me—"

"Listen to you!" repeated Poll. "His honor listen to you! bedad, it's sowld I'd be altogether if you war to begin on yer justification. My lord, the tongue ov him would coax King William off his stand, if he could hear it—that it would! Indeed! his honor is too much of a gentleman to listen to a word out of yer curly head; sure it's justice he's there for, and ain't I a poor widdy of a plaintiff, with no one to spake for me?"

In vain the magistrate endeavoured to bring her to the point—an attempt on such occasions seldom successfully made. At last she seemed inclined to proceed a little faster. "Yer honor's in a hurry, and I'd be sorry to inconvenience ye; but there's many of the collége-boys, born gentlemen, would be here to-day, to stand up for me, 'But,' says I, 'no,' I says, 'I can trust to his noble justice,' I says, 'bould as a lion and bright as a star, that won't let the fatherless and the widdy be put upon by a Dublin jackeen.'"

"Well, but what has he done to you?"

"Is it done to me?—Oh, then, by Saint Patrick, everything he could; in one day—last Friday—God bless it! he had five oranges and three apples ov me, and promised to pay me the next day.

Well, the next day I met him, and axed him for my money. 'The oranges war sour,' he says (that was only one of his lies, saving yer presence); 'but I'll pay you like a man,' he says, and offers me a glass on it—it was such a cowl'd morning. Well, I laid down my basket, and left Jimmy and Johnny, these two innocent childer, to watch it, because, though sometimes obligated to go into such a place meeself just for a drop to keep the wakeness off my heart, I'd scorn to bring up mee childer in low company. Well, I goes in, in all innocence, and he takes a glass and I a taste, and while I was turning the babby in my arms, to give it a drain to keep the cowl'd out, he whips off like a flash o' lightning, and laves me, God held me! to pay for it. Well, you know, that wasn't all, but he makes off with my pipe and tab-baccy, as good as what cost me a *bender*, barring one smoke, out of the basket from the little boys, and a new handkecher."

"Oh, Poll!" exclaimed the defendant, "the handkerchief was my own—my name's on it—oh, honour and decency, Poll!"

"That's no proof, yer lordship; his name's on many a thing he has no call to."

"Have you done now, my good woman?" sighed the exhausted magistrate.

"Plaze yer honor, noble gintleman, I am as good as done, anyhow."

"And now what have you to say for yourself?" he inquired of the threadbare defendant, who managed to get as far away as possible from his fair accuser, and had occupied himself with running his finger round his stock in search of a collar, and then running the whole five into what Mary had aptly termed 'his curly head.'

"Sure, it isn't misdoubting my word yer lordship would be?" inquired the 'widdy,' bridling and jolting the peevish infant a little higher on her arm; "sorra a word but the bare truth I've tould ye, and where's the good o' wasting time with him?"

"What! you want to have it all to yourself, I suppose?" said the patient dispenser of the law, and repeating his question to the man, added an inquiry as to 'what he was.' It was then that 'College Poll' burst forth with a torrent which stunned the magistrate and the court; holding forth her arm at its full stretch, she swept the cloak that had fallen from her shoulder to her side with the other hand, thus leaving her right arm free for the illustration of her eloquence:—

"Plaze yer worship," she commenced, with a satiric smile, "I'd be sorry to see a modest young man like himself wid a blush

on his cheek; and so *I'll* tell ye what he is. He had for his mother a half-lady, who'd spend her husband's week's wages on a feather for her bonnet, coax the holes in her stockings under her heel, and pull down the bill in her *windy* with 'lodgings to let,' whenever a visitor turned the corner; he had a father, whose blood was so thick you could cut it with a blunt knife, and who hung like a cobweb at a government office, whin they were plinty, until it dropped off; and at last took to his relations until they dropped off too; and then, out of rivinge to those who owed him nothing, he advertised for the nearest relation to Ned Murphy, late living in Aungier Street, who would hear of something to his advantage, by applying at 7 Liffey Street, at twelve o'clock the next day; and sure enough above twinty came, and, dying as he was, he had himself lifted to the windy to see how eager those who had refused him another sixpence, and *denied their own blood*, would hurry to make what they could out of his bones! The windy was pushed up, and finding himself too wake to spake to them, he threw the last drop of whiskey he had down his throat, and died."

The unfortunate offspring of such parents had wound his features into a smirk expressive of derision during the painting of this extraordinary picture; but his lip quivered as it was concluded. Nature moved within him, as it does more or less to the last hour of existence in every human being.

"Sure I ought to know it!" she added, after pausing a moment for breath; "wasn't I helping to mind him, for God's sake, at the same time? What he is!—why, there he is! a half-sir at first he was—sometimes dipping his rod in the wather, sometimes poaching, sometimes hanging afther the heels of any one who wanted a turn done too dirty for themselves to do; and all because he was too fine for a trade, and too poor in board and breed for a gentleman! and afther awhile, grown in everything but the Lord's grace, he's fixed as a low jackeen for the rest of his days—scorned by the rich—hated by poor, hard-working, industrious, God-fearing craythurs like meeself—the first to twist a knocker, break a window, or a lamp, or rob one who (and let him deny it if he can) often took the bit of bread or half-potato out of mee own mouth to give it to him—just because of a wakeness not to see the child I lifted out of the measles, when his mother died, lost intirely. And, oh, ye poor brainless spalpeen! to think of yer sarving me such a thrick at the end!"

"Oh, then," said the magistrate, "after all, you are old acquaintances?"

"Yer worship may say that! Haven't I often washed his bits of rags to send him dacent to the Park or Zoologies of a Sunday, because he had no friend but ould Poll, and pledged my basket for a new shirt-collar! The Lord gave him his wits to live by, and the devil stole them from him, and left him enough to be wicked, but not enough to hide the wickedness: there's too many of his sort but not half as many as there used to be! Ah, you dirty snake!" quoth Poll, shaking her fist at the fellow, while a relenting aspect stole over her features; "I could forgive ye anything but the tabaccy, and laving one who often did you a good turn in pledge in such a disgraceful place."

"Do you mean to swear he stole the tobacco?" inquired the magistrate, whose patience was nearly gone.

"Is it swear agin him! Faix I won't; but I'll trust to yer honor to see me righted; that's what I'll do. I'm asier now, the Lord be praised! since I gave him the weight of my tongue."

<sup>52</sup> The Irish servant, however, will seldom consider it dishonest to take food; and thus arises an evil of even greater magnitude than subjection to privation. Throughout Ireland, indeed, all classes appear to have an insurmountable objection to take into account the "aiting and the drinking." Among the upper orders the table is made literally to groan under the weight of food, sufficient in all cases for double or treble the number of guests. We remember an Irish lady, housekeeping for a first time in London, ordering fish, and considering herself insulted when the fish-monger demanded to know how many were to partake of it, in order that he might ascertain what quantity to send. And the habit among the humbler ranks was aptly illustrated to us some time ago. "You may think your wages too low," said a prudent friend of ours to a sort of half-footman, half-gardener, he employed; "but you cost me five-and-twenty pounds a year." "Ah then, mather dear," replied the man; "how do ye make out that? Five-and-twenty! bedad it's meeself would like to feel the weight of mee five-and-twinty, instead of the bare nine pounds split into four quarters. I'll be glad to know how your honour worked the *bare* nine into the five-and-twinty." "Your wages nine, your board and lodging—" "Och, yalla malla!" (an expression of scorn), "if yer honour's going to count the aiting and the drinking agin me! Sure I never thought you'd be so mane as to do the likes o' that!"

<sup>53</sup> "Why do you not send Margaret to Mrs. Mullins?" we said to a small farmer's wife one day. She had been complaining very bitterly of the badness of the times; and we knew that Mrs. Mul-

lins wished to have her daughter Margaret as a sort of "help-to-do-everything" in her house—a species of servitude not understood in England, because each servant's work is *defined*; a plan that prevents confusion. Mrs. Mullins was the wife of a man possessed of two or three hundred acres of land, and who was sufficiently rich to keep his jaunting-car, drink wine on Sundays, and whiskey-punch all the week. "Send her to Mrs. Mullins or any of the *half-gentry*, ma'am?" she answered. "Oh, no!"—"Because you're an O'Brien, I suppose?" we said, smiling. "No, ma'am. In my father's and grandfather's time that would be a *raison*, I own; but people are more knowledgeable now. But stay till I tell you—she'd have three, or maybe four pounds a-year; she'd have her breakfast about nine o'clock; *the food is locked up*; so that if she was fainting, she couldn't get a bit of bread betwixt that and dinner; and dinner in the houses of the *half-gentry for the servants* is never till the parlour dinner is over, maybe five o'clock; *there is no meals but the one* given by the family. And what's the upshot of it?—the wages they get is too small to clothe them; they deny themselves food that they may get the dress, by keeping their breakfast-money for it; or else, what is worse, *they learn to steal*. Food is a great temptation when a poor girl is faint, and *sees it*. Two meals a-day is too little to work on."—"Indeed," we replied, "that is quite true; and the habit of locking up common food is cruelly unwise. There should be no waste, nor should there be any want. But why do you not try to get Margaret into what you call 'the great houses?'" "The wages," she replied, "the treatment, and all, is better there, but they won't take young servants; they get them commonly from Dublin or London—strangers that don't understand our ways. Grand houses are, I suppose, pretty much the same in England and Ireland—the lady only sees the upper servants; for all that I'd be glad to get my little girl into a house where she could learn something, and earn something; but, sure, as for three or four pounds a-year, she can earn that at home, and more, in the fields, at the wheel, the needles, or the straw-plait, and Mrs. Mullins's food isn't (*for the servants*) much better than our own." This we knew to be the fact. The daughter of a decent tradesman or farmer does not 'better herself' by going to service, unless she gets into a *gentleman's family*.

<sup>54</sup> We have said elsewhere that benevolent institutions abound in Dublin; there is one, however, still wanting—one for the encouragement and reward of good servants. Such a society has been established in Belfast, and attended with most beneficial results. We

shall have occasion to speak of this, and much more that is excellent, when we describe "the North."

<sup>55</sup> We ought, perhaps, to mention that our theory is not without practice. One of our own servants—an Irishwoman—has been with us above fifteen years.

<sup>56</sup> Many matters of melancholy interest are associated with the "Liberties" of Dublin. The records of Thomas Street, and the streets in its immediate vicinity, might fill a volume. It was in this street that the gallant and unhappy Lord Edward Fitzgerald was taken, on the 19th of May, 1798. Major Sirr (town-major of the city), having received information that he was concealed in the house of a man named Murphy, a feather-dealer, in Thomas Street, proceeded, with a sufficient force, to arrest him. He was accompanied by Mr. Ryan and Mr. Swan, both officers of Yeomanry. The two burst into the small bedroom in which Lord Edward was sleeping, partly dressed. He was armed with a dagger, with which he mortally wounded Mr. Ryan, having stabbed him in fourteen places, and severely injured Mr. Swan. Mr. Sirr entered while Mr. Ryan and Lord Edward were struggling on the floor, and fired a pistol at his lordship; the ball entered the shoulder, and a short time afterwards, on the 3rd of June, caused his death in the prison of Newgate. "The dagger," says Mr. Moore "was given by Lord Clare, a day or two after the arrest, to Mr. Brown, a gentleman well known and still living in Dublin, who has by some accident lost it. He describes it to me, however, as being about the length of a large case-knife, with a common buck-handle, the blade, which was two-edged, being of a waved shape." Of the room in which this tragic scene occurred, Mr. McManus made a drawing in 1838. He informs us that no change has taken place in its furniture or character since 1798, except that it has received a coat of whitewash—one part of it, however, having been left untouched; this spot is of about a foot square, nearly three feet from the ground. It is covered with large drops of faded blood. The room is small and square, with two windows, and a fire-place projecting into one of the angles,—common in old Irish houses. Even the political enemies of Lord Edward Fitzgerald have rendered justice to his memory; and few men had more, or warmer friends. He was a brave enthusiast, who had unhappily imbibed republican principles by his connection with France; but it is not too much to say, that no "traitor" ever more honestly believed in the justice of a cause, or more conscientiously considered that "rebellion" was duty to his country. With his sad fate, we trust, the evil genius of the "Geraldines"

for ever disappeared. The history of the family, from their first foot-tread in Ireland to the melancholy year '98, might form a volume more full of wonders than a folio of romance.

<sup>57</sup> The jacquard machine, introduced a few years ago by some of the leading manufacturers, is now in general use, and gives great facility in producing a variety of patterns in poplins, or any other description of figured fabric. We had an opportunity of seeing one at work, in the establishment of Messrs. Atkinson and Co., College Green, from whom we derived some interesting information on the subject. They employ, constantly, from a hundred and seventy to two hundred persons, and pay in wages about one hundred pounds weekly. Their trade is principally with England and Scotland; but they have occasional orders from Trieste, Florence, Ostend, Gibraltar, the East and West Indies, and America; there is a prohibitory duty on poplins in France, which prevents their exportation to that country; and the beautiful structure has been patronised by her Majesty (to whom Messrs. Atkinson are the appointed manufacturers) and the English and Irish courts. Their produce, they state, has increased considerably of late years, which they attribute to great and manifest improvements they have effected in their looms, by which they have been enabled to introduce the present mode of brocading poplins in coloured flowers and bouquets, after the French style, instead of, as formerly, having the colours that formed the flower passing from one selvage to another, thereby injuring the ground. Since the introduction of these beneficial changes, they are able to work a description of tabbnet that vies in delicacy and harmony with the richest French silks; and their brocades in gold, silver, and coloured flowers, are of exceeding beauty—even considered as works of art. Messrs. Atkinson have also succeeded in the manufacture of tabarets, of which they produce large quantities of a quality unsurpassed in Great Britain.

<sup>58</sup> It is not easy to procure the "genuine" Irish tabbnet in London; we are given to understand that about four-fifths of the article sold as Irish was never, either as raw or wrought material, in Ireland. As this evil is very prejudicial to a manufacture which ought to be encouraged and deserves encouragement, we may be allowed to direct the attention of the searcher after this graceful, beautiful, and durable article of dress, to Miss Elliott's Irish Tabbnet Warehouse, 43, Pall Mall, where the purchaser may be assured of obtaining it without the danger of an inferior commodity being substituted for the "veritable Irish."

<sup>59</sup> The woollen manufacture of Ireland was famous six centuries

ago, and was an article of export to England in the fourteenth century; the commodity gradually improved, and the trade proportionably increased. Immediately after the cessation of hostilities in the year 1688, the woollen manufacture was established to a considerable extent in the "Liberties." The security of property which occurred after the capitulation of Limerick, induced people to avail themselves of its local advantages, the cheapness of labour, and the abundance of the necessaries of life. The Earls of Meath, to whom the district belonged, as proprietors, were famous for a breed of sheep which in the reign of Charles I. was held in the highest estimation. A number of English manufacturers, therefore, emigrated hither with their properties and families, and settled in the district. They built the Combe, Pimlico, Spitalfields, and other streets named from correspondent places in London, and a square called Weavers', from the new craft introduced. In a short time it became the residence of all that was opulent and respectable in the city. A patent was granted to act plays, and a theatre was built in Rainsford Street. The Earl of Meath's mansion in Thomas Street was deemed by Sir W. Petty to be the most magnificent palace next the Castle of Dublin, and the Duke of Leinster proposed to build the splendid family residence of Leinster House within its precincts. This sudden prosperity was of short duration. The jealousy of England was excited by the rapid progress of the manufacture, and a petition was presented to William III., by the Lords, to prohibit and suppress it. In this the subservient Irish Parliament concurred, and an exorbitant duty was laid on, amounting to a prohibition. The ruin of the trade immediately followed, and with it that of the district. The wealthy employers left the country, and all the population that remained were reduced to great distress. Towards the close of the last century, however, the woollen trade had a temporary revival; in 1792, there were at work upwards of 400 looms, which employed 5,000 persons; but it drooped rapidly, and now the manufacture is confined to a few hands. It is, we believe, more prosperous in some of the provinces than in Dublin; in several towns of the South, there are manufactories in full and profitable work.

<sup>00</sup> It is a singular fact, that little more than thirty years ago, London supplied the whole of Ireland with porter; and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that Ireland is now returning the compliment. It was first produced in Ireland, we believe, by Messrs. Beamish and Crawford of Cork; and its manufacture was the result of accident. These gentlemen were agents for its sale

in the south of Ireland; but on one occasion the prevalence of westerly winds kept them for so long a period without a supply, after their store was exhausted, that they resolved upon an effort to avoid a similar mischance in future, by endeavouring to produce it themselves. They tried the experiment; it was successful, and very little London porter was afterwards imported.

<sup>61</sup> We had an opportunity, when in Dublin, of being present at an exhibition of a variety of articles of Irish manufacture, produce, and invention, shown in the house of the Dublin Society. It was a remarkably interesting and very brilliant scene. The rooms were decorated in a tasteful manner with many-coloured hangings, which set off the several objects to the best advantage, while tables and counters were covered with specimens of the useful and ornamental arts. The court-yard was equally crowded; and, under tents erected for the purpose, were displayed gentlemen's cars, racing-cars, family and shooting cars, from the justly-celebrated factories of the Messrs. Quan; phaetons, double-seated and for the park, carriage-harness, gig-harness, saddles of all kinds, and all conspicuous for good style and admirable finish. Some of the company grouped round a very beautiful jet d'eau, erected by Messrs. M'Anaspie; others were attracted by a circular roof, an example of a Mr. Taaffe's patent slating. The inventions and improvements in various agricultural implements, by Messrs. Sheridan and Son, attracted great attention; then there were other machines for thrashing, and clod-crushing, and horse-churning, and harrows, and turnip drill rollers; and we noted a crate of Irish slates, which appeared remarkably firm, well cut, and of a good size and colour. There was no lack of smaller farming implements. Within as well as without all was bustle and activity. There was a superb ormolu chandelier, of elaborate design and workmanship, from the manufactory of Messrs. Blackwall and O'Brien; the glass, indeed, from various parts of Ireland, was highly creditable to the manufacturers. The Rings-end Glass Works contributed their fair proportion; and the Society's medal, we understood, was awarded to a splendid lantern, worthy of a royal entrance. We lament we have forgotten the name of the party to whom it was adjudged. The imitations of Bohemian glass were excellent. Among the leading attractions were the variety and magnificence of Messrs. Atkinson's and Fry's Irish poplins. Mr. Atkinson sent a tabbnet loom, which was at full work. There was also a piece of Irish velvet, of so pure an emerald green, and so rich a pile, from Dowling's, that it might rival the looms of Genoa, though inferior in lightness to that

manufactured at Lyons; a velvet loom belonging to Mr. Jones was also at work. In the production of linen and damasks the country is unsurpassed. The damasks of Ardoyne are of the most perfect workmanship; and we have purchased at Goehegan's, in Sackville Street, Irish linen and Irish cambric that would bear competition with the best imported from Holland. There were two alto-relievos, by a lady; one, modestly called "a *sketch* of a scene at an Irish fair;" the other, an illustration of Carlton's tale—"The Rival." Of these we can hardly speak too highly, and yet they were richer in promise even than in fulfilment. The specimens of improved fire-arms were numerous; one was a case from the Messrs. Rigby; another from Messrs. Pattison; and a table of Irish "bog oak" was of great beauty, exquisitely carved. There was a very "poetical" improvement of the hour-glass, making the silent sand to strike upon a bell: the sand as it moves divides its time on a dial affixed to the instrument, so that if the glass be timed for an *hour*, the minutes will be marked on the dial as the sand passes. This pretty toy is the invention of Christopher M'Dermot. The first silver chromatic slide trumpet ever manufactured in Ireland was close to a "slaughtering instrument," invented by Major Moore, with a view to prevent animal suffering; and a pile of utilities from the admirable Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Claremont; while a patriotic lady (Hon. Mrs. Wingfield) contributed to the exhibition delightful specimens of cottage industry, in cushion lace, and various beautiful knitted articles. Many ladies sent specimens of their own work, doubtless for the purpose of encouraging industry in others. We regretted that only one manufacturer of Limerick lace sent a specimen to emulate Mr. Forrest of Grafton Street. The lace trade employs so many females that we much desire its extension. There was an abundance of scientific instruments, and a number of beautiful articles manufactured from the arbutus wood by Mrs. Neatt of Killarney. The specimens of the glove trade were all good. There were several beautiful tables, one in particular, of Irish yew; and it must be evident to all that the cabinet-makers of Dublin possess both taste and skill. Another carved table of black oak was, as it should be, massive and unique, and did honour to the taste and judgment of Mr. Boyle. The specimens of Irish marbles were satisfactory in the highest degree, and though we thought one or two of the chimney-pieces in bad taste, the grain, colour, and polish of the marble, prove how useful and ornamental it might be made. Mr. Hennessy of Cork contributed a number of curious and interesting inventions connected with the sea, par-

ticularly a cloth, which he states he intends to supersede the necessity of plank in many instances. In short, the whole collection, amounting in number to above 600 articles, was honourable to the country and the arts.

<sup>62</sup> The Royal Hibernian Academy, notwithstanding this advantage, appears to have effected very little for the fine arts in Ireland; the state of which, until recently, was a reproach to the country. The annual exhibitions were either so unsatisfactory or unproductive, or both, that they were discontinued for some years, and the sale of a picture by an Irish artist was an event, we believe, unrecorded in its annals. An impulse, however, has been lately given to the arts in Ireland, which we trust will be as permanent as it is extraordinary. We refer to the establishment of an "Art-union" Society, chiefly by the exertions of Stewart Blacker, Esq., its honorary secretary. The nature of "Art-union Societies" is universally known; and it is needless to observe, that the possessor of the print had also for his guinea the chance of "a prize," varying in value from ten to eighty guineas. It may be well to remark, however, that the selections of the Irish Society, are not, as those of the Scottish Society are, limited to the productions of native artists; they are taken without distinction from the painters of all countries; although the works of the Irish artists are, as they ought to be, preferred, when possessed of merit sufficient to justify the choice. There is, assuredly, no society of the kind in Great Britain that advances claims so strong upon the co-operation of all who desire the advancement of the fine arts, and to extend their humanising influence; and hitherto there have been none that have given such "good value" for the guinea subscribed. We hope, therefore, our observations may direct public attention to this flourishing and most valuable institution; the effects of which upon Ireland have been already most beneficial, and may be made salutary to an incalculable extent.

<sup>63</sup> Anecdotes of the Dublin Theatres might form a curious and interesting history. The earliest was built in 1635, under the patronage of Lord Strafford, by John Ogilby, the translator of Homer, for whom Shirley wrote his play of "The Royal Master," originally performed in Dublin. The next was erected in Smock Alley, then Orange Street; but it fell in during representation, and several persons were killed. It was subsequently repaired, and Farquhar (a native of Londonderry) made his first appearance there; so also did "Peg Woffington." Early in the last century there were no fewer than five theatres in the city. The Crow

Street Theatre was opened in the year 1758. "The Theatre" has always been a favourite place for giving exit to ebullitions of wit—and sometimes an arena for the exhibition of sharper weapons. At every performance, indeed, there is sure to be some characteristic display of Irish humour.

<sup>64</sup> The cost of this absurdity exceeded £20,000; the amount having been raised "by subscription." It is formed of mountain granite. On the summit of a flight of steps stands a square pedestal, on the four sides of which are panels, with figures in *basso-relievo*, emblematic of the principal victories won by the noble Duke. From this rises the massive obelisk, truncated, of thick and heavy proportions. On the sides of the obelisk, from the top to the base, are inscribed the names of all the places in which victories were gained by the Duke, from his first career in India to the battle of Waterloo. Opposite to, and standing on the centre of the principal point, is an insulated pedestal, on which "it is intended to place an equestrian statue of the hero after his decease." The dimensions of this structure may be estimated from the following measurements:—The lowest step, forming the base, 480 feet in circuit; perpendicular section of steps, 20 feet; sub-plinth of pedestal, on top of steps, 60 feet square, by 10 feet high; pedestal, 56 feet square, by 24 feet high; obelisk, 23 feet square at base, and 150 high; diminishing in the proportion of one inch to the foot. Total height of the Testimonial, 205 feet.

<sup>65</sup> The column was erected in 1745, by the then Lord Lieutenant, Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. It has contributed to the popular error, which derives the title of the park from the bird of fable. Its origin, however, is far more natural. According to Dr. Walsh, "In the Irish vernacular, *Fionnuiſge*, pronounced *Finnisk*, signifies clear or fair water, and, articulated in the brief English manner, exactly resembles the word *Phœnix*. At length the park became known, even at an early period, by no other appellation." The spring, or well, so called, still exists. It is situated in a glen, beside the lower lake, near the grand entrance to the Viceregal Lodge, and has been much frequented from time immemorial for the supposed salubrity of its waters. It is a strong chalybeate. It remained, however, in a rude and exposed state till the year 1800, when, in consequence of some supposed cures it had effected, it immediately acquired renewed celebrity.

<sup>66</sup> "Donnybrook"—the little brook—is so called from a mountain stream, "the Dodder," which runs through the suburb. The

fair lasted for eight whole days of the month of August. We borrow from an anonymous writer a few passages sufficiently expressive of its old character:—"Here a troop of itinerant equestrians, exciting the astonishment of the country clown and the well-dressed cit; there a merry-go-round full of boys and girls, getting their pennyworth of fun; yonder a tent crowded with lads and lasses, tripping it on 'the light fantastic toe;' or gazing in admiration on some heavy-legged bog-trotter, footing a hornpipe to the music of a pair of bagpipes, or the notes of a half-drunken scraper on three strings; while thickly studded round may be seen tents crowded with the drinking and the drunken—the painted 'Jezebel,' or the half-tipsy youngster lovingly caressing 'the girl of his heart,' whose flushed cheek and glancing eye too plainly indicate that she herself has already had a goodly portion of the intoxicating draught; while in the distance, in various directions, may be seen the waving of the shillelah, and heard the brawling of a party daring some other to the deadly strife. Amidst what is considered by some as mere merriment and mirth—we venture to say there is more misery and madness, devilment and debauchery, than could be found crowded into an equal space of ground in any other part of this our globe, or in any other part of Ireland during five times the same space which is spent at Donnybrook, in one given year; and be it remembered, the scenes here described are those which take place during the light of day—the orgies of the night, when every species of dissipation and profligacy is practised without restraint, may be better imagined than described."

<sup>67</sup> A pretty accurate description of Donnybrook sports is conveyed by an old rhymester:—

"Such crowding and jumbling,  
And leaping and tumbling,  
And kissing and stumbling,  
And drinking and swearing,  
And carving and tearing,  
And coaxing and snaring,  
And scrambling and winning,  
And fighting and flinging,  
And fiddling and singing."

<sup>68</sup> "A third part of the public lay, or rather rolled, about drunk; others ate, screamed, shouted, and fought."—*Prince Pückler Muskau*. "Nothing, indeed," adds the prince, "*can be more national.*"

<sup>69</sup> Glasnevin is a village rich in historic and classic associations: the ground now converted into a botanic garden, was formerly the property of Tickell, the poet, from whose representatives it was purchased. One of the original walks—a straight avenue of yew-trees—was planted under the direction of his friend Addison; and tradition states, that underneath its branches he composed the exquisite ballad of "Colin and Lucy." At a short distance is Hampstead, once the residence of Sir Richard Steele; and a little farther was the glebe-house of Finglas, in which lived the poet Parnell. More immediately in the neighbourhood is Delville—a demesne laid out by Delany, the friend of Swift; and here, it is said, the witty Dean not only composed, but actually printed some of the most biting of his satires—which no printer of Dublin would have dared to put to press. The belief that they were produced in this calm retreat, received, according to Dr. Walsh, confirmation strong about the beginning of the present century, when, "in removing the lumber of an out-office, preparatory to its being pulled down, a printing-press was found concealed among it."

<sup>70</sup> Among the successors of St. Patrick were many distinguished saints. St. Canice, to whom the parish church is dedicated, and whose name is engraved on the ancient communion-service plate, was followed by others, whose bones repose under the chancel of the church; and since the time of the Reformation the benefice has been filled by several distinguished men. The learned Archbishop Ussher was incumbent of Finglas, and separated the vicarial from the rectorial tithes, because he thought he could not conscientiously receive the whole. Since then, the rectorial tithes form part of the corpus of the chancellor of St. Patrick's. Among the vicars of Finglas was the poet Parnell, whose autograph is still extant in the vestry books. During his incumbency, a wing of the church was allocated for a public library for the benefit of the parishioners. He did not live, however, to enlighten them. There is an extraordinary inaccuracy in all his biographers with respect to the date of his death; Goldsmith, Johnson, Chalmers, &c., declare he died in July, 1717, yet his autograph is found in the vestry book on Monday in Easter week, April 14th, 1718. He went to London, to which place resolutions of the vestry, to complete his design, were forwarded to him; but he died at Chester on his way back. The empty wing of the church was never filled with books, but still remains to attest his zeal for literature. The present vicar is the Rev. Robert Walsh, LL.D., to whose "History of Dublin"

we have made such frequent reference. He was for a long period chaplain to the British Embassy at Constantinople, and his account of that country ranks among the standard works of English literature. Few men, indeed, have contributed more extensively or more beneficially to the great store of knowledge.

<sup>71</sup> There are several remarkable and interesting sepulchral monuments in the church of Lusk. Among them is one to Sir Christopher Barnewell, with this rather singular inscription: "This monument is made for the right worshipful Sir Christopher Barnewell, of Turvey, Knight, by the right worshipful Sir Lucas Dillon, of Moymet, Knight, and Deam Marion Sharl, his wife, who married herr three years after the death of the said Sir Christopher, herr first and lovinge hoosbande, who had issue five sons and fifteen daithers by herr." The names of the children are engraved on the north side of the monument; of the twenty children, fifteen lived to maturity; eleven of them were daughters, who married into some of the noblest houses in the kingdom. The monument is composed of different materials; the principal figures being sculptured in grey Italian marble, whilst the lower part of the tomb is entirely of the marble of Kilkenny. Sir Christopher is represented in a rich suit of armour; the lady lies by his side, in the round cap and high ruff of the period. Her petticoat is of cloth of gold, and from her girdle hangs a chain of fine workmanship. Sir Christopher died on the 7th August, 1575; and his lady, then the widow of Sir Lucas Dillon, on the 8th of June, 1607.

<sup>72</sup> It is said that the church was unroofed by Miles Corbet, who converted it into an outhouse for cattle. The only remarkable monument it contains is that to the memory of the Hon. Maud Plunkett, the lady of Sir Richard Talbot, Knight of Malahide. Her fame is derived from the fact, that she was "maid, wife, and widow" in one day; for her first husband, son to the Baron of Galtrim, was summoned from the altar to head his followers, and "scatter a gathering of the Irish;" and in the skirmish he was slain.

<sup>73</sup> Ledwich gives a view of this church in his "Antiquities." "It is," he says, "a curious structure, forty-eight feet long by eighteen wide. There is a double stone roof; the external which covers the building, and that which divides the lower from the upper story. You enter the crypt through a small door to the south. Just as you enter, the tomb of St. Doulough present itself; the tomb projects so far into the room, that together with the stairs of the tower and the legs of the arches,

it can contain but few people: it seems designed for no other purpose but the separate admission of those who came to make their prayers and offering to the saint. From this room, by stooping, you pass a narrow way, and enter the chapel. This is twenty-two feet by twelve, and lighted by three windows, one to the east and two to the south; the arches pointed, and decorations Gothic: these, with the tower, are later additions. The roof is of stone, and carried up like a wedge; the stones which cover it are not large, but so well bedded in mortar, that after many centuries the roof admits neither light nor water."

<sup>74</sup> This was not inaptly described in the *Athenæum* of 5th September, 1835, among other matters connected with the British Association, thus:—"To understand the care that has been taken to insure accuracy, it would be necessary to visit the office in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, and investigate the complicated intellectual machinery, by which the detached observations of those employed on the survey are collected and reduced. We use the word 'machinery,' because no other could express the regularity with which the minutest division of labour in the several departments is preserved, the strict limitation of every person employed to his own peculiar branch of business, and the steady union of all in producing a harmonious result."

<sup>75</sup> The same policy was unhappily carried down to an age much nearer our own. One of the "penal statutes" enacted, that "whatsoever person of the Popish religion shall publicly teach at a school, or shall instruct youth in learning in any private house within this realm, or shall be entertained to instruct youth in learning, as usher, under-usher, or assistant, by any Protestant master, be esteemed or taken to be a Popish regular clergyman, and shall be prosecuted as such, and incur such pains, penalties, and forfeitures, as any Popish regular convict is liable to by the laws and statutes of this realm." A reward of ten pounds was given to any person "discovering a Popish schoolmaster or usher."

<sup>76</sup> From 1789 to 1800, the Parliamentary grants averaged £12,500. After the Union, however, they rapidly increased from £18,217. 4s. 7d. (in 1801) to £41,539 (in 1817). The Commissioners of Inquiry give the following tabular view of the expenditure of the "Incorporated Society," and the results, between the years 1802 and 1808, inclusive:—

Years.	Expenditure.	Children Main- tained, Clothed, and Edu- cated.		
		£	s.	d.
One Year to 5th Jan. 1802 .....	29,133	6	6½	2085
“ 1803 .....	27,040	5	9½	2055
“ 1804 .....	28,796	4	7	2015
“ 1805 .....	30,148	8	5	2083
“ 1806 .....	30,384	18	11	2094
“ 1807 .....	33,878	7	2	2137
“ 1808 .....	31,722	17	8½	2187
	211,104	9	1½	14,656
Average Expenditure .....	£30,157 15 7			
Average Number of Children .....	2093			
Average Annual Expense of each Child .....	£ 14 8 2			

<sup>77</sup> To account for this feeling, it will be necessary only to extract a few passages from the Catechism in use in all these schools; at least until within a comparatively recent period. “Q. Is the church of Rome a sound and uncorrupt church? A. No; it is extremely corrupt in doctrine, worship, and practice. Q. What do you think of the frequent crossings, upon which the Papists lay so great a stress in their divine offices, and for security against sickness and all accidents? A. They are vain and superstitious. The worship of the crucifix, or figure of Christ upon the cross, is idolatrous; and the adoring and praying to the cross itself is, of all the corruptions of the Popish worship, the most gross and intolerable.”

<sup>78</sup> “Few Catholics pass by these schools without looking on them with a jealous eye, and vent their feelings by curses and execrations, with gestures and emphasis, which bespeak their heartfelt anguish. I have myself frequently heard these people so express themselves.”—*Wakefield*, vol. ii. p. 411.

<sup>79</sup> *Suspicion* that proselytism was really designed operated as injuriously as if evidence of it actually existed; if, indeed, such evidence were not supplied by the fact, that many of the schools of the Kildare Street Society were in connection with other societies—the Hibernian and Baptist Societies—the avowed object of which was to proselytise. Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, in his answer to the Commissioners, grounds his objection to the Kildare Street Society (1824) mainly on this fact. The Commissioners appear to have taken great trouble in the hope of reconciling differences between the two

churches; without effect however: neither would concede sufficiently; the Commissioners aimed at "a system of united and general education, from which suspicion should, if possible, be banished." They were led to believe that "no system could obtain general and cordial support in Ireland which should not, in addition to elementary knowledge, afford the opportunity of religious instruction to persons of all persuasions;" and "the great difficulty they experienced was in endeavouring to provide a work compiled from the Four Gospels;" failing in this, which they considered an essential point, they "desisted from all further attempts to carry it into execution." The authorised version was refused on one side, the Douay version on the other, and a mixture of the two versions—suggested by Dr. Murray—was rejected as a "mutilation of the Scriptures," an unmeaning phrase, of which much evil use has been made. We do not perceive that any person suggested a *new translation*; but it is more than probable such a proposal would not have been listened to.

<sup>80</sup> "The common schoolmaster is generally a man who was originally intended for the priesthood, but whose morals had been too bad, or his habitual idleness so deeply rooted, as to prevent his improving himself sufficiently for that office. To persons of this kind is the education of the poor entirely intrusted; and the consequence is, that their pupils imbibe from them enmity to England, hatred to the government, and superstitious veneration for old and absurd customs."—Wakefield (1812). Mr. Spring Rice (Lord Monteagle) stated in the House of Commons (1822), that there were 8,000 schoolmasters in Ireland; "among these, he was sorry to say, there existed much mischief." Mr. Grant (Lord Glenelg) corroborated this statement. "The schoolmasters and the books," he observed, "were of the very worst species."

<sup>81</sup> "History of the Seven Champions;" "History of Fair Rosamond and Jane Shore;" "Ovid's Art of Love;" "Irish Rogues and Rapparees;" "Francis, a notorious robber teaching the most dexterous art of Thieving;" "History of celebrated Pirates;" "Moll Flanders;" "The Devil and Doctor Faustus;" "History of Witches and Apparitions," &c. &c. &c. The ballads in common circulation were of a still worse character; we have an extensive collection now before us; a large proportion of them are political, filled with the very worst sentiments; others contain expressions of sympathy for men who have died on the gallows; and all are pregnant with danger.

<sup>82</sup> Even the "Life of James Freney, commonly called Captain

Freney, from the time of his first entering on the highway in Ireland, to the time of his surrender, being a series of five years' remarkable adventures, written by himself," is now a "scarce book;" although an edition of it has been printed in nearly every town in the south of Ireland.

<sup>83</sup> The contemplated appointment of the "Board" was first announced in a letter—dated October, 1831—addressed by Mr. Secretary Stanley (now Lord Stanley) to the Duke of Leinster. It is expedient to extract the following passages from it:—

"The Commissioners, in 1812, recommended the appointment of a Board of this description to superintend a *system of education from which should be banished even the suspicion of proselytism, and which, admitting children of all religious persuasions, should not interfere with the peculiar tenets of any.* The Government of the day imagined that they had found a superintending body, acting upon a system such as was recommended, and *intrusted* the distribution of the national grants to the care of the Kildare Street Society. His Majesty's present Government are of opinion that no private society, deriving a part, however small, of their annual income from private sources, and only made the channel of the munificence of the legislature, *without being subject to any direct responsibility,* could adequately and satisfactorily accomplish the end proposed; and while they do full justice to the liberal views with which that society was originally instituted, they cannot but be sensible that one of its leading principles was calculated to defeat its avowed objects, as experience has subsequently proved that it has. The determination to enforce in all their schools the reading of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment was undoubtedly taken with the purest motives; with the wish at once to connect religious with moral and literary education, and at the same time not to run the risk of wounding the peculiar feelings of any sect by catechetical instruction or comments which might tend to subjects of polemical controversy. But it seems to have been overlooked, that the principles of the Roman Catholic Church (to which, in any system intended for general diffusion throughout Ireland, the bulk of the pupils must necessarily belong) were totally at variance with this principle; and that the indiscriminate reading of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment, by children, must be peculiarly obnoxious to a church which denies, even to adults, the right of unaided private interpretation of the sacred volume with respect to articles of religious belief.

"Shortly after its institution, although the society prospered and extended its operations under the fostering care of the legislature, this vital defect began to be noticed, and the Roman Catholic clergy began to exert themselves *with energy and success* against a system to which they were on principle opposed, and which they feared might lead in its results to proselytism, even although no such objects were contemplated by its promoters. When this opposition arose, founded on such grounds, it soon became manifest that the system could not become one of national education."

Lord Stanley—some time afterwards—thus more definitely described the object of the plan:—"To diminish the violence of religious animosities by the association of Protestant and Roman Catholic children, in a system of education in which both might join, and in which the large majority, who were opposed to the religion of the state, might practically see how much there was in that religion common to their own;" and he further adds, as the main purpose of the institution—"to give the great bulk of the Roman Catholic population as extensive a knowledge of Scripture *as they could be induced to receive.*"

<sup>84</sup> We quote this passage from the evidence of the Dean of Ardagh before a committee of the House of Commons; we do so, however, because we know it to express, not the feeling of a solitary individual, but that of the Protestants generally. The chief objection urged against the Kildare Street Society was, that it was "ruled by a majority decidedly partisan." The Government sought the remedy of one evil by the creation of another; for not the majority, but the whole, of the Education Board was "decidedly partisan."

<sup>85</sup> We are fully aware that this fact is met, on the part of "the Board," by the assertion, that wherever a school was so built, it was because *no other piece of ground* was to be procured in the neighbourhood; and that, in erecting a school thus contiguous to a chapel, they had only "Hobson's choice." Indeed it is but just to state that the following passage occurs in one of the earliest of the plans circulated by the Board:—"Although the Commissioners do not absolutely refuse aid towards the erection of school-houses on ground connected with a place of worship, yet they much prefer their being erected on ground which is not so connected, where it can be obtained; they therefore expect that before church, chapel, or meeting-house ground be adopted as the site of a school-house, inquiry be made whether another convenient site may be obtained, and the result of the

inquiry stated to them." But we speak within our own knowledge when we state that, in many instances, very shallow arguments for preferring chapel-grounds were accepted as reasons cogent and conclusive.

<sup>86</sup> Of this we have an example in our clergyman who, in his evidence before the House of Lords, did not hesitate to express his opinion, that "it would be better for the Government to leave the Irish children without religious education, or *without any education at all*, than to take a part in bringing them up as Roman Catholics." Akin to this is the opposition of Dr. M'Hale, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam; characterised by intolerance and bigotry unworthy of a scholar and a Christian; and reminding one of the foolish ignorance and gross prejudice of some of the Indian castes, who will die of starvation rather than receive food that has been polluted by the touch of an outcast Paria.

<sup>87</sup> Religious education is only *not enforced* in these schools; it is however inculcated as a duty on the part of those who stand in the relation of pastors to the children; and the Commissioners, in their instructions to their Inspectors, thus express themselves:—

"As the Holy Scripture is itself unhappily a subject of controversy in this country, both in regard to the books which constitute Scripture, and to the translation of it; and as the introduction of the Bible into schools for common education has created much contention and dispute, and prevented a very large portion of the poorer classes in Ireland from sending their children to schools receiving Government aid, it is not to be introduced during the hours set apart for common education; but every facility is to be given for the reading and explaining of the Scriptures, either before or after these hours, or for any other mode of communicating religious instruction by such pastors or other persons as are approved by the parents or guardians of the children." Very recently, however, this rule has been thus modified—whether wisely or unwisely is, we think, at least doubtful. "We therefore propose modifying the letter of the rule, so as to allow religious instruction to be given, and of course the Scriptures to be read, or the Catechism learned, during *any of the school-hours*, provided such an arrangement be made as that no children shall take part in, or listen to, any religious reading or instruction to which their parents or guardians object."

<sup>88</sup> The training masters and mistresses to superintend the schools

is a prominent and most important part of the system. The men who are sent up to Dublin from the provinces, with proper certificates as to character and capabilities, are boarded and lodged at the agricultural school at Glasnevin, where they have also opportunities of noticing practical husbandry; the room in which they assemble is hung with large maps, &c., where, during the evenings, they go over and rehearse the lessons of the day; and the domestic arrangements are such as to inculcate neat and orderly habits. Our visit to this department of the establishment gave us a strong impression of the good likely to result from the arrangement. They attend at the institution for several hours on each day, except Sundays, during six months; and are daily subjected to examination by the resident directors. Public examinations, to ascertain their progress, take place twice a-year; they are *classed* according to their proficiency; and on proceeding to their schools are paid annual salaries, varying from £10 to £30. They are permitted to increase their incomes by receiving payment for education from the parents of the children. These payments are sometimes as low as 4s. per annum, and sometimes as high as 30s. It is very desirable that every pupil should pay something—no matter how trivial the amount. It relieves the party receiving the benefit from the weight of charity, and begets feelings of independence. We attended two or three of the ordinary examinations of the masters; and certainly found many of them to be persons under whom we would ourselves gladly have studied; they were subjected to very rigid examinations upon all the subjects in which they would have to instruct.

<sup>89</sup> We procured copies of, we believe, all the books that have been issued by the Board; and have no hesitation in stating, that works better calculated for education, in all the leading branches, were never produced. We know of none that may be so safely recommended to schools generally, of any grade, or to families of any rank. We have an "English Grammar" exceedingly simple and comprehensive; "Books of Arithmetic," for various classes; books on "the Elements of Book-keeping," and on "the Elements of Geometry;" "a Treatise on Mensuration;" "an Introduction to the Art of Reading, with suitable accentuation and intonation;" "Books of Lessons"—commencing with instructions for the very young, and advancing so as to suit matured pupils;—these books consist of selections, in prose and poetry, from the best and most popular British authors,

compiled with a view to the combination of amusement with information; the fifth of the series being more directly devoted to the useful, and containing a variety of extracts arranged under the following heads:—Physical Geography and Geology; History; Physiology, vegetable, and animal; Natural Philosophy and Chemistry; and at the end of the volume are several “poetical pieces.” The book is illustrated by explanatory cuts. “The Reading Book” is an admirable compilation, and, we venture to say, does not contain a single passage that could be objected to upon any ground.

<sup>90</sup> We print one of these, headed “General Lesson” because its “principles” are commanded to be “generally inculcated in all the schools,” and “a copy of it on pasteboard” is required to “be hung up in each school;” we have never visited any school in which it did not immediately catch the eye:—

Christians should endeavour, as the Apostle Paul commands them, “to live peaceably with all men” (Romans xii. 18); even with those of a different religious persuasion.

Our Saviour, Christ, commanded his disciples to “love one another.” He taught them to love even their enemies, to bless those that cursed them, and to pray for those who persecuted them. He himself prayed for his murderers.

Many men hold erroneous doctrines; but we ought not to hate or persecute them. We ought to seek for the truth, and hold fast what we are convinced is the truth; but not to treat harshly those who are in error. Jesus Christ did not intend his religion to be forced on men by violent means. He would not allow his disciples to fight for him.

If any persons treat us unkindly we must not do the same to them; for Christ and his apostles have taught us not to return evil for evil. If we would obey Christ, we must do to others, not as they do to us, but as we would wish them to do to us.

Quarrelling with our neighbours and abusing them, is not the way to convince them that we are in the right, and they in the wrong. It is more likely to convince them that we have not a Christian spirit.

We ought to show ourselves followers of Christ, who, “when he was reviled, reviled not again.” (1 Peter ii. 23,) by behaving gently and kindly to every one.

<sup>91</sup> It is only justice to state that the Board has made continual and earnest efforts to induce the clergy of the Established Church

to accept aid; and has gone great lengths to disarm hostility by persuasive gentleness; this is admitted by its warmest opponents.

<sup>92</sup> In day-schools for the better orders in Ireland, the Protestants and the Roman Catholics have always mingled without hesitation or suspicion; and in all probability a pupil of either class would be immediately removed, if the parents found that the master was giving him *religious* instruction. In our youth we attended a day-school, the master of which was a member of the Society of Friends; his scholars were of various religious denominations. In the same city there were two other leading schools; the principal of one was a Roman Catholic, and we venture to assert that many of his pupils were Protestants; the director of the other was a Protestant, and we know that a very large proportion of his scholars were Roman Catholics.

<sup>93</sup> Hugh De Lacy, to whom Meath was granted, and who was one of the most conspicuous of the Anglo-Norman invaders, was treacherously killed at Durrow, in the Queen's County, by a labouring man; who, with his axe, struck off the head of the great soldier, as he was stooping to give him some directions concerning the hewing of a block of timber. Cambrensis thus chronicles the event: "On a time, as each man was busilie occupied—some lading, some heaving, some planting, some graveng, the general himself also digging with a pickage; a desperate villaine among them, whose tooles the nobleman was using, espieing both his hands occupied, and his bodie inclining downwards still as he stroke, watched when he so stooped, and with an axe cleft his head in sunder, little esteeming the torments that for this traiterous act ensued. His bodie," adds the chronicler, "was buried at Bective, and his head in St. Thomas Abbei at Dublin. A valuable little book, giving a history of the De Lacys, and containing a mass of interesting facts connected with the castle and town of Trim, from the earliest periods, has been printed by the Rev. R. Butler, rector of the parish.

<sup>94</sup> Here, in 1399, Richard II., who was then in Ireland, hearing of the progress of the Duke of Lancaster in his English dominions, imprisoned the son of his rival and the son of the Duke of Gloucester; the former of whom was afterwards drowned on his passage to England. In 1423, Edmund Mortimer, Earl of Meath and Ulster, who had possessed the inheritance of Trim, and, as Lord-Lieutenant of the island, had enjoyed more than customary authority in that office, died of the plague in this castle.

<sup>95</sup> The "wreck" of the house is inhabited by a farmer and his

family; a very pretty young woman was feeding a calf in a shed erected under shelter of the ruins. "Many strangers," she said, "visited Dangan; and it was a lonesome place in the winter time, but she 'never heeded;' if there were any spirits, as people said, about the house, they had too much nobility in them to hurt the poor that, when they were in it, gave them all they had to give—their blessing." She gave us something more than that—milk fresh and warm, and frothing—and after going with us from place to place, refused, with a half indignant air, the money we tendered as remuneration for the trouble we had caused. In England, we never find any difficulty in prevailing upon this class of persons to accept a silver token of thanks; but in Ireland, although sometimes repeated offers will overcome their repugnance, they invariably refuse, and if they take it, apologise for so doing. "Sure I wasn't thinking of the like," or "Thank ye kindly, ma'am, and sure I wouldn't let on to have it at all—only out of a remembrance." Indeed, we have generally found it necessary, when we had given trouble to, or incurred an obligation from a peasant, to present our donation to one of the children, as the only way to avoid hurting very sensitive feelings. This girl, so pretty and so kind, would not barter kindness for anything save thanks. Though we shall never in all probability meet her again, we cannot forget her bland smile, and the gentle tones of the cheerful confiding voice which clung like a strain of half-forgotten music to the honoured walls of Dangan.

96 While examining the graveyard of this ancient abbey, a circumstance occurred to us that interested us much; the reader will, we hope, permit us to relate it. When "time-honoured monuments" are destroyed, there is certainty that the desecration is not the work of the peasantry, who venerate every stone connected with ancient places. They have, however, seldom an idea of decorating graves, though of late cemeteries have introduced a desire to combine veneration with good order and a respectful neatness; and the nettle and the dock are sometimes, if not uprooted, kept close to the ground—the very old people retain the superstition of not cutting down anything that grows in holy earth; but this, with other superstitions, is wearing away. Among the tangled and half-raised graves in Newtown Abbey we observed a young woman wandering—now pausing at one, then examining another. She wore neither cap nor bonnet, but the hood of her long blue cloak was somewhat drawn over her face, and pinned beneath her chin. She was young and very simple-looking, and her eyes were swollen with weeping.

"I'm thinking ye'r strangers in this place as well as myself," she said, curtseying.

We answered, we were indeed strangers.

"Ah then, I thought so; and I may look, and look, and, God help me, never find it after all!—After all my trouble, never find it," she repeated, in a most melancholy tone. "And what do you want to find?" we inquired. She burst into tears, and when she could speak, replied, "*My mother's grave!*"

There was something in the answer so touching, that it increased our interest in the poor girl. Irish confidence, unless there be some very particular reason, is never given by halves, and this young woman began her story without being requested to do so. She had a brother, "a wild boy, but as kind a one as ever broke the world's bread; and he listed; and after awhile, when he got tired of the fine clothes and gay music, his heart turned to the ould place and his mother—who need not have been over the year a widow, only for the love she bore her children; and he thought if he could see her once more before he'd leave Ireland, he'd be sure of a happy death—but not without. The regiment was quartered in Dublin, and to sail in a few days, when he wrote the word home, and begged for God's sake she'd come to him, that he might have her fresh blessing about him before he sailed. Well, the next morning she set out from our place, close to Athboy, if ye ever heard tell of it, and wouldn't let me come with her, on account of an ancient ould man—my father's grandfather, who always kept with us, and we kept him; and I thought the life would lave me when she turned the brow of the hill out of my sight. Och, mother, mavourneen! great was my trouble then! It was the Almighty's will that my brother set off the very morning of the day she reached Dublin, and the only thing she saw of him was the smoke of the steamer between the sky and the water. I know this crushed her heart, for she delighted in him more than in any living thing; and she said to a neighbour that met her in Dublin, 'I'll turn to home,' she says, 'to Mary,'—that's me, plase yer honour,—'and pray that the Lord will give me the power to get so far; for if I was to die where she'd not be to say a prayer over my grave—and she all that's left me in Ireland now—sure I'd never have one easy minute under shine or shower.' And the neighbour thought the words had no meaning, only born of sorrow; for she was a young woman. She turned to go home," added the poor girl, renewing her tears; "but she never reached it; only died, as a body may say, like a foreigner; and I never knew

it until she had lain somewhere in this churchyard for as good as ten days, and the people that were so good to her are gone a harvesting up the country, and his reverence the priest won't be in it till to-morrow; but I couldn't keep from the graves, thinking I might find hers by a feeling that might come over me—nothing more natural—and I brought these *herbs* from her own garden, and some of the earth from my father's grave, to put with hers; but it's killing me, so it is, to think of her being here all alone, away from her people, with strangers about her; if I had only closed her eyes, I'd have carried her on my back the weary miles I walked, sooner than she should lie here. My own—own mother! out of whose arms I never slept a single night till she left me for the first and last time. I've got enough to pay for her funeral and the rest of her soul; but I must find her grave. I thought maybe it was the one over there, where the thrush sat so long; or the other, where the little threads of grass are shooting; but I can't find it—I've called, and told her who was here, but it's no use—if she heard she'd answer me—I never called her before but she did! Oh, Queen of Heaven—most Holy Mary! look down in mercy upon me, that I may find my mother's grave!”

<sup>97</sup> We cannot part from Trim without a passing remark in reference to its schools. The rector, the Rev. Mr. Butler, kindly accompanied us first to the “national school”—adjoining the chapel; and subsequently to the school which he himself superintends. In the national school there were no Protestants; it contained two hundred boys and girls—one hundred and twenty boys and eighty girls. At Mr. Butler's school there are several Roman Catholics. There are seventy scholars on the books, the ordinary daily attendance is about sixty. The condition of both these schools was highly satisfactory; we heard the children examined at both.

<sup>98</sup> In a statistical survey of the county, by Robert Thomson, Esq. of Oatland, it is stated, that “We have accounts of no less a number than seven bishopricks, viz.—Clonard, Duleek, Kells, Trim, Ardraccan, Dunshaughlin, and Slane; all of which (except Kells and Duleek) were, in the year 1152, united by virtue of a bull from Pope Eugenius III., and sent by Cardinal Paparo, who held his synod in Kells. And in a few years after, Kells and Duleek underwent the same fate; and Clonmacnois was also united in the year 1569, so that in the present see of Meath are united eight bishopricks.” The Bishop of Meath ranks next to the four archbishops; the other bishops, except the Bishop

of Kildare, take precedence according to the dates of their consecration. Our limits will not permit us even to notice the numerous ruins of ecclesiastical edifices—abbeys, priories, convents, chapels, and cells, that still exist in all parts of the county. A bare enumeration of them would occupy considerable space; and it might be largely extended by merely naming the many that are “now only discoverable by some local name, or traceable in historic records.” The old monastery of Duleek is said to be the first monastic structure built of stone and mortar in Ireland, and presents some singular traces of rude architecture. At Kells—a town amazingly rich in antiquities—the stone-roofed cell of St. Columbkille is indicated by some remains. About forty years ago it was “still standing,” having “withstood the iron hand of time.”

<sup>99</sup> We learn from Ware that “the body of De Lacy was long detained by the Irish; but was at last recovered, and buried with great solemnity in the abbey of Bective, by Matthew O’Heney, archbishop of Cashel, the Pope’s legate, and John Comyn, archbishop of Dublin; but his head was carried to Dublin, and buried in the abbey of St. Thomas the Martyr, in the tomb of Rosa de Munemene, his first wife. A great controversy arose between the two abbeys respecting the whole of the body, which was at last decided in the year 1205, when it was adjudged to the abbey of St. Thomas by Simon Rochfort, bishop of Meath, the archdeacon of Meath, and the prior of Duleek, who had been appointed judges in the case by Pope Innocent the Third.” Of Hugh de Lacy, Giraldus Cambrensis gives us this portrait:—“He was of a dark complexion with black and deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, and his right cheek down to his chin sadly scarred by an accidental burn. He had a short neck, and a muscular and hairy chest. He was low, and badly made. His character was firm and resolute; and he was as sober as a Frenchman. He was always most attentive to his own business; and most watchful, not only over his own department, but also over everything that was to be done in common. Although skilled in military affairs, his frequent losses in expeditions show that he was not lucky as a general. After his wife’s death he indulged in habits of general profligacy. He was desirous of money, and avaricious, and, beyond all moderation, ambitious of personal honour and distinction.”

<sup>100</sup> “This religious establishment, which was anciently called *Domnach-mor muighe Echnach*, owes its origin to St. Patrick, as will appear from the following passage translated from the

life of the Irish apostle, attributed to St. Evin:—"While the man of God was baptising the people called Luaignii, at a place where the church of Domnach-mor in the plain of Echnach stands at this day, he called to him his disciple Cassanus, and committed to him the care of the church recently erected there, preadmonishing him, and with prophetic mouth predicting that he might expect that to be the place of his resurrection; and that the church committed to his care would always remain diminutive in size and structure, but great and celebrated in honour and veneration. The event has proved this prophecy to be a true one, for St. Cassanus's relics are there to be seen in the highest veneration among the people, remarkable for great miracles, so that scarcely any of the visitors go away without recovering health, or receiving other gifts of grace sought for."

101 The harp that once through TARA's halls  
 The soul of music shed,  
 Now hangs as mute on TARA's walls  
 As if that soul were fled.  
 So sleeps the pride of former days,  
 So glory's thrill is o'er,  
 And hearts, that once beat high for praise,  
 Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright,  
 The harp of TARA swells;  
 The chord alone that breaks at night,  
 Its tale of ruin tells.  
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
 The only throb she gives,  
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
 To show that still she lives.

102 This hillock is now—alas for the degradation!—known as "Croppy Hill," from the fact that a large number of insurgents were buried there in 1798. The pillar originally stood upon another and smaller hillock; it was moved to its present place to mark the spot (and to dignify it) in which so many "slaughtered patriots" were interred. It was fixed there, however, only so recently as fifteen years ago. Its weight is prodigious; and it excited our astonishment how it could have been conveyed, without the aid of machinery, to its present destination. Upon this subject we conversed with a peasant—"one Paddy Fitzsim-

mons," who assisted at the ceremony. He stated that it was effected by no more than twenty men, who performed the work gradually, an inch at a time; they sank it about six feet into the ground directly over the bodies of their old friends, relations, or companions; and perhaps in the world there does not exist so singular a monumental stone.

103 Mr. Wright—to whose kindness we have been so frequently indebted— informs us that the original name of the hill of Tara was Liathdrium, *i. e.* "The grey eminence;" and according to Keating, Thea, the wife of Heremon, the first monarch of Ireland, ordered a palace to be built on it for herself, whence it was called Temora (Temur), *i. e.* the House of Thea. But according to the Dinn Seanchers, an ancient Irish topography, the etymon of Temur, is "The house of music" (from Teadh, a musical chord, and Mur, a house), and it was so called, adds that valuable MS. "from its celebrity for melody above all places in the world." The word Tara (Teamhair) denotes "a pleasant and agreeable place with a covered or shaded walk upon a hill, for a convenient prospect," and accordingly some tourists describe this hill as a miniature resemblance of Mount Tabor. Its ancient magnificence has been the dream of the Philo-Milesian, and has been as sturdily denied by writers of the Ledwich and Pinkerton schools, one of whom has gone so far as to deny that there are any architectural remains on the hill of Tara. Feirceartne File (the bard), who lived in the first century, mentions that Ollamb Fodhla, the 21st monarch from Heremon, erected at Tara, the Mur Ollamhain, or "college of sages," and also instituted the celebrated Feis of Tara, which was an assembly of all the states of Ireland. This assembly, which probably resembled the wittenagemont of the Saxons, is described by Eochaidh (Hector) O'Flinn, a bard of the tenth century, as meeting every third year. He says, that it was convoked by the monarch three days before the day of Saman (answering to our first of November), and continued for three days after. This week was spent in festivity, in making laws and correcting the annals and antiquities of Ireland. The same author adds, that during the session of the Feis, whoever committed murder or theft, or was convicted of quarrelling, &c., forfeited his life; although at other times these crimes were punished by fines. In an ancient Irish MS. preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, the following curious description is given of the Hall of Tara, in the reign of Cormac Ulfada, in the third century:—"The palace of Tamer was 900 feet square;

the diameter of the surrounding *rath*, seven din or casts of a dart; it contained 150 apartments, and 150 dormitories; the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were 150 drinking-horns, twelve porches, twelve doors, and 1,000 guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, *engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modellers,*" &c. The truth of this account is attested by the number of *gold and silver ornaments, beautifully carved and modelled*, dug up in the neighbourhood of Tara and other places. The MS. goes on to state that "the hall had twelve divisions on each wing; sixteen attendants on each side, eight for the *astrologers*, historians, and secretaries, in the rear of the hall, and two to each table at the door; one hundred guests in all; two oxen, two sheep, and two hogs at each meal, divided equally to all." In the convention of Tara, the monarch occupied an elevated seat in the centre of the hall, with his face towards the west. Facing him sat the king of Leinster, the king of Ulster on his right, the king of Munster on his left, and the king of Connaught behind him. Long-extended seats were disposed in rows, in the first of which were the Druids and bards, or philosophers (*filidhe*), and in the other rows were respectively placed the antiquaries and genealogists (*seanachaidhe*), the musicians (*oirfidhighe*), and after them the chiefs and *beatachs*, or representatives of the towns and villages. The first two days were celebrated in friendly intercourse, the third in celebrating the feast of Saman, or the moon. Another interpretation is given of this word in Part IX. of our work. Samen (*Samhen*) has also been rendered "Heaven," similar to the שמים of the Hebrews, and the *Oupavos* of the Samothracians. The assembly was opened by the chief bard delivering an ode accompanied by the music of the *oirfidhighe*. The Druidic rites being completed, the fire of Saman was lighted, and the blessing of the tutelar divinities invoked. The three succeeding days were spent in festivity, after which the proper business of the convention commenced. In that part of the palace of Tara already referred to, called *Mur Ollamhain*, or the "House of the Sages," the youth were instructed in poetry and music, and initiated into the mysteries of "the hidden harmony of the universe." In farther illustration of the customs observed at the convention of Tara, we may quote a passage which may be at once regarded as an interesting description and a most unquestionable proof. It is from the *Teagasy Flatha*, or "Instruction of a Prince," ascribed on the most satisfactory grounds to one of the very "kings of Temora" themselves—Cormac Ulfadha (long-beard)

already mentioned. He says, "A prince on the day of Saman should *light his lamps* and welcome his guests with clapping of hands, procure comfortable seats, the cup-bearers should be respectful and active in distribution of meat and drink; let there be moderation of music, short stories, a welcoming countenance. \* \* \* Let the prince *appear splendid as the sun* in the house of Midhchurta (*i. e.* the middle house of Tara)." To this valuable native authority, which possesses in the original internal marks of extreme antiquity, we shall add a *foreign* testimony, that of an ancient Scandinavian MS., translated in Johnson's Celto-Scandinavian Antiquities: it alludes to Tara, and is as follows:—"In this kingdom (Ireland) there is also a place called Themor, formerly the chief city and *royal residence*. \* \* \* In the *more elevated* part of this city the king had a *splendid* (*splendidum*) and almost *dædalian* castle; within the precincts of the castle he had a palace *superb* in its structure and *splendour* (*nitore*)." And we may observe further that none will be surprised at such descriptions as these, when we find at a still earlier period Ptolemy noting on his map of Ireland *fifteen cities*, on *two* of which he bestows the epithet of "*illustrious*" (*εἰσισημος*): and it is worthy of remark that these two cities in the Greek geographer correspond (with the exception of the error in the assigned localities to the *Eman* and *Tara* of the native writers. If we admit (which is extremely probable) that Ptolemy has here, as elsewhere, mistaken the latitudes for the longitudes, he has indicated the exact cities of Tara and Emania.

<sup>104</sup> The old bardic "historians" celebrate the wisdom and genius of Cormac, the grandson of "Con of the hundred battles," the wisest, bravest, and most accomplished of all the Irish kings. He ascended the throne of Ireland about the middle of the third century, and attempted to reform the religion of the Druids by substituting for their polytheism the more rational and sublime belief of one infinite and eternal Being, who was the author of the universe. His subjects, in consequence, rebelled against him; and in one of his battles he lost an eye, by which, being rendered unfit for government, according to the custom of Ireland, he resigned the crown to his son Cairbrê of the *Liffey*, and retired to his cottage of Cletty, near the Boyne, where he devoted the remainder of his life to philosophic contemplation. During this time, he wrote many works for the use of his son and successor Cairbrê, among which may be reckoned his *Royal Precepts* or *Instructions*, which he is said to have written at Cairbrê's request, and to have drawn up in answer to different questions proposed

by his son upon various subjects relative to government and general conduct. The Druids, finding the son regulated his conduct by the counsels of the father, contrived to poison the good monarch. The "Royal Precepts or Instructions" have been translated by J. O'Donovan. They are so full of beauty, wisdom, and virtue, that we cannot resist a desire to extract some of the passages:—"O grandson of Con! O Cormac!" said Cairbrê, 'what is good for a king?' 'That is plain,' said Cormac. 'It is good for him to have patience without debate; self-government without anger; affability without haughtiness; diligent attention to history; strict observance of covenants and agreements; strictness mitigated by mercy in the execution of the laws; peace with his districts; lawful wages of vassalage; justice in decisions; performance of promises; hosting with justice; protection of his frontiers; honouring the *nemed*s (nobles); respect to the *fileas* (priests); adoration of the great God.' 'O grandson of Con! O Cormac!' said Cairbrê, 'what is good for the welfare of a country?' 'That is plain,' said Cormac. 'Frequent convocation of sapient and good men to investigate its affairs, to abolish each evil, and retain each wholesome institution; to attend to the precepts of the elders; let every *Senad* (*assembly of the elders*) be convened according to law; let the law be in the hands of the nobles; let the chieftains be upright, and unwilling to oppress the poor; let peace and friendship reign—mercy and good morals, union and brotherly love; heroes without haughtiness—sternness to enemies, friendship to friends; generous compensations; just sureties; just decisions; just witnesses; mild instruction; respect for soldiers; learning every art and language; pleading with knowledge of the *Fenechas* (*the Brehon law*); decision with evidence—; giving alms, charity to the poor; sureties for covenants; lawful covenants; to hearken to the instructions of the wise; to be deaf to the mob; to purge the laws of the country of all their evils, &c. &c. All these are necessary for the welfare of a country.' 'O grandson of Con! O Cormac!' said Cairbrê, 'what are the qualifications of a prince?' 'Let him be vigorous, easy of access, and affable; let him be humble, but majestic; let him be without (personal) blemish; let him be a hero, a sage; let him be liberal, serene, and good-hearted; mild in peace, fierce in war; beloved by his subjects; discerning, faithful, and patient; righteous and abstemious; let him attend the sick; let him pass just judgments; let him support each orphan; let him abominate falsehood; let him love truth; let him be forgetful of evil, mindful of good; let him assemble

numerous meetings; let him communicate his secrets to few; let him be cheerful with his intimates; let him appear splendid as the sun at the banquet in the house of Midhchurta (*i. e.* the middle house at Tarah); let him convene assemblies of the nobles; let him be affectionate and intelligent; let him depress evil; let him esteem every person according to his honour—close sureties—let him be sharp but lenient in his judgments and decisions. These are the qualifications by which a king and chieftain should be esteemed.’”

<sup>105</sup> The story of this event is very curious. “All these things being done between the magician and Patrick, the king says to them, ‘Cast your books into the water, and him whose books shall escape uninjured we will adore.’ Patrick answered, ‘I will do so.’ And the magician said, ‘I am unwilling to come to the trial of water with this man, because he has water as his god;’ for he had heard that baptism was given by St. Patrick with water. And the king answering, said, ‘Allow it by fire;’ and Patrick said, ‘I am ready;’ but the magician being unwilling, said, ‘This man alternately in each successive year adores as God, water and fire.’ And the saint said, ‘Not so; but thou thyself shalt go, and one of my boys shall go with thee, into a separate and closed house, and my vestment shall be on thee, and thine on him; and thus together you shall be set on fire.’ And this counsel was approved of; and there was a house built for them, the half of which was made of green wood, and the other half of dry; and the magician was sent into that part of the house that was green, and one of the boys of St. Patrick, Bineus by name, with the vest of the magician, into the dry part of the house. The house then being closed on the outside, was set on fire before the whole multitude; and it came to pass in that hour, by the prayers of Patrick, that the flame of the fire consumed the magician, with the green half of the house, while the garment of St. Patrick remained untouched, because the fire did not touch it. But the fortunate Bineus, on the contrary, together with the dry half of the house, according to what is said of the three children, was not touched by the fire, neither was he annoyed, nor did he experience any inconvenience, only the garment of the magician which he had about him was burned.”

<sup>106</sup> The singularity of the name, *New Grange*, caused us to make some inquiries on the subject; we had pointed out to us Little Grange and Rough Grange; but there was no place in the neighbourhood known as *Old Grange*.

<sup>107</sup> Mr. Petrie considered that none of the marks bear affinity to language. He thus describes the dimensions and character of the chamber:—"It is about twenty-two feet in diameter, covered with a dome of a beehive form, constructed of massive stones, laid horizontally, and projecting one beyond the other, till they approximate, and are finally capped with a single one: the height of the dome is about twenty feet; the chamber has three quadrangular recesses, forming a cross—one facing the entrance gallery, and one on each side. In each of these recesses was placed a stone urn, or *sarcophagus*, of a simple bowl form, two of which remain. Of these recesses, the east and the west are about eight feet square; the north is somewhat deeper. The entire length of the cavern, from the entrance of the gallery to the end of the recess, is 81 feet 8 inches." The stones, of which the entire structure consists, are of great size: those which form the lintels or roof of the gallery, are but six in number; and of these, the first is twelve feet four inches long, the third eighteen feet, and the fifth about twelve feet; the breadth of these stones is not less than six feet. The tallest of the upright stones forming the entrance to the recess is seven feet six inches in height, and its companion seven feet. The vase or urn within this chamber, is three feet eight inches in diameter; that in the opposite chamber is displaced from its supporter: these urns are of granite.

<sup>108</sup> Communicated by W. R. Wilde, Esq., Surgeon, M.R.I.A., whose frequent and valuable contributions to science have been highly honourable to himself and useful to his country.

Dunshaughlin is a village situate on the mail-coach road from Navan to Dublin, nine miles from the former, and fourteen from the latter, and about four miles east of Tara. The spot where the collection of bones has been found is at the north-eastern extremity of a bog called, from the colour of the peat, the Black Bog, in contradistinction to another in its immediate neighbourhood, called the Red Bog. The place where the bones are dug up is on the townland of Lagore, which has been well wooded, and is still partially covered with trees. A stream runs through the tumulus forest of bones, and is the passage through which the waters of the bog are disembogued. There is another townland skirting the north side of the bog, called Bones-Town; the name suggests the idea of bones having been plentiful in that part also. The coincidence has however, we believe, escaped the notice of the various antiquarian visitors to the spot. Killeen

Castle, the seat of the Earl of Fingall, and Dunsany Castle, the seat of Lord Dunsany, are within a short distance of Dunshaughlin, to the west.

<sup>109</sup> Mr. Ball, an eminent naturalist, read a paper on this subject to the Royal Irish Academy in 1839. Having alluded to the occurrence of fossil remains of oxen in Britain, and the existence of the Auroch or Wild Ox, in some parks in that country, he remarked on the old and generally received opinion, that Ireland could not furnish any evidence of having ever possessed an indigenous ox; and he stated, that a specimen which he received from the submarine forest, in the Bay of Youghal, seemed to have been the core of a horn of the fossil ox, often found in Britain, and supposed to have been the *Urus*; but this specimen having been lost, he alluded to it, to direct the attention of the Academy to the subject, in the hope of having his view confirmed. His principal object, however, was to show that the remains of oxen found at considerable depths in bogs in Westmeath, Tyrone, and Longford, belonged to a variety, or race, differing very remarkably from any noticed in Cuvier's "*Ossements Fossiles*," or any other work with which he was acquainted. He expressed his conviction, that Ireland had possessed at least one native race of oxen distinguished by the convexity of the upper part of the forehead, by its great proportionate length, and by the shortness and downward direction of the horns. As this fact seems to have escaped altogether the notice of British and continental naturalists, and as analogy in the case of other Irish mammals justified the view, he urged the great probability of the race in question proving to be one peculiar to Ireland. There are still some animals existing in Ireland peculiar to that country; but they are now rarely encountered, and are rapidly departing altogether. Upon this very interesting topic we shall have some remarks to make hereafter; as well as in reference to animals which have never been found in Ireland.

<sup>110</sup> An extraordinary contrast to such civility was told us the other day, as having occurred in Lancashire. A lady of considerable wealth and influence in the neighbourhood of Manchester, and who spends annually thousands among the poor, asked leave of a woman to sit in her cottage while some accident to the carriage was set to rights. "Oo-a, ye may if ye loike; who are ye?" She told her name. "Oh, you're the old ooman, then?" "Yes." "How many lads and wenches ha' ye?" "Five boys and one daughter." "Oo-a, quoite enoough; and who was that in the chaise wi' ye?" "Mr. —" "Oo-a, they

say many a bad thing of him; and I dare say they're a' true." On another occasion, the lady entered a cottage, when the following brief dialogue occurred. "You look ill to-day, Mrs.—" "Yea, I'm summat purily." "Better step up to the house for some medicine." "Oo-a, ye may send it down if ye loike."

<sup>111</sup> This sketch may be considered exaggerated by those who are not aware of the singularly strong attachment of the lower classes in Ireland, to places where they have been long located. We, therefore, copy from an Irish newspaper the following "business record" of a fact of very recent occurrence. We feel how completely it weakens our own picture. We give it, however, chiefly because here the statement is authenticated by references to names and places—from the publication which we, in telling our story, have thought it right to abstain. The following scene occurred in the Quarter Sessions Court of Trim. We insert it as we find it, without the change of a sentence:—"On the conclusion of the Registry, and commencement of the Crown business, Mr. Despard, R.M., said that, by direction of the Petty Sessions bench of Athboy, he was desired to bring a case of nuisance under the consideration of the Court of Quarter Sessions, in order to obtain an order to have the nuisance abated by the police. The case was a simple one:—An individual had built a house within thirty feet of the centre of the road, at Moyagher, in this county, and the law made such an erection a nuisance. The party had been fined £10 by the Magistrates at Petty Sessions, but had no goods out of which the amount could be levied, and the only way in which the nuisance could be got rid of, was by order from the Quarter-Sessions Bench to the Police. The Court had jurisdiction under the Grand Jury Act. Mr. Hinds, one of the practitioners of the Court, desired to know was the erection he alluded to built in what was known as the churchyard, and was the application for the purpose of removing one of those unfortunate wretches who, guilty of no crime, were turned adrift on the world, under the present clearing-out system, and who might have taken up his abode among the graves in the churchyard? Captain Despard said he was prepared to prove the case he had laid before the Bench, and proceeded to examine the Chief Constable of Police, Mr. Greaves, who said he had measured from the centre of the road to the erection, and there were not thirty feet to the wood supporting the entrance; it came within thirty feet by two or three inches. Mr. Ford desired to know from Mr. Greaves, was not what he was describing as a building, within thirty feet of the centre of the road,

a hole dug through the road ditch into the churchyard, in which the poor man and his family lived? and was not what he described as a door, a piece of torn sack, hanging down in front of the hole? Mr. Greaves replied, that he, Mr. Ford, if he pleased, might call it a hole in the ditch. Mr. Ford then stated he was agent to the gentleman who held the land of Moyagher from the Provost, and begged to be permitted to interfere in this matter, lest it might be thought for a moment, that either he or his principal had any connection whatsoever with the present proceeding. He himself had passed the place about three weeks ago, and what was termed an erection was literally what he described; it was a hole dug through the ditch into the churchyard, and in that wretched place was this very miserable habitation for a fellow-creature. The Act referred to by Captain Despard, was the Grand Jury Act; now, that was a very recent statute, and Mr. Ford submitted, that it should appear to the Court that the erection complained of was made since the passing of the Act. The Hon. Mr. Plunket, the Assistant Barrister, after reading the section, agreed with Mr. Ford, and thereupon Mr. Despard directed the Crier to call Michael Brady—he was the man himself; he might not have done so, but he thought, although the Act did not direct it, yet that notice should be given to him, and he had, accordingly, caused notice to be served on him; and thereupon, Michael Brady, who appeared to be an able-bodied man, about forty-five years of age, came on the table. He was asked, when did he build the cabin in the churchyard? ‘It is no cabin at all, your Worships—it is only a hole in the churchyard,’ was the reply. ‘I’ll tell your Honours all about it. On the 8th of May last, I was turned out of my cabin by a decree. I was an under-tenant only; and myself, and my wife, and my five children, were left without a house over our heads, and I could not get a house from any one—because it is now very hard for a poor man to get a house from any one, for the people won’t let them in for fear of displeasing the gentlemen; and so I could not get a house, and no one would let me in; and, after lying nine nights out in the ditches, I did not know what to do, as no one dared take pity on me; and as the children would be perished if they slept out any longer, I dug in the churchyard, seeing that another person like me had gone to live there before me; and we have lived there ever since, and I do not know where to go if your Honours turn me out of that.’ The order of the Court was, that the nuisance should be abated by the police; but the order not to issue until the workhouse

of Kells union, in which district the place is situate, shall be opened."

<sup>112</sup> For much of the information we communicate to the reader, we are indebted to Mr. J. B. Wright of Clonmel, a gentleman who has devoted many years of his life to the study of ancient Irish history; and is justly regarded as an authority upon all matters to be treated in connection with it.

<sup>113</sup> That music was cultivated as an art among the Irish from a very early period, and was in fact *indigenous* among them, appears from the following judicious observation of Mr. Bunting, the venerable preserver and guardian of native Irish music:—"The Irish harpers, when assembled at Belfast in 1792, uniformly made use of technical terms, designating the several notes of the instrument, and their various combinations, shakes, moods, &c., which, *although admirably characteristic and descriptive in themselves, are altogether unlike the language of modern musicians*—a language which is well known to have been invented at a comparatively recent period by the continental nations. Had the Irish derived their knowledge of music from nations making use of the continental vocabulary, they would have received the terms of art employed by these nations into their own language, either by adopting them absolutely, or by translating them into corresponding Irish phrases. But the contrary is invariably found to be the case. Thus, the combination of notes termed a *shake* by modern musicians, is, by the Irish, denominated *banluíre*, 'activity of the fingers,' (literally, 'swift top'); a *beat* again is termed *banluíre buaile anairde*, or 'activity of the finger ends striking upwards;' and a run of execution *Spuir mór*, or 'the great stream.' In like manner the principal times have their peculiar designations, as *Cumadó*, 'lamentation time;' *cuadó-clearadó*, 'heroic time' (literally, 'hard playing'); *Puirt*, 'lesson time' (literally, 'a tune'); corresponding to the modern terms, Adagio, Larghetto, Andante, and Allegro. So also of the chords, moods, keys, &c."—*Ancient Music of Ireland*.

<sup>114</sup> The following are the musical modes of the Irish according to Mr. Bunting, which, on comparison with Beauford's (first adopted), we are inclined to think more correct. 1. *Seantáisce* or 'music of a graceful and expressive order.' 2. *Soltáisce* 'melancholy music.' 3. *ruáitáisce*, 'soothing or sleep-composing strains.' 4. *luígeac*, 'merry or sprightly music.' In the above enumeration, the first mode corresponds to the Lydian; the second is *sui generis*; the third answers to the evening music of the Pythagoreans; and the fourth either to the Phrygian or Dorian.

<sup>115</sup> "The feature which in truth distinguishes all Irish melody, whether proper to the defective bagpipes or suited to the perfect harp, is not the negative omission, but the positive and emphatic presence, of a particular tone, and this tone is that of the Submediant or major sixth, or in other words the tone of E, in the scale of G. This it is that stamps the true Scotie character on every bar of the air in which it occurs. So that the moment the tune is heard we exclaim, 'That is an Irish melody.'

"Independently of these particular features, Irish melody has also its own peculiarity of structure and arrangement, but this is more observable in the very old class of airs. These are for the most part in a major key, and in triple time; the modulations of the first part of the melody may be said to consist of the common cadence; the second part is generally an octave higher than the first; it begins with the chord of the Tonic and proceeds to the Dominant with its major concord; it then returns to the Tonic, from which it progresses to the tone of the Submediant with the major harmony of the Subdominant, or to the Submediant with its minor concord; but the harmony of that peculiar note is most frequently accompanied by the major concord of the Subdominant; the conclusion of the air is generally a repetition of the first part of the tune with a little variation \* \* \* The most ancient of these airs, it may be observed, will be found more easily harmonised than those of a more modern date; a certain indication of the great purity of their structure."—*Bunting*.

<sup>116</sup> Mr. Bunting classes all Irish airs with reference to three distinct epochs, viz., the very ancient, the ancient, and the modern. "The extreme antiquity of the first," he writes, "consisting of Caoinans, dirges, and the airs to which Ossianic and other old poems are sung, is proved, as well by the originality of their structure, being neither perfect recitative nor perfect melody, but a peculiar combination of both, as well as from the fact of their being sung with the same words in different parts of the country, these words in many instances corresponding exactly with poems of an extremely early date."

Mr. Bunting instances the Lamentation of Deirdre, still preserved in the county of Antrim, and perfectly corresponding to that sung in Argyshire; the Caoinan answering exactly to the rhythm and cadence of words recorded in the book of Ballymole to have been sung by a choir of mysterious beings over the grave of a king of Ossory in the tenth century, which confirms the opinion we have advanced, that the Caoinan has its origin

in the song of the Banshee. The air of "Erragon More," Mr. Bunting particularly notices among the Ossianic airs, being that to which the Antrim glen people sing the fragment published from another source by Dr. Young, in the Transactions of the Royal Academy. Dr. Young's translation of this poem is from a very imperfect Erse copy. A much better version exists in Irish. It corresponds exactly with the battle of Lora, in M'Pherson, and (what M'Pherson is deficient in) contains some curious allusions to ancient and now obsolete customs.

Mr. Bunting observes that, "judging from the words now sung to many of these antique melodies, we might be disposed to refer them at first to comparatively modern times, but it will be found that, in every instance where this difficulty presents itself, the genius of the tune and that of the words are altogether dissimilar." From which circumstance he justly argues, that the music is far more ancient. "Of this class," he continues, "is the air called Ballinderry, which, although now sung to English words in the counties of Down and Antrim, bears unequivocal marks of very high antiquity."

Would it be too much to assert, that the very name of the tune (taken in connection with its internal evidence) denotes its antiquity for "Ballinderry?" *baille an oadair* signifies 'the dwelling of the oak,' and like Daire (Derry), Coil-daíre (Kildare), &c., seems to indicate one of the dwellings of the Druids, which were always near groves of oak.

<sup>117</sup> In Mr. Bunting's work there is a very ingenious dissertation on the antiquity of the Irish harp by S. Ferguson, Esq., M.R.I.A., in which it is satisfactorily traced to a very remote origin, from an examination of existing monuments. Thus, by comparing the beautiful harp in Trinity College, assigned by Mr. Petrie, on very good grounds, to the beginning of the fourteenth century, with a representation of the instrument on the Fiachal Phadruig (or portable shrine, in which the tooth of St. Patrick was said to have been formerly preserved), bearing date 1350, and testing both by the celebrated description of Cambrensis, he has identified the Irish harp in use in the beginning of the present century with the instrument used at the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion. The next question that presents itself is, how long anterior to this period had the Irish been in possession of the harp? To ascertain this point, Mr. Ferguson adduces—First, external evidence from a passage in Galilei the elder, who, speaking of the Irish harp, says, "*This most ancient instrument was brought us from Ireland, as Dante (born, A. D.*

1265) says, where they are excellently made, and in great numbers, the inhabitants of that island having practised on it *for many and many ages;*" and, secondly, the internal evidence afforded by two very interesting monuments. The first of these is the ornamented cover or "theca" of an Irish MS. preserved in the library of the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe, which cover appears, from inscriptions remaining on it, to have been made and ornamented prior to the year 1064. Among these ornaments are five delineations of the harp of that period, containing, however, two pairs of duplicates, fac-similes of which are given in the second volume of O'Connor's *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres*. Now, in the first of these ornaments it appears that the method of holding and playing on the harp had altered nothing from the practice of the time of Cambrensis, and both harps correspond in their general form in a remarkable manner with the harp of Arthur O'Neill, one of the last of the Irish harpers. This carries it back more than a century beyond the Anglo-Norman invasion. The other monument is a sculptured cross at Ullard, in the county Kilkenny, which, from the style of workmanship, may be safely assigned an antiquity of 1000 years. Speaking of a representation of the harp on this monument, Mr. Ferguson remarks, that "*it is the first specimen of the harp without a fore pillar that has been hitherto discovered out of Egypt.*" This opens a field for some very interesting speculations respecting the origin of the Irish harp, and he considers the fact as affording presumptive evidence that the Irish have had their harp from Egypt, a circumstance in accordance with the tradition which represents the Celto-Scythian colony, from which the Irish nation principally claims descent, as passing through Egypt. He considers the Egyptian harp as the *testudo* enlarged, by the substitution of a wooden chamber and wooden curved upright respectively, for the tortoise-shell and goat's horn, which appear to have been the principal materials in the original cithara; a conjecture which receives a certain amount of confirmation from the fable of Mercury finding the tortoise, from the shell of which he formed the first cithara, *in the mud of the receding Nile*. "Now the transition from the Theban harp," he continues, "to that at present in use, is by no means difficult to be traced. The introduction of a front arm, suggested by the many defects of the instrument, would reduce it to a shape corresponding very closely to the quadrilateral harp represented in the theca of the Stowe MS.; and the incorporation of the sounding-chamber with the

other upright, would, by an equally obvious improvement, bring it precisely to the modern model."

Mr. Ferguson's account of the origin of the Irish harp perfectly agrees with our own; the substance of which is, that the Irish had the instrument from the earliest ages in common with the other Celtic nations, who, in all probability, received it from the Egyptians when they adopted their god *Mercury* (Taautus, or *Hermes*) among their divinities.—Vid. Cæsar. One of the earliest allusions to the harp in the Irish language, occurs in that very ancient mythological fragment in the book of *Lecan* concerning the *Tuatha-de-dannans*, *ceol bñ̃ 7 ceòbñ̃ 7m cnuatim*, i. e. "Music, melody, and *harmony of strings* were their three *harpers*." The *Tuatha-de-dannans* are said in Irish histories to have come from *Thrace*, and it is worthy of remark, that Mr. Ferguson notices the resemblance between the harp of the *Thracian Orpheus*, as delineated on a monument in the reign of the Emperor *Aurelian*, and that of the Irish harp on the theca of the *Stowe MS.*, already mentioned, being the *Egyptian harp* in its transition state.

It is also worthy of note, that in these Irish triads the harp is expressed by the term *cnũt* which identifies it with the Celtic *crotta* in *Venantius Fortunatus*.

<sup>118</sup> There exist very few of the ancient Irish harps. A very small one—said, but not upon good authority, we believe that of Chevalier O'Gorman, a manufacturer of Irish pedigrees, and the brother-in-law of the notorious Chevalier D'Eon,—to have belonged to the famous King *Brien*—is preserved in the museum of *Trinity College*. The following history and description of it we extract from the *Dublin Penny Journal*:—It is well known to all our readers that the great monarch, *Brian Boroihme*, was killed at the battle of *Clontarf*, A.D. 1014. He left with his son *Donagh*, his harp; but *Donagh*, having murdered his brother *Teige*, and being deposed by his nephew, retired to *Rome*, and carried with him the crown, harp, and other regalia of his father, which he presented to the pope. These regalia were kept in the *Vatican*, till the Pope sent the harp to *Henry VIII.*, but kept the crown, which was of massive gold. *Henry* gave the harp to the first Earl of *Clanricarde*, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it came, by a lady of the *De Burgh* family, into that of *M'Magon of Clenagh*, in the county of *Clare*, after whose death it passed into the possession of *Commissioner Mac Namara* of *Limerick*. In 1782, it was presented to the Right Honourable

William Conyngham, who deposited it in Trinity College Museum, where it now is. It is thirty-two inches high, and of good workmanship; the sounding board is of oak, the arms of red sally, the extremity of the uppermost arm in part is capped with silver, extremely well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone now lost. The buttons or ornamented knobs, at the side of this arm, are of silver. On the front arm, are the arms chased in silver of the O'Brien family, the bloody hands supported by lions. On the sides of the front arm, within two circles, are two Irish wolf-dogs, cut in the wood. The holes of the sounding board, where the strings entered, are neatly ornamented with an escutcheon of brass, carved and gilt; the larger sounding-holes have been ornamented, probably with silver. The harp has twenty-eight keys, and as many string-holes, consequently there were as many strings. The footpiece, or rest, is broken off, and the parts round which it was joined are very rotten. The whole bears evidence of an expert artist.

<sup>119</sup> It was in bright sunshine that we set forth from Drogheda to visit these ruins; but, as our guide observed, "all the heat that was in the sun wouldn't give a warm look to the ould place." Viewed from the road, its magnificent round tower, mysterious crosses, broken churches, and blighted tree, form a picture of utter loneliness and desolation almost without parallel. We were subdued by the silence of the scene; even the merry bugle of the Belfast coach, as it rattled along with its load of laughing and jesting passengers, served only to make us feel the solitude the more when we were again alone. A farm-house and two or three cottages are near; not so near, however, as to injure the picturesque effect. A woman accosted us with a smile and a curtsy, saying, she would "show us" the ruins. We told her we could *see* them very well at that moment. "Why, then, the Lord lave you your eyesight," she replied good-humouredly, "it's a fine thing to have—and sure I thought that maybe you'd understand them better if I stepped over the stile with ye—and is it some of the holy moss you want gathered? or are ye only foreigners coming to look at the curiosity of the place?" We confessed to being 'only foreigners.' The good woman first called our attention to the round tower. "It has one window, which is a great mystery to the quality; indeed I heard two gentlemen argue together what brought the window in it at all, for the length of a summer morning, and they grew so angry with each other, that they walked off without taking any notice of the crosses or holy things

about. And that tower, big as it is, was built every inch by a woman—a holy woman she was; and she had great trouble when it was nigh finished, lest the two men that carried the stores would *sell the pass on her* (betray her), and tell how it was done, so she watched her opportunity, and when Con brought up a load of stone, just as he was putting his foot on the ladder she gave him a clip, and over he went; and then, my dear, the *yellock* she gave, the *wirrasthrue* she raised, was heard miles beyond Drogheda; and the other man, Fion by name, looks up; and, ‘What ails ye, lady?’ he says. ‘Oh *wirrasthrue*,’ she says again; ‘look at the accident that’s happened,’ she says ‘to my darlin’ Con,’ she says,—‘and I just on the finish, and no man on the townland able to bring up that *baste* of a stone,’ she says. ‘I can,’ says the innocent Fion. ‘*You!*’ she says—and tosses the feathers in her fine head—‘Is it a shrimp of a thing like you—a daddy-longlegs—with neither blood, bone, nor beauty? Oh, Con! darlin,’ why did ye break yer neck and die?’ And with that Fion shoulders the stone like a man o’ war, and with the scream of an eagle; and he lays no hand to the ladder, but runs up it like a young *giount*; and his head was stooped with the power of the stone, so that he could not see. And just as he reached the top, she laid her little finger against his hair, and backwards he went like the other; and then the screech she gave with joy, caused a storm in the ocean for three whole days! ‘Success!’ she shouts, and claps her hands like thunder, and jumps off the scaffold; and sure enough there’s the mark of her two feet in that stone until this day.” “And who took down the scaffold?” we inquired. “’Deed, I never heard,” she answered with a laughably serious face, “but maybe them that brought those three holy crosses took it away with them.” A dry whitish lichen, such as we frequently find upon old stones, thick and crusted, nearly covers one of the old crosses. “Don’t take any of it off, lady dear!” exclaimed the woman, “except for a monument like of the place, when you’d be far from it; for every bit of it is a charm—dry and white as it looks, it’s the finest cure that ever was for the chincough! An aged man came here after some this day month, and I saw him looking up at the cross; and he knelt and got through with some of his beads, and yet he never raised a hand to pick off a bit, though, as he had been here before, I judged what he wanted; but he came at last and sat just under the tower. So I said to him, ‘I hope sir, what you took home did good to the little darlin’ grandchild you told me about,’ and he shook his head melancholy, and made no answer. ‘She’s not

worse, I hope, sir?' I made bold to say again. 'She's not better,' he says, 'but the fault is mine not hers; I am too great a sinner to pluck the moss,' he says; 'I am, and I know it; for to do good it must be gathered by sinless hands,' he says—'and them's hard to find!' 'They are,' I answers, 'but I have a *wee* colleen—a little snowy child—and every hair on her head is like a thread of silver, and her eyes have no understanding for sin—the Lord didn't put anything in her head, but he put a dale in her heart; and all the delight she has is in sharing her potato with the innocent birds, and dancing to the robin's song, and shouting at the sunbeams. She will look into a bird's nest without bratheing on the eggs; she will go all day long after a butterfly, and yet would not try to catch it; she holds the wild bees in her hand, and they never sting her; she shall come and gather the moss for you, my poor man, for she's free of all knowledge, and so, free of all sin, and your little grandchild shall be cured of the chin-cough, plaze God.' And do you know, ma'am," continued the poor woman, looking quite happy, "do you know, he was here only this day week, and the sick one is well, and he brought my wee child a white rabbit; and you can see her now out in *yon* field watching it eat the clover." The woman was, of course, eloquent on the subject of the crosses, which she affirmed came from Rome in one night. And she said that a "woman of great holiness lived 'hard by,' and she used to bake cakes of bread with her own hand in the times of great trouble and famine; and whenever the hungry went to her door, her hand was outstretched with the cake thereon ready to give them food: and this rejoiced them all, for no matter how many came, each received a cake. And when she died, one talked of one monument, and another of another; but a holy man told the congregation to assemble at her 'month's mind,' and they did so; and after first mass he told them to go to the churchyard of Monasterboice, and bring him word what they saw new; and sure enough there was her open hand stamped with the cake on it, to the sight and light of all eyes—and there it is to this day."

<sup>120</sup> In this chapel, probably, were interred the remains of the founder of the abbey, Donough McCorvoill, or O'Carroll, who undertook the work, it is said, at the solicitation of St. Malachy. It was the first Cistercian abbey erected in Ireland. It is recorded that, at its consecration, A.D. 1157, a remarkable Synod was held here, which was attended by the primate Gelasius, Christian bishop of Lismore and apostolic legate, seventeen other bishops, and numerous clergymen of inferior ranks. There were

present also Murchertach, or Murtoth O'Loughlin, king of Ireland; O'Eochadha, prince of Ulidia; Tiernan O'Ruarc, prince of Breiffny; and O'Kerbhaill, or O'Carroll, prince of Ergall, of Oriel. On this occasion the king (Murtoth O'Loughlin) gave as an offering for his soul to God, and the monks of Mellifont, 140 oxen or cows, 60 ounces of gold, and a townland, called Finnavaire-na-ningen, near Drogheda. O'Kerbhaill gave also 60 ounces of gold, and as many more were presented by the wife of O'Ruarc. She likewise gave a golden chalice for the high altar, and sacred vestments, &c., for each of the nine other altars that were in the church. This was the unfortunate Dervorgoil, whose abduction by Dermot Mac Morrogh, king of Leinster, led to the introduction into Ireland of the English with Strongbow. Her donations to the abbey of Mellifont appear to have been intended as an expiation of her crime; and hither she retired towards the end of her life. Some dungeons, "horribly dark and dismal," are pointed out as the place in which she closed her eventful career "in mortification and repentance." The dungeons are two in number, having one small aperture in each for the admission of light, and small recesses in the walls, apparently for holding the bread and water of affliction, doled out to the unhappy inmates.

<sup>121</sup> The former wealth of Mellifont and the immense number of its monks, are implied by a tradition, that "going on one occasion in procession to Drogheda, the abbot, who was at their head, perceiving, on entering into the town, that he had forgotten his missal on the high altar, gave the word to the next, and so passing it from one to the other, the last man in the procession brought it with him:" it is certain, that at the dissolution it contained one hundred and forty monks, beside lay brothers and servitors. It was then granted to Sir Edward Moore, ancestor to the Marquis of Drogheda, and under him and his descendants underwent many alterations and vicissitudes. Among other ornaments, were the statues of the twelve apostles in stone, and "Sir Edward, or one of his immediate successors, conceiving they were as efficacious in a temporal as in a spiritual capacity, clothed them in scarlet, clapped muskets on their shoulders, and transforming them into British grenadiers, placed them to do duty in his hall; they occupied this station for some time, but are now gone to the moles and the bats." A fine Gothic doorway, said to have been composed of blue marble richly ornamented and gilt, is reported to have been "staked at a game of piquet" by one of its proprietors, and lost.

<sup>122</sup> Dundalk is famous in history as the place in which Edward Bruce was "solemnly crowned" king of Ireland, in 1315; and where for a short period he maintained the pageantry of a court. On the 28th of May of that year, a battle took place in the immediate neighbourhood between his forces and those of England, under the command of Sir John de Birmingham, in which Bruce was slain by an English knight named Maupas, whose body was afterwards found stretched over that of his antagonist. Lodge, in his "Peerage of Ireland," describes the death of Bruce as having occurred under circumstances less heroic, although more romantic. According to his account, "Rodger de Maupas, a burgess of Dundalk, disguised himself in a fool's dress, and in that character entering their camp, killed Bruce by striking out his brains with a plummet of lead."

Dundalk was, from a very early period, "a walled town;" it was strongly fortified and garrisoned for James II. in 1689; in the autumn of that year, Schomberg formed his camp about a mile to the north of the town, and remained for above two months idle and inactive in the neighbourhood—a circumstance which very nearly ruined the cause of William the Third, for the English army suffered greatly; according to Story, the historian of the period, "the sufferers became at length insensible to the emotions of sympathy, using the dead bodies of their comrades as seats on the cold swampy ground, and murmuring when they were deprived of such an accommodation."

<sup>123</sup> Ludlow states, that when the gallant governor, Sir Arthur Aston, was slain, "a great dispute there was among the soldiers for his artificial leg, which was reported to be of gold; but it proved to be of wood."

<sup>124</sup> The steeple of St. Peter's church was composed of wood, though the body of the building was of stone. The most respectable of the inhabitants sheltered themselves within the body of the church. Cromwell, after some deliberation, resolved upon blowing up the building. For this purpose he laid a quantity of powder in an old subterraneous passage which was open, and went under the church; but changing his resolution, he set fire to the steeple, and as the people rushed out to avoid the flames, they were slaughtered. Mark Noble relates that one man leapt from the tower, and received no further hurt than by the breaking of his leg, which the soldiers perceiving, took him up and gave him quarter.

<sup>125</sup> Ludlow, in his "Memoirs," does not hesitate to claim his full share of iniquity. "I went," he says, "to visit the garrison

of Dundalk, and being upon my return, I found a party of the enemy retired within a hollow rock, which was discovered by one of ours, who saw five or six of them standing before a narrow passage at the mouth of the cave. The rock was so thick, that we thought it impossible to dig it down upon them, and therefore resolved to try to reduce them by smoke. After some of our men had spent most part of the day in endeavouring to smother those within by fire placed at the mouth of the cave, they withdrew the fire, and the next morning supposing the Irish to be made incapable of resistance by the smoke, some of them with a candle before them crawled into the rock. One of the enemy who lay in the middle of the entrance fired his pistol, and shot the first of our men into the head, by whose loss we found that the smoke had not taken the designed effect. But seeing no other way to reduce them, I caused the trial to be repeated, and upon examination found that though a great smoke went into the cavity of the rock, yet it came out again at other crevices; upon which I ordered those places to be closely stopped, and another smother made. About an hour and a half after this, one of them was heard to groan very strongly, and afterwards more weakly, whereby we presumed that the work was done; yet the fire was continued till about midnight, and then taken away, that the place might be cool enough for ours to enter the next morning. At which time some went in armed with back, breast, and head-piece, to prevent such another accident as fell out at their first attempt; but they had not gone above six yards before they found the man that had been heard to groan, who was the same that had killed one of our men with his pistol, and who, resolving not to quit his post, had been, upon stopping the holes of the rock, choked by the smoke. Our soldiers put a rope about his neck, and drew him out. The passage being cleared, they entered, and having put about fifteen to the sword, brought four or five out alive, with priest's robes, a crucifix, chalice, and other furniture of that kind. Those within preserved themselves by laying their heads close to a water that ran through the rock. We found two rooms in the place, one of which was large enough to turn a pike; and having filled the mouth of it with large stones, we quitted it."

<sup>126</sup> William gave instant indications of his seriousness of purpose, which strongly contrasted with the indecision of his rival. He almost lived on horseback during the period between his arrival and the battle for the crown; when questioned as to wine for his own table, he commanded that the necessities of his soldiers should be first cared for, passionately exclaiming, "Let

them not want—I shall drink water.” Animated by such an example of courage and enduring fortitude, victory was almost secured.

<sup>127</sup> It is not too much to say so; for if the Irish had obtained the victory, the whole of the south, east, and west of Ireland would have been in the possession of James; and although William would have been safe in the north, Louis, who waited only for a sample of what the Irish designed to do for their Catholic king, would have converted Ireland, in reality, into the seat of European war,—pouring troops into its harbours, and amply supplying arms and money to the party of his ally. Scotland was ill-secured to William, and in England his opponent had still many powerful adherents. His hereditary Dutch dominions were threatened. And—the great evil of all—it would have been impossible for William to have, in person, conducted the farther progress of the contest on Irish ground. All things considered, it is not easy to exaggerate the importance of the victory at the Boyne to Great Britain, to Europe, and to civilization.

<sup>128</sup> Donore is in the county of Meath; a few miserable cabins still dignify the place with the title of village. The church stands on the summit of an elevated hill of limestone, due west of Drogheda, and about a mile south of the pass of the Boyne. It is a complete ruin, the east gable end being the only portion of it now standing.

<sup>129</sup> This castle is situated on the summit of a rising ground, in the townland of Carn, about two miles and a half due north of Drogheda, on the road from that place to Clogher. The view from it is very commanding, the ground rising gradually from the Boyne; allowing the spectator not only a prospect of the S. E. portion of the county of Louth, but also that of a great part of the northern portion of the county of Meath. To the south the view is less extensive, as the country rises gradually for the distance of about a mile.

<sup>130</sup> This house is situated on the side of a ridge of limestone which runs northward of the domain of Townley Hall, and is about two miles and a half from the scene of the battle at “Old-Bridge town.”

<sup>131</sup> William appears to have been ill informed as to the number of the Irish forces; a subject on which, however, he manifested intense anxiety. A deserter from the Irish camp so magnified them as to have “greatly disconcerted” the king; at this juncture, Cox, the secretary of Lord Southwell, and afterwards Lord Chan-

cellor of Ireland, relieved the anxiety of his master, and laid the foundation of his own fortune. He led the deserted through the English camp, and then desired to know his estimate of its strength. The man "confidently affirmed them to be more than double their real number." Whence, adds the historian Harris, "his Majesty perceived he was a conceited ill guesser."

<sup>132</sup> A most concise and circumstantial account of the Battle of the Boyne was written by "Captain John Richardson," an "eyewitness of the scene." It was printed on a single sheet, headed by a plan of the ground on which it was fought, and the disposition of the rival forces. We met with a copy of it in the north of Ireland; but the number published at the period was, no doubt, very limited, if indeed it were published at all; for it appears to have been produced merely for the "Boyne Club," to which it is dedicated; and, we believe, it is almost unknown to the historians. The plan, and the key to it, we have introduced, and we add to this note the whole of his account, except a few preliminary passages, in which he briefly details the operations of the English army previously to the 1st of July. His statement is thus prefaced:—

"In all the accounts (no fewer than eight or nine) published of the Battle of the Boyne, the narration is not only in too general terms, but also defective, and in several instances repugnant to matter of fact. The order of time in the beginning and progress of the action is not observed; the manner in which it was fought not specified. That glorious part which King William himself acted, not particularly related. The fall of Schomberg, Walker, and Callimote misrepresented. The valour of the Dutch and French Protestants, who had the greatest share in the transaction, and bore the main brunt of the battle in the centre at Old Bridge, not set forth with such marks of honour and distinction as they highly deserved. Even the remarkable bravery and courage of that regiment of English foot, who (after the Danes had fled) stood firm and made good their ground, and by repulsing a large body of Irish horse and dragoons, and putting a stop to their pursuit after the king, gave the decisive blow, and secured the victory, hardly mentioned at all. Wherefore, that an event of so great importance to this kingdom might be transmitted to posterity in a true and clear light, and justice done to the memory of the chief actors and greatest sufferers in it, I have published this draught and true narrative of the battle, which as it is more particular than any extant yet, so I presume it will not be un-

acceptable to all those who have the cause of liberty and truth at heart.

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“About an hour before the main battle came on, the English artillery was removed to a convenient place, very near the ford at Old Bridge, from whence the Irish trenches, and a slated house at the end of the village, full of Irish soldiers, were furiously battered with great success, until all things were ready to begin the attack. Then our artillery was removed from thence about a quarter of a mile down the river and planted near it, on convenient ground, just opposite the field of battle, from which they had a fair opportunity of cannonading the Irish forces as they marched from their camp to attack our men after they had passed the ford. As soon as the firing of the great guns ceased, King William, having passed the river by a ford lower down, within a mile of Drogheda, made the first onset, and Duke Schomberg, at Old Bridge, much about the same time. When this great and valiant prince came to the river-side, at the head of four troops of Enniskillen horse, one regiment of Danish horse, and another of English foot, he drew his sword, and spoke thus to the Enniskilleners: ‘I have heard a great deal of your bravery, and now I make no doubt but I shall be an eye-witness of it.’ The four captains thereupon requested him not to expose his person to so great danger by crossing the river within shot of the enemy. ‘No!’ said he, ‘I will see you over the river.’ When the king was in the middle of the river, a regiment of Irish dragoons, which were posted on a rising ground within shot of the ford, fired at him, and immediately retreated to a body of horse drawn up at a little distance behind them in a fallow field. A bullet hit the cap of the king’s pistol, Captain Blackford had his horse shot under him, and there was one man killed, which was all the execution done here, so far as I could learn. As soon as the king came up to the place which the Irish dragoons had quitted, he drew up the four troops of the Enniskillen horse, and then ordered them to attack the aforesaid body of Irish horse. Immediately they marched up to the enemy with great intrepidity, and charged them sword in hand; upon which the Irish gave way, and retreated in great disorder. The Enniskilleners, not content (as they should have been) with this, broke their ranks, and pursued them violently through a cloud of dust until they were repulsed by the fresh fire of a body of Irish horse, posted at the far end of another fallow field, who, in their turn, pursued them back again through the said two fallow fields, until they drove

them up to the Danish regiment, at the head of which King William had placed himself, a regiment of English foot being drawn up on the left of them. Here the Danes (not being able to distinguish friends from foes, galloping towards them in a crowd and a great cloud of dust) gave way and retreated, which obliged the king to retire with them. The regiment of English foot disdain to fly, stood firm and made good their ground, and repulsed the enemy; by which seasonable instance of English valour, the pursuit being stopped, the king immediately rallied the Enniskilleners and the Danes, and charged the enemy with such vigour that they fled in great disorder, upon which they were pursued by the Danes and Enniskilleners, and entirely cut to pieces.

“Concerning what passed at Old Bridge, the passage from the English camp was by a path between two steep hills, descending into a plain very near the ford, but sheltered from the musquetry in the Irish trench by a small eminence. On this plain, the three regiments—viz., the Blue Dutch Guards, Callimote’s regiment of French Protestants, and St. John’s regiment of Derry-men, drew up under the fire of the English artillery, which played furiously upon the Irish trench, beat it down in several places, and killed some men in it; they also fired one round at the slated house full of soldiers, with such effect that they fled out of it in great precipitation, our artillery all the time continuing their thunder so vehemently against the trench that the soldiers did not peep over it. The regiment of Blue Dutch Guards then entered the river, and received the enemy’s fire from the trench with very little loss. When they came near the trench, the Irish quitted it and ran away, before a shot was made at them. As soon as the Dutch had thrown down a stone wall which the Irish had made across the road, they marched through a short defile after the enemy into the village of Old Bridge. On the south side of this village, the regiment which had fled out of the trench, rallied in a field of standing corn, and having exchanged some shot with the Dutch, fled again across the field towards Duleek. Then the Dutch left the village, and formed themselves about the middle of the field of battle. Upon this, a much superior number of Irish foot came against them with a great shout. As they came on, they were much galled by our artillery, and several times put into disorder. When they approached within the usual distance, they stood a good while, until the Dutch and they had fired three or four discharges at one another, and then retreated in the smoke, which saved them from being cannonaded as they went off. The next

regiment which passed the river were French Protestant refugees, commanded by Colonel Callimote, an officer of very good character.

"Duke Schomberg, with a small retinue of about eight horsemen, crossed the Boyne at some little distance before the front of this regiment; and as, after passing a defile, he had just entered the field of battle, a squadron of the enemy's horse, commanded by Colonel Parker, came up, and killed the Duke, Doctor Walker, and Colonel Callimote, the aforesaid French regiment behind them being then in the defile and their muskets shouldered, so that they could not give them any assistance. Some of this squadron rode quite through the French regiment and came to the ford, and then made off through the village; the rest went back the same way they came. Then Callimote's regiment joined the Blue Dutch to the left, and as St. John's regiment was marching to join them on the right, a regiment of Irish horse, attempting to take them in the flank, were repulsed by their fire with loss. Immediately after this, the aforesaid three regiments being joined, a large body of the enemy's foot, consisting of French and Irish, attacked them; but after firing two or three rounds, they retreated as before, in the smoke; which covered them until they got out of the reach of our shot. When the smoke cleared up, and no enemy was to be seen, the said three regiments marched slowly after them to the top of a little hill, from whence they perceived that their camp was abandoned, and saw their army retreating from them, about the distance of half a mile on the road to Duleek, in good order, but, nevertheless, making what haste they could to gain the pass there; and it was well for them that they did so, for had they stayed a little longer, they had been intercepted by the detachment under Douglas sent in the morning to Slane. When they had got through the pass, some French regiments (sent from France to assist King James) faced about, and planted cannons at the mouth of the pass to defend themselves from a body of English horse who were pursuing, and very near overtaking them. Our foot being far behind, and it being impracticable for horse alone to force the pass, they drew up hard by, in a convenient place, where they were covered from the enemy's shot. The Blue Dutch Guards, Callimote's and St. John's regiments, who had sustained the main shock of the battle, being reinforced, marched also slowly and in good order after the enemy towards the pass, and drew up to the right of this body of horse. In the meanwhile, General Hamilton, in order to favour the retreat of Irish and French foot, drew up a body of horse very artfully, near Plattin Castle, in an enclosed field, into which

there was only one entrance, through a gap made by his pioneers. The other eight troops of Enniskillen horse, commanded by Colonel Molesley, not thinking it necessary to wait for help, and being desirous to be sharers of the transactions of that day, went on with a resolution to attack this party, though under great disadvantage. There was no way of coming to this gap but by marching first by the enemy's front, almost within the reach of their shot, in a narrow lane fenced on each side with a dry double ditch; however, they were suffered to pass unmolested. When two troops had gone through the gap, and it was time to form them in order to face the enemy, who were drawn up on their right, the Colonel, by mistake, commanded them to wheel to the left; whereby, instead of facing, they turned their backs to the enemy, which the Lieutenant-Colonel perceiving, cried aloud to them to wheel to the right, on which, some wheeling to the left and some to the right, they ran into great disorder and confusion. In this instant, before they could recover themselves, the enemy fell upon, routed, and killed about fifty of them on the spot. The pursuit was carried on, with General Hamilton at the head of it, but it was very short, for the king by this time came up himself with great expedition, and put a stop to it. Here General Hamilton was taken just before the king's face, and his body of horse entirely routed and dispersed by a long pursuit. Then the whole English cavalry drew up in a plain near Duleek, being joined by the right wing under the command of General Douglas from Slane, where they had met with some opposition from Colonel O'Neal's dragoons, who were soon forced to give way, and retired with loss. When the enemy faced about at Duleek, it was thought they intended to renew the fight and dispute the pass; for which reason the cavalry stood still a good while, until the enemy went off, which they did at the approach of the English foot and train of artillery; whereupon the cavalry marched immediately after them through the pass; but as this took up some time, the rear-guard of the Irish army got about a mile before them.

"Our cavalry pursued them, gaining ground very fast, and might have come up with them in a little time and have cut them to pieces; but as it was thought that there would be no more fighting that day, and that the war of Ireland was at an end, King William, who was a merciful as well as a valiant prince, was pleased to put a stop to the pursuit, and to prevent the further effusion of blood.

"The number of the slain in this battle was not near so great on either side as is commonly represented; because the situation

of the ground was such, that the English could attack the enemy in small parties; and the defeat of their right wing by King William in the beginning of the fight, hastened the retreat of the whole army. And as it is no easy matter to bring a body of troops together that have been let loose for a pursuit, before this could be done by the king, the centre of the army, attacked by Duke Schomberg, at Old Bridge, got out of reach, so that, to the best of my conjecture, they had not above eight or nine hundred killed in the whole action. As to the loss on our side, of the Blue Dutch battalion (who, to their immortal honour, bore the main brunt of the battle in the centre) there fell one hundred or upwards, which was near as many as were lost in our whole army besides."

<sup>133</sup> The spot which tradition points out as the grave of Callimote, is a slightly elevated mound of earth between two elm-trees, close to the gatehouse of "Old Bridge House," to which has been given the name of the "general's grave"—a name by which it was known long beyond existing memories. The motive assigned for his having been buried here is, that as it was mainly through his means the battle was gained, and to show how completely the enemy's ground had been won, they interred him on the Irish side of the river. "For the honour of the thing they took him across," said an old man; who thus accounted, and probably with reason, for the selection of this place of sepulture for the gallant stranger who was here "left alone in his glory."

<sup>134</sup> There is, we believe, little doubt that the ball which slew the old veteran was fired by one of his own troopers. Captain Parker (who was present at the battle) states that "he was killed, some said by his own men, as they fired on the enemy, and some said otherwise; but that which passed current in that day, and indeed seems most probable, was, that he was shot by a trooper who had deserted from his own regiment about a year before, and was then in King James's Guards. The Duke of Berwick, in his 'Memoirs,' affirms that some life-guards killed Schomberg, mistaking him for the Prince of Orange, on account of some blue ribbon which he wore."

Notwithstanding that Richardson states himself to have been an eye-witness of the conflict, it is quite clear he must be understood to speak in a limited sense. The contest raged hotly, at the same moment of time, at very distant parts of an extended battle-field; so that, although he states with a show of confidence, that 'a squadron of the enemy's horse, commanded by Colonel Parker, came up and killed the Duke, Doctor Walker, and Colonel Calli-

mote,' it can be easily shown that in this instance he must have spoken from hearsay only. The more circumstantial accounts which have come down to us, on the faith of other authorities, bear upon them the impress of truth; and we shall presently, we are of opinion, be able to give a very curious proof of the story so often repeated, but hitherto very doubtfully, that Schomberg's death was from a shot fired from behind by one of his own party.

The authorities to which we have alluded concur in stating, that during the early part of the engagement, Duke Schomberg had reserved himself in some degree waiting for an emergency, when it should be necessary for him to come up to the aid of his old friend and companion in arms, Callimote, who was some distance in advance when he was killed. Schomberg, seeing him fall, and the Huguenot troops he led thrown into some confusion by the loss of their leader, dashed forward into the river, and pointing with his sword to the French troops in James's service, cried out, "Allons, messieurs, voilà vos persécuteurs!" These, according to Leland, and the authorities who support his narrative, were the last words Schomberg uttered. At this moment the remnant of a troop of Irish horse, who, driven back from Old Bridge—where they had attempted a passage—by the Dutch troops of William, who had cut them to pieces with the exception of a few who had escaped, infuriated by the loss they had sustained, plunged into the river after Schomberg. Mistaken for a moment by his troops they had been allowed to pass unmolested, but on coming up with the Duke they fell furiously on him, and one of them attempting to cut him down inflicted a severe wound, while others, seizing him, attempted to bring him on with them as their prisoner. At this crisis his own men fired upon them, and one bullet unluckily took effect fatally, and instantly terminated Schomberg's eventful life.

The skull of Schomberg, which has been fortuitously preserved to this day, fully bears out the preceding account. A large orifice over the right temple, as shown in our illustration from a drawing made from the very skull (see Plate No. 10), points out the place of Schomberg's death-wound, and the form of the fracture clearly indicates that here the bullet passed out, leaving the obvious inference that it probably found entrance at the back of the neck.

As a question might be reasonably raised as to the identity of the skull at this distance of time, it is proper to state that this fact rests upon the authority of a very intelligent person, a verger of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, where Schomberg

was buried, who states that, when he was quite a boy, the vault at the left of the altar, in the chancel, was opened by mistake, and that one of the persons connected with the cathedral, named Mike Manus, took possession of the skull without his doing so having been noticed; and being a heraldry-painter, he absolutely used it for some time as a paint-pot. But having never been removed from the cathedral, at Manus's death it ceased to be applied to so irreverent a purpose.

It seems that some years ago it was brought under the notice of the Phrenological Society, and it is said that, struck with the large development of philoprogenitiveness, Dr. Spurzheim had at first inclined to pronounce it the skull of a female. Competent anatomists have, however, held the contrary opinion; we give some particulars which have been obligingly communicated to us by an eminent phrenologist.

"The skull is evidently that of an aged person, the sutures in some places being almost obliterated. The marks of violence seem to indicate the passage of the ball upwards and outwards, as if it had entered from behind, and then passed up through the brain, making its way out at the coronal surface. The development indicates a determined and energetic character, not much burthened with moral or religious feelings. The intellectual portion is small, with the exception of the observing faculties, which are generally very full, quite sufficient to master that portion of strategy which relates to tactics; veneration, conscientiousness, and adhesiveness, are small; destructiveness, combativeness, acquisitiveness, firmness, and self-esteem, are large. The skull certainly belonged in all likelihood to a soldier of fortune—large firmness and self-esteem would probably raise him from the ranks to a post of command, while small conscientiousness and adhesiveness, with large acquisitiveness, would lead him to act as a mercenary, by serving under whatever master could promise the best pay."

A remarkable corroboration of the fact of Duke Schomberg's death having followed from such a wound as we have described, appears to be furnished by the interesting and magnificent tapestry which adorns the Court of the Directors of the Bank of Ireland, once the House of Lords, the only portion of the building which remains unaltered since the period when the Irish Parliament sat within its walls. In the part which represents the Battle of the Boyne, we see a figure which is said to be intended for Schomberg fallen from his horse, which also rolls on the ground; and from a

wound above the right temple of the prostrate rider pours a stream of blood.

"The remains of this great General," says Mr. William Monck Mason (in his History of St. Patrick's Cathedral), "were removed to this cathedral immediately after the Battle of the Boyne, where they lay until the 10th of July, and were then deposited under the altar. The interment of Duke Schomberg is noted with a pencil in the register; the entry is almost illegible, insomuch that it has been often sought for in vain. Although he well merited from the gratitude of a country in whose cause he fell, and the favour of a prince whom he faithfully served, such a testimonial, no memorial of the place of his interment was erected until the year 1731."

Dean Swift, besides his anxiety to embellish this his cathedral, was actuated by a just indignation towards the relations of this great man, who, though they derived all their wealth and honours from him, neglected to pay the smallest tribute of respect to his remains; he therefore caused this stone (a slab of black marble fixed in the wall near the monument of Archbishop Jones) to be erected, and himself dictated the inscription, which is as follows:—

"Hic infra situm est corpus Frederici Ducis de Schonberg ad Bubindam, occisi A.D. 1690.

"Decanus et capitulum maximopere etiam atque etiam petierunt, ut hæredes Ducis monumentum in memoriam parentis erigendum curarent.

"Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos, diu ac sæpe orando nil profecere; hunc demum lapidem statuerunt; saltem ut scias hospes ubinam terrarum SCHONBERGENSES cineres delitescunt.

"Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos. A.D. 1731."

Dean Swift, before he caused this stone to be erected, made repeated applications to the descendants of this nobleman, and endeavoured to interest them so far as to contribute somewhat toward erecting a monument to his memory; on the 10th May, 1728, he wrote a letter to Lord Carteret, from which we extract the following passage:—

"The great Duke of Schomberg is buried under the altar in my cathedral. My Lady Holderness is my old acquaintance, and I writ her about a small sum to make a monument for her grandfather. I writ to her myself, and also there was a letter from the Dean and Chapter, to desire she would order a monument to be raised for him in my cathedral. It seems Mildmay, now Lord

Fitzwalter, her husband, is a covetous fellow; or whatever is the matter, we have had no answer. I desire you will tell Lord Fitzwalter, that if he will not send fifty pounds to make a monument for the old Duke, I and the Chapter will erect a small one of ourselves for ten pounds; whereon it shall be expressed, that the posterity of the Duke, naming particularly Lady Holderness and Mr. Mildmay, not having the generosity to erect a monument, we have done it of ourselves. And if, for an excuse, they pretend they will send for his body, let them know it is mine; and rather than send it, I will take up the bones, and make of it a skeleton, and put it in my register-office to be a memorial of their baseness to all posterity. This I expect your Excellency will tell Mr. Mildmay, or, as you now call him, Lord Fitzwalter; and I expect likewise that he will let Sir Conyers D'Arcy know how ill I take his neglect in this matter; although, to do him justice, he averred, 'that Mildmay was no avaricious wretch, that he would let his own father be buried without a coffin, to save charges.'"—*Swift's Works*, vol. xvii. p. 219; Scott's Edition.

Swift's letter, repeating his application to the Countess of Holderness on this subject, dated the 22nd May, 1729, is entered on the book of Chapter-minutes, and is printed by Mr. Mason in his history of St. Patrick's.

When this inscription was first set up, Swift was informed that it had given great offence, and he wrote to his friend Pope on the occasion (29th July, 1731): See *Scott's Edition of Swift*, vol. xvii. p. 412. In the same volume (p. 416, and p. 449) may be found two letters from Swift, dated 24th July, and 26th October, 1731, to the Countess of Suffolk, referring to this monument, the latter of which contains this passage: "Why should the Schomberg family be so uneasy at a thing they were so long warned of, and were told they might prevent for fifty pounds?"

The king, when he heard of the death of Dr. Walker, is reported to have said, "Poor fool! what business had he there?" a remark that does little credit to the sovereign; for, although the clergyman was unquestionably "out of place" in the battle-field, if he had always avoided it, in all likelihood William would never have been King of Ireland. The defence of Londonderry, of which Walker was the governor, was, in fact, the key that opened to him the kingdom; and a more glorious example of enduring and indomitable courage on the part of a garrison is not recorded in the history of the world.

<sup>135</sup> Following a bridle road which leads from the old church to the river, about midway between them, the old farm-house of





sheep-house stands. This place for a long time witnessed the attacks of King William's troops, after the Irish were driven out of the fort of Old Bridge, forcing the retiring point of the Catholics. It was taken and retaken several times.

100 On the lands of Ballinacree, now called Trenchy Hall, the seat of Mr. Balfour, a farmer of the name of Lawton, some time ago found the curious ball—“balled,” of which we have given a drawing. (See Plate VII. ill.) The flattened spot on the top had an iron staple driven into it, and the whole surface was covered with small, sharp, blunt spikes of lead, which projected from the surface of the ball about 1½ inch; the greatest diameter of the ball was about 7 inches. It was perhaps the ball of the antique and well-known weapon called the “morning star.” Whether this weapon was ever used at the battle of the Boyne or not may be a question, which the mere finding it on the field of the battle will not answer. It is possible that the portion of King James's army which were not sufficiently armed, may have been obliged to use such like adapted Irish weapons.

101 In 1791, during a violent storm, by contrary late Dublin, and the last department from W. H. H. “unsuccessful entry” took place on the 10th of March, 1791, within the precincts of an immortal monument, the monument had passed over a bridge and breaking the stones of the bridge capital. On approaching “the monument” a stone bridge was being over his master, Lord Young and beautiful building, collected from the different moments of the city, and in white, walked before his horse, and showed flowers to his party, and he arrived at the Castle, where the people greeted him with universal shouts of “God save the King!” “Long live the King!” for spilling Ireland for ever. “We now cried God bless him” he was only too much despised to be hated.

102 In memory of his Majesty's passage and signal victory at the Boyne, a medal was struck, representing the king in boat, with these words—GEORGE III. D. G. MAG. BRIT. FRAN. &c. HIB. —on the reverse, his Majesty as a general crossing the river on horseback; King James flying with extended arms, and followed by Genl. Lauzun with his broken troops; a little lower, Duke Schomberg and Dr. Walker lie dead on the opposite bank of the stream; over all are these words—APPARUIT ET DISSIPAVIT—and on the margin, LIBERATA HIBERNIA, 1690.

The obelisk at the Boyne, immediately opposite the village of Old Bridge, stands on a rock which jutted out into the current of the river. The obelisk was not erected until the year 1736.

103 The Boyne Obelisk. The shaft is 150 feet above the level of the river, Photographure from a Painting by A. Nichol



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The Borneo Obolisk  
Photographed from a Painting by A. Nichol

Sheep-house stands. This place for a long time withstood the attacks of King William's troops, after the Irish were beaten at the ford of Old Bridge, forming the rallying-point of the Jacobites. It was taken and retaken several times. -

<sup>136</sup> On the lands of Belltumber, now called Townley Hall, the seat of Mr. Balfour, a farmer of the name of Lawless, some years ago found the curious wooden "bullet," of which we here give a drawing. (See Plate No. 10.) The flattened space on the top had an iron staple driven into it, and the whole surface was unevenly studded over with clumsy blunt spikes of lead, which projected from the surface of the ball about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch; the greatest diameter of the ball was about 7 inches. It was perhaps the ball of the antique and well-known weapon called the "morning star." Whether this weapon was ever used at the battle of the Boyne or not may be a question, which the mere finding it on the field of the battle will not answer. It is probable that the portion of King James's army which were but indifferently armed, may have boasted of some man who adopted this antique weapon.

<sup>137</sup> How striking a contrast between his entrance into Dublin, and his final departure from it! His "triumphal entry" took place on the 21st of March, 1689, amidst the plaudits of an immense multitude; for centuries had passed since a sovereign had trodden the streets of the Irish capital. On approaching "the Liberties," a silken canopy was hung over his course; forty young and beautiful maidens, selected from the different convents of the city, clad in white, walked before his horse, and strewed flowers in his path, until he arrived at the Castle, where the people greeted him with universal shouts of "God save the king!" "Long live the king!" On quitting Ireland for ever, "no man cried God bless him;" he was only too much despised to be hated.

<sup>138</sup> In memory of his Majesty's passage and signal victory of the Boyne, a medal was struck, representing the king in bust, with these words—*GULIELMUS III. D. G. MAG. BRIT. FRAN. & HIB.*—on the reverse, his Majesty as a general crossing the river on horseback; King James flying with extended arms, and followed by Count Lauzun with his broken troops; a little lower, Duke Schomberg and Dr. Walker lie dead on the opposite bank of the river: over all are these words—*APPARUIT ET DISSIPAVIT*—and on the exergue, *LIBERATA HIBERNIA, 1690.*

The obelisk at the Boyne, immediately opposite the village of Old Bridge, stands on a rock which juts out a little into the current of the river. The obelisk was not erected until the year 1736. "The vertex of the shaft is 150 feet above the level of the river,

but the altitude of a picturesque rock, on which the monument is erected, and which is about twenty feet in height, is to be deducted from this measurement." The following inscriptions are graven on the dies of the pedestal:

"Sacred to the glorious Memory of King William the Third, who, on the first of July, 1690, passed the river, near this place, to attack James the Second, at the head of a Popish army, advantageously posted on the south side of it, and did on that day, by a successful battle, secure to us and to our posterity our liberty, laws, and religion. In consequence of this action James the Second left this kingdom, and fled to France. This Memorial of our deliverance was erected in the ninth year of the reign of King George the Second, the first stone being laid by Lionel Sackville, Duke of Dorset, lord-lieutenant of this kingdom, MDCCXXXVI."

Underneath is the following:

"In perpetuam rei tam fortiter quam feliciter gestæ memoriam,  
Hic publicæ gratitudinis Monumenti  
Fundamen manibus ipse suis  
Posuit Lionelus Dux Dorsetiæ, xvii<sup>mo</sup> die Aprilis, MDCCXXXVI."

On the west side is inscribed in Roman capitals:

"JULY THE FIRST, MDCLXXX."

And on the south:

"This monument was erected by the grateful contributions of several Protestants of Great Britain and Ireland."

In the south die:

"Reinard, Duke of Schomberg, in passing this river, died, bravely fighting in defence of liberty."

<sup>139</sup> Cavan was one of the counties portioned among the "undertakers" in the reign of James the First. It was then otherwise called "Breny Orelve, or O'Relie's contery," according to Sir John Davies, the king's attorney-general; and its lords were the then powerful sept of the O'Reillys—the chiefs of whom "did adhere to the Earl of Tyrone, and other rebels." The usual consequences followed. An inquisition found that certain O'Relies had died in rebellion, and "of course forfeited their estates."

In the orders and conditions which were published by the king,

and which were rigidly enforced under penalties, the English and Scottish undertakers were to plant their proportions with English and Scottish tenants only, who were to yield to his Majesty, for every proportion of a thousand acres, £5. 6s. 8d. English, and so rateably for greater proportions, which is after the rate of 6s. 8d. for every 60 English acres.

Every undertaker of 2000 acres held his lands by "knight's service in capite," and was bound to build a castle with a strong court or bawne about it. An undertaker of 1500 acres held his lands by "knight's service of the castle of Dublin," and was bound to build a stone or brick house thereupon, with a strong court or bawne about it; and every undertaker of 1000 acres, held his lands "by common soccage," and there was no wardship on the two first descents of that land; he was bound to erect a strong court or bawne at least. They were all obliged to make their tenants build their houses in the vicinity of the mansion, for general defence, and an inhibition was made to restrain the falling or destruction of woods, out of which there was a sufficient quantity adjudged for the building of each plantation.

The undertakers were bound to have a sufficient number of arms ready at all times, and a competent number of able men; they were obliged to take the oath of supremacy, and to conform in religion according to the king's laws; they could not demise or alien to any but those who conformed in these particulars, nor to the mere Irish on any account. They had power to erect manors, to hold courts-baron twice every year, to create tenures, to hold of themselves upon alienation of any part of the portions, so as it did not exceed the moiety thereof; they could not demise their lands at will only, but were bound to make certain estates for years, for life, in taile, or in fee-simple; and there was a particular provision against "cuttings, cosheries, exactions, or uncertain rents," according to the Irish custom.

<sup>140</sup> For the information we communicate, we are indebted, chiefly, to Mr. J. B. Wright of Clonmel, an accomplished Irish scholar. The Irish language is a dialect of the Celtic, and (as Sir William Temple justly observes) the purest dialect extant. The Celts were the aboriginal inhabitants of Europe, who possessed it anterior to the Roman and Gothic races, by whom it was subsequently overrun. Being the earliest colonists that passed from Asia, the Celts retained a closer resemblance to the Orientals in their manners, customs, and language, than the other two races. Besides, they had much intercourse with the Phœnicians, and received colonies from them. This in a great measure serves to

account for the difference between them and the Gothic or Teutonic nations, which consisted principally in language and religion (the religion of the Goths being gloomy in its mythology, while that of the Celts was mild and cheerful). The principal Celtic nations were the Umbrians, Sabines, Etruscans, Gauls, Celtiberians, Lusitanians, and inhabitants of the British Isles. The genuine descendants of the Celtæ are now only to be found in Ireland, the Scottish highlands and isles, the Isle of Man, in Wales, Brittany, Biscay, and some of the Alpine valleys.

<sup>141</sup> The Roman missionaries reduced the Irish alphabet into its present order. The following is a copy of it according to the ancient order:—

Order	English Name	Form	Irish Name	Interpretation
1.	B .....	<b>B</b>	Beith	.....A birch.
2.	L .....	<b>l</b>	Luis	.....A quicken.
3.	F .....	<b>F</b>	Fearn	.....An alder.
4.	S .....	<b>S</b>	Sail	.....A willow.
5.	N .....	<b>N</b>	Nion	.....An ash.
6.	H .....	<b>h</b>	Uath	.....A whitethorn.
7.	D .....	<b>D</b>	Duir	.....An oak.
8.	T .....	<b>T</b>	Tinne	.....Furze.
9.	C .....	<b>C</b>	Coll	.....A hazel.
10.	M .....	<b>m</b>	Muin	.....A vine.
11.	G .....	<b>G</b>	Gort	.....Ivy.
12.	P .....	<b>p</b>	Pethpoc	.....Not known.
13.	R .....	<b>R</b>	Ruis	.....An elder.
14.	A .....	<b>a</b>	Ailm	.....A fir-tree.
15.	O .....	<b>O</b>	Onn	.....Broom.
16.	U .....	<b>u</b>	Uar	.....Heath.
17.	E .....	<b>e</b>	Eadhadh	.....An aspen.
18.	J .....	<b>j</b>	Idha	.....A yew.

The above is from the book of Lecan. The alphabet of the Uraiceact na N'eigeas, or "primer of the learned," ascribed to Forchern, a grammarian of the first century, differs from it only in calling the letters after the names of men, (said to be the original compilers of the Jephethan languages,) a practice similar to that of the Chaldeans, who named the five vowels after the patriarchs. Properly speaking, the H is no Irish letter, being merely used as an *accent* and mark of aspiration. It is fully sounded, however, in nouns of the feminine gender beginning with a vowel. The P is only found in, comparatively speaking, modern MSS.

<sup>142</sup> As a specimen of the Irish language, and in illustration of the preceding remarks, we beg to present to our readers the following verses from an ancient bard in the Irish and English characters, together with a literal translation.

ʒl Cíonúirí Teamhra treire é ná nʒ  
 Fada tu go faon ad luíge  
 ʒlín mhúr an áruir áh, ʒan uairín  
 ʒléd fábairí ceiríhe an túb-ʒruairín  
 ʒmall co ʒairín fíatáin fíar  
 ʒlín rʒáil Cormaic codlas íar  
 ʒlín ʒluairíear fíor b'fada an nʒ  
 'S uat an cluairín-cóbal íge

A Cionier Teamhra treith na righ  
 Fada tu go <sup>A</sup>faon <sup>A D</sup>ad <sup>D</sup>luighe  
 Ain mhùr an aruis ain gan <sup>A</sup>uaim <sup>Tr</sup>  
 Act siabhar <sup>A</sup>deimhe an <sup>A</sup>dubh-ghruaim. <sup>Tr</sup>  
 Mall de ghairm <sup>A</sup>fiadhain <sup>A</sup>fíar  
 Air sgail <sup>A</sup>Chormaic <sup>A</sup>codlas shiar  
 Mar <sup>Tr</sup>gluaiseas <sup>A</sup>for <sup>A</sup>b'fatha an sigh  
 'S <sup>D</sup>uath an <sup>A</sup>chlúain-<sup>Tr</sup>cholhail <sup>A</sup>tighe.

## TRANSLATION.

Oh! noble harp of Tara of Kings,  
 Long hast thou been lying feeble  
 On the wall of thy illustrious hall without sound  
 Save the shadowy sound of dark sullen sorrow.  
 Slow is thy wild winding call  
 On the shade of Cormac sleeping westward,  
 As he moves o'er the plain of aerial spirits,  
 And by the hawthorn of the enclosed field of his dwelling.

This will give even the mere English reader an idea of the prosody of the Irish language. The mark A denotes the alliterations, D the diphthongs, and Tr the triphthongs. The quiescent consonants (indicated by the dot in the Irish and the adventitious letter H

in the English character) render the words, however harsh to the eye, extremely soft to the ear.

<sup>143</sup> This is exclusive of a great number (probably a million) who, although they can speak Irish, yet from their rank, or other circumstances, now generally adopt the English as their vernacular language.

<sup>144</sup> "Dobbin's Valley," with its "walks," near the entrance to Armagh from Portadown, may not be passed over without notice. We borrow from a friend a brief description of its beauties:—"I would advise the traveller to Armagh to turn in at the handsome gate which stands on the left, on his approach to that city by the Rich-hill road. Should the elegant little lodge and neat planting invite him into the valley, the clack of the mill will soon lead him down to the river; and there is little probability of his turning on his steps till he winds round the lake, into which an artificial embankment has widened the Avonmore—now sauntering down straight alleys of closely-planted firs and larches, through whose embowerings the sun can scarcely penetrate—now bursting out into the lake and open lawn, and again winding along close by the bed of the rocky stream, pendent over which are the entwining branches of trees of various kinds, springing from rocks that scarcely seem to afford sufficient soil for the nurture of the moss and wild flowers with which they are enamelled. The stranger will scarcely credit that all this variety can be obtained in the scope of ground which, on ascending any of the neighbouring eminences, he may see beneath him. His surprise will be nothing diminished on being told, that a few years ago this spot, now so beautiful, presented nothing but a rude glen, with a little stream idly brawling among rocks and briers. These natural advantages, which a taste less refined and accurate would altogether have overlooked, have been beautified by the owner almost into a fairyland; and with a liberality which reflects on him the highest credit, the grounds have been thrown open to the public."

<sup>145</sup> The original name was Druim-sailech, "the hill of tallows," which was afterwards changed to Ardsaillech, "the height of tallows," and still later to Ard-macha; either from Eamhuin-macha, the regal residence of the kings of Ulster, which stood in its vicinity—or, as is more probable, from its characteristic situation, Ard-macha signifying "the high place or field:" hence Armagh. This derivation is considered to be the true one by Usher, Ware, and Harris. In the charter by which James I. incorporated the inhabitants of the city into a borough, it is called Ardmagh.

<sup>146</sup> Various opinions exist as to the birth-place of St. Patrick. He was probably born at "Tours" (on the 5th of April, 372 or 3), and his family was of Roman origin. In the sixteenth year of his age he was stolen by some adventurers, and sold to slavery in Ireland; from hence he made his escape; and although he is said to have cherished the idea of converting the Irish, he had attained his sixtieth year before he commenced his mission to that country. He lived, however, to complete the work. "After having established 365 churches, ordained a like number of bishops, and 3000 presbyters, he died in the abbey of Saul or Sabhal, on the 17th of March, 493, at the patriarchal age of 120 years."

<sup>147</sup> "Foreign students" (we quote from Dr. Stuart, who gives his authorities) "were gratuitously furnished in the Irish colleges with lodging, diet, clothes, and books;" and we have the authority of Bede and Alcuin, as well as of Erric of Auxerre, and of the writer of the Life of Sulgenus, that numbers of Saxons, Gauls, &c., flocked to Ireland for instruction. This account is corroborated by Camden, Spenser, Llhuid, and Roland. It is certain, that whoever wished to perfect himself in theology, and in the other sciences, deemed it necessary to reside in some of the literary seminaries of this country. Hence Camden quotes the following passage from the Life of Sulgenus:—

"Exemplo patrum commotus amore legendi  
Ivit ad Hibernos, Sophia mirabile claros."

He alleges, also, that the ancient English even learned the form of their letters from the Irish. Indeed the Irish language seems to have been formerly held in considerable repute, even by British monarchs; for when Aidan preached in that tongue to the Northumbrians, King Oswin himself interpreted his discourse to the people. When any learned man on the Continent had disappeared, it was generally said of him—"Amandatus est ad disciplinam in Hibernia." Aldelm, an author of the seventh century, the very first of the English nation who wrote Latin poetry, was a pupil of the Hibernian Scot Maidulph, as Camden testifies. Aigilbert, the first bishop of the Western Saxons, and afterwards bishop of Paris, and Alfred, king of Northumberland, were educated in Ireland. In the seventh century, Columban, an Irishman, founded the abbey of Luxeuil, in Burgundy—a second at Fontanelle—and a third at Bobio, near Naples. Gall, another Hibernian, founded the abbey of Stinace, or Stinaha, near the lake Constance. In the sixth century, Columba, the Irish Culdee, found-

ed the famous monastery of Hi, or Iona, and converted the Picts. Arbogast, an Hibernian Scot, about the year 646, founded an oratory in Alsace, where Hagenau was afterwards built. Maidulph erected the monastery of Ingleborne, where, about the year 676, he instructed the English youth in classic literature. Fursey founded a monastery at Cnobersburgh, now Burgh-castle, in Suffolk, about the year 637, and shortly afterwards the abbey of Laigni, in the diocese of Paris. He died on the 16th of January, 648. We may remind our readers that Charlemagne, of France, placed the university of Paris and that of Ticinum, (*i. e.* Pavia,) the two first-formed establishments of the kind on the continent of Europe, under the care of two Irishmen, Albin and Clements, as best qualified to preside over institutions at once so novel and so useful.

<sup>148</sup> In 1125, the roof was repaired with tiles, by Primate Celsus, having for the period of one hundred and thirty years, after the fire in 995, been only repaired in part. A more perfect restoration was effected by the Primate Gelasius in 1145, on which occasion, according to the annalists, he constructed a kiln or furnace for the preparation of lime; which kiln appears to have been quadrangular, and was of the extraordinary dimensions of sixty feet on every side.

<sup>149</sup> The original edifice appears, from the authority of the tripartite life of its founder, to have been an oblong structure, 140 feet in length, and divided into nave and choir, according to the system of all ancient Irish churches. The present church differs from its ancient predecessor in form and size; its shape being that of a cross, and its interior measurements  $183\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length from east to west, and its breadth in the transepts 119 feet from north to south. "The interior is ornamented with several splendid monuments, of which the most remarkable for beauty and costliness is that of the pious, worthy, and learned Dean Drelincourt—a work of the most famous sculptor, Rysbraek. The other monuments most worthy of notice are those of the Rev. Dr. Jenny, Rector of the Parish, who died in 1758; Primate Robinson—a bust by Bacon; William Viscount Charlemont, who died in 1671, and his father, William Baron Caulfield; and the late Rev. Thomas Carpendale, master of the Endowed Classic School of Armagh, erected in 1818. The monuments for which the original cathedral was celebrated, unfortunately no longer remain! Many of these deserved from posterity a different fate—for here were interred the heroes of Clontarf—the venerable Brian, and his son Murchard, and his nephew Conan, and his friend Methlin, Prince of the

Decies of Waterford—here their bodies, which had been conveyed thither by the clergy, lay in funeral state for twelve successive nights, during which, psalms, hymns, and prayers were chanted for their souls—and well did they merit those pious honours." We copy the above from the "Dublin Penny Journal." Two other very interesting monuments have been since added—one to Primate Stuart, a statue by Chantrey; and one to Sir Thomas Molyneux, by Roubilliac; removed to the cathedral from the house of his descendant.

<sup>150</sup> The first subscription of the Primate was £8000; and we understand it was subsequently increased from time to time to £30,000—the cost of the work having greatly exceeded the original estimate. The restoration was commenced before public aid was called for. In 1834, Mr. Cottingham had made a satisfactory report, and before the end of that year had removed the piers of the tower, which were found "unequal to bear its weight;" they were replaced by others, resting upon a more solid foundation, "in the execution of which the whole weight of the tower was sustained, without the slightest crack or settlement, till the new work was brought into contact with the old, by the skilful and ingenious contrivance, of which a model is preserved."

<sup>151</sup> A Roman Catholic cathedral is in course of erection, on the summit of a hill adjacent to that on which stands the ancient structure. According to the plans, it will be a very extensive and magnificent building. They have a story current in Armagh, that when the restoration of the ancient cathedral was completed, and the venerable edifice appeared in more than its original beauty, the Roman Catholic Primate went to examine it. Being asked his opinion as to the improvements it had undergone, he expressed himself fully satisfied therewith; observing, that "the Lord Primate had done but what was right;" and adding, pleasantly, "*it is the duty of an outgoing tenant to leave the premises in proper repair.*"

<sup>152</sup> Mr. Corry, to whom we have already referred, a respectable trader in Armagh, has formed an interesting, valuable, and indeed extensive museum of articles, collected entirely in the neighbourhood of the Rath. He pointed out to us the several spots where the rarest of them had been discovered; and afforded us much valuable information, which our limits will not at present permit us to turn to account.

<sup>153</sup> "Nial's grave" is still pointed out on the banks of the Calan, immediately adjacent to the city. He was a king of Ulster—A.D. 846—who fought and conquered the Danes. He is said to have

fallen a victim to his humanity; for after achieving a brilliant victory, he commanded one of his captains to pass the river and pursue the flying enemy. The waters, augmented by recent rains, were rushing with frightful impetuosity, and carried away the warrior. The king ordered his followers to the rescue; but none of them obeyed. Instantly he dashed, himself, into the current, and was drowned. Tradition preserved the story, and the place of his interment.

<sup>154</sup> The principal proprietor of Tanderagee is Lord Mandeville; who with his neighbours, Lords Farnham and Roden, Colonel Blacker and the Marquis of Downshire, have contributed largely to the present cheering condition of the county of Armagh. Lord Mandeville has established no fewer than sixteen district schools on his estate in this neighbourhood—for the support of which he devotes £1000 per annum, out of an income by no means large. In the schools there are 22 teachers, and the average daily attendance of scholars is 2000. They are maintained independently of aid from any society.

<sup>155</sup> An anecdote is recorded which exhibits the stern and resolute character of the old soldier. An attempt was made to relieve the garrison: an officer named Mc Mahon, at the head of 500 men, gallantly made his way through the besiegers, and reached the walls of the fort. Teague O'Regan, however, had men enough for his purpose; he accepted the supply of provisions Mc Mahon had brought, but obstinately refused to admit his soldiers, inasmuch as they would speedily consume the food they had conveyed, and render their enterprise worse than useless. He bade them, therefore, fight their way back again. But old Schomberg, who was alive to the movement—(Harris indeed states that he foresaw it, and so “allowed Mc Mahon to pass after a slight resistance,”)—stood in the way, and to return was impossible. Two attempts were made, however, and twice they were driven back under shelter of the walls of Charlemont. Still old Teague “swore if they could not make their way out, they should have no lodging or entertainment within;” and the unlucky detachment were compelled to take up their quarters upon the counterscarp, between the fortress and the enemy, where they continued in a most miserable condition, until the governor was compelled to capitulate.

<sup>156</sup> The ceremonies observed at the institution of an Orangeman were briefly these:—The candidate, carrying in his hand a Bible and the book of the rules of the society, was introduced at a meeting of the lodge, of which he proposed to become a member, by

two sponsors—one of whom was his proposer, and the other the member who had seconded him. He was placed at the end of the room while the other members stood in their places. The chaplain of the lodge, or in his absence a brother nominated by the master, repeated some Scripture verses expressive of the power and paternal care of Providence, and the necessity of trust in Him in time of danger. The master then asked, "Friend, what dost thou desire in this meeting of true Orangemen?" The candidate answered, "Of my own free will and accord I desire admission into your loyal Institution." The master then asked, "Who will vouch for this friend that he is a true Protestant and loyal subject?" to which the sponsors replied, giving their names. The master then questioned the candidate thus—Master: "What do you carry in your hand?" Candidate: "The word of God." Master: "Under the assurance of these worthy brothers we trust that you carry it also in your heart. What is that other book?" Candidate: "The book of your rules and regulations." Master: "Under the like assurance we trust that you will study them well, and obey them in all lawful matters. Therefore we gladly receive you into the order. Orangemen, bring to me your friend." The candidate was then invested with the decoration of the order—an orange sash. The chaplain then again repeated a selection of Scripture verses, and the master said, "We receive thee, dear brother, into the religious and loyal Institution of Orangemen; trusting that thou wilt abide a devoted servant of God, and a true believer in his son Jesus Christ—a faithful subject of the king, and supporter of our constitution. Keep thou firm in the Protestant Church, holding steadily her pious doctrines and observing her ordinances. Make thyself a friend of all pious and peaceable men; avoiding strife and seeking benevolence; slow to take offence and offering none. In the name of our brotherhood I bid thee welcome, and pray that thou mayest long continue among them a worthy Orangeman, namely—fearing God, honouring the king, and maintaining the law." The master then communicated the signs and pass-words of the order, and the chaplain, in conclusion, repeated the verse, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will towards men."

This ceremonial slightly differed in different lodges, but the principal features of it were exactly the same in all. It was in some few the custom to impose an oath or a promise of secrecy. This unnecessary and mischievous portion of the ceremony was, however, much discouraged, and declared to be contrary to the rules of the Institution by an address of the Grand Lodge, published in 1828.

A brother once admitted into one lodge was free of all lodges in every part of the world, and obtained admission to their meetings by giving the sign and pass-word. The supreme management of the affairs of the society was vested in the Grand Lodge, who met in Dublin, and consisted of the most influential members of the body, and officers deputed from the various provincial lodges. The principal body of rules and regulations was passed and adopted in 1800, and continued in use, with a few alterations, until the dissolution of the society.

<sup>157</sup> From this book of "Rules and Regulations" we copy two passages; the first introductory, the second which relates to the qualifications of members. "This Institution is formed by persons desiring, to the utmost of their power, to support and defend his Majesty King George the Fourth, the constitution and laws of this country, and the succession to the throne in his Majesty's illustrious house—*being Protestant*—for the defence of their persons and property, and for the maintenance of the peace of the country; and for these purposes they hold themselves obliged, when lawfully called upon, to be at all times ready to assist the civil and military powers in the just and lawful discharge of their duty. They associate also in honour of King William III., Prince of Orange, whose name they will *perpetually* bear, as supporters of his glorious memory, and the true religion by law established in this United Kingdom.

"This is, exclusively, a Protestant Association; yet, detesting an intolerant spirit, it admits no person into its brotherhood who are not well known to be incapable of persecuting, injuring, or upbraiding any one on account of his religious opinions: its principle is to aid and assist loyal subjects of every religious persuasion, by protecting them from violence and oppression."

QUALIFICATIONS.—"An Orangeman should have a sincere love and veneration for his Almighty Maker, a firm and steadfast faith in the Saviour of the world, convinced that he is the only Mediator between a sinful creature and an offended Creator. His disposition should be humane and compassionate, and his behaviour kind and conciliatory—an enemy to savage brutality and unchristian cruelty. He should love rational and improving society; faithfully regard the Protestant religion, and sincerely desire to propagate its precepts. He should have a hatred of cursing and swearing, and taking the name of God in vain; and he should use all opportunities of discouraging these shameful practices. Wisdom and prudence should guide his actions; temperance and sobriety, honesty

and integrity, direct his conduct; and the honour and glory of his king and country, be the motives of his exertions."

The rules further provided, that "the proposer of a candidate shall satisfy the lodge that he has put a copy of these laws and ordinances into the hands of the candidate before such proposition."

<sup>158</sup> In the old Survey of Down (1740), this peculiarity is thus oddly described: "The whole county is remarkable for its number of hills, being compared to wooden bowls inverted, or eggs set in salt; from whence it took the name of Down, which signifies a hilly situation." In the elevated parts of the county, the great multitude of hills naturally produces basins, from which there is no egress, and lakes are formed. These are very numerous, and in some parts meet the traveller so frequently that he might almost conceive himself in Westmoreland. Some in the parish of Annahilt, near the leading road from Hillsborough to Ballynahinch, are extremely curious: they contain floating islands of two or three perches in area, which sometimes sink to the bottom, and are sometimes moored to the sides. The substance of which they are composed is chiefly a vegetable deposit like "flow moss," buoyant under certain circumstances with all its shrubs and verdure. In others, indications exist of a state of society very remote. In a small lake, situated between Ballynahinch and Clough, a canoe was found, some years ago, of a very curious construction, but no iron seemed to have been employed in it.

<sup>159</sup> Newry, from *Na yur*, the yew-tree, owes its importance to Sir Nicholas Bagnal, "marshal of Ireland," during the reign of Elizabeth, by whom it was surrounded with walls, and converted into a fortified town. Its monastic establishment, however, had been celebrated many centuries before. Its ancient abbey is said to have been founded by Mac Loughlin, king of Ireland, A.D. 1157, and is styled in the charter *Ibar cyn tracta*, "the flourishing head of the yew-tree," from a number of large and venerable yews that formerly flourished there—one of which tradition reported to have been planted by the hands of St. Patrick. Its endowments were confirmed by Hugh de Lacy, after the Anglo-Norman conquest, in 1237. The town was destroyed by the Irish in 1641; and again by the Duke of Berwick in 1689; "a square castle or two, and five or six houses only escaping." It recovered rapidly, however, and is now exceedingly prosperous, being very advantageously situated for commerce, on the borders of the counties of Armagh, Louth, and Down, with a river rendered navigable by a canal, con-

tinued to Lough Neagh. The houses are well built, the streets remarkably clean, and the suburbs in all directions of great beauty.

<sup>160</sup> "In one direction the houses form a little square, and in another, stretch along the edge of the shore, where there is a convenient quay, at which there are in general several sailing and steam vessels. It is esteemed one of the best and most frequented bathing-places in the north of Ireland. In 1827 a neat small church was erected here; and immediately adjoining the town there is a Presbyterian meeting-house, and also a Roman Catholic chapel. Although, but a few years since, this was a very inconsiderable village, it at present contains a thousand inhabitants. A large windmill stands nearly in its centre, and adds considerably to the picturesque and pleasing appearance which the village presents at a distance. There was formerly a very extensive rabbit-warren here, from which circumstance the place derives its name."

<sup>161</sup> Immediately above the beach is an obelisk erected to the memory of General Ross, a native of Rosstrevor, where his estimable family still reside. He fell at Baltimore in September, 1814. The four sides of the monument contain inscriptions, of which the following is the principal:—

THE OFFICERS OF A GRATEFUL ARMY,  
WHICH, UNDER THE COMMAND OF THE LAMENTED  
MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT ROSS,  
ATTACKED AND DISPERSED THE AMERICAN FORCES,  
AT BLADENSBERG, ON THE 24TH OF AUGUST, 1814,  
AND ON THE SAME DAY VICTORIOUSLY ENTERED WASHINGTON,  
THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES,  
INSCRIBE UPON THIS TABLET  
THEIR ADMIRATION OF HIS PROFESSIONAL SKILL,  
AND THEIR ESTEEM FOR HIS AMIABLE PRIVATE CHARACTER.  
HIS WELL-EARNED FAME IS ALSO RECORDED  
BY THE MONUMENT ERECTED AT HIS GRAVE  
IN HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, BY THE ARMY IN THAT COMMAND;  
BY THAT WHICH HIS MOURNING BROTHER OFFICERS OF THE 20TH FOOT  
RAISED IN HIS PARISH CHURCH AT ROSSSTREVOR;  
AND  
THAT PLACED IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,  
AS THE LAST TRIBUTE OF A NATION'S PRAISE,  
BY HIS COUNTRY.

<sup>162</sup> Slieve Donard is the highest of the Mourne mountains. We borrow a description of it from a writer in the Dublin Penny

Journal:—"Slieve Donard is supposed to rise nearly four miles in gradual ascent, while the perpendicular height is estimated at nearly three thousand feet. From the northern brow of the mountain issues an exuberant fountain, which emits more than half a foot of water exceedingly rapid and pure. This stream, and many others, meet in their descent, and form a river, which, running through a channel of white stone, by ten thousand different breaks and windings, makes in summer a prospect of waterfalls, cascades, jets-d'eau, ponds, &c., the most various and delightful; but in winter-floods, the roar and impetuosity of this fall are terrible in the extreme. From the top down to the rocks hanging over the sea is one continued descent, and the lower parts, though craggy and rude enough, are covered with hazel, holly, &c.; those next to the sea-cliffs being old, bowed, stunted, and languishing; while it is worthy of notice, that those most remote, though situated higher, are flourishing and healthy; and all this on the face of a mountain exposed to a wide, open, eastern sea. In the descent southward, near the bottom, one is forced to slide down a sort of thatch, composed of furze, long grass, and juniper. St. Donard, a disciple of St. Patrick, is said to have spent the life of a hermit on this mountain, and built a cell, or oratory, on the top of it, towards the close of the fifth century." Near the summit are the remains of two rude edifices, where in "old times," on the Saint's patron day, the peasantry used to assemble in throngs to do penance and pay their devotions. "A deep narrow vale divides Slieve Donard from Slieve Snaven, or the Creeping Mountain, so called because it must be climbed in a creeping posture; and through this vale winds a pretty serpentine stream, which discharges itself into the sea to the eastward of the mountains. The Creeping Mountain stands to the southwest of this stream, and presents to the view a huge rock, resembling at a distance an old fortification, very high, overhanging, and detached, as it were, from the eastern side of the mountain. After rain a stream rushes from the west side of the rock, which, shooting from the top, falls in a large cascade; to the east of which is a vast natural cave, affording an entrance as wide as the cave itself. This frightful chamber is lined with fern, grass, and several other mountain plants, and inhabited by a vast number of hawks, jackdaws, owls, &c., and at the further end of it the light breaks in through natural crevices. To the left of this you climb up through a very narrow passage to the top of the rock, and arrive at one of the most beautiful, most magnificent, and romantic spots that can well be conceived. You there find that the rock mentioned is

only the advanced part of a large shelf, which projects at about half the height of the mountain with a sweep, and leaves the space of about two acres on the top. Round the north-west, the west, and south of this area, the mountain rises to a great height, and stands like a vast wall; the area itself is almost round, and slopes gently from all sides towards the middle, where is formed a beautiful circular lake, as clear as crystal. To the west you see the rocky top of Slieve Beingan, to the east Slieve Donard's stately cone, and in front the Ocean and the Isle of Man. There are several verdant vales to be met with in the deserts among the mountains, which, by the help of due culture, would be exceedingly fruitful. There is a remarkable flat rock on the top of a mountain here, called by the natives Sephin, through which springs up transparent water, without any perceptible fissure, which never fails even in the warmest seasons."

<sup>163</sup> According to the old Down Survey, "the castle, with seven townlands adjoining it, formerly belonged to the Magenisés, Irish lords of this country; but after their forfeiture, became the property of the Earl of Ardglass, and then the estate of the Lord Viscount Blundell."

<sup>164</sup> On the south side of Dundrum Bay is the favourite watering-place of Newcastle, formerly called Black Rock; adjoining which is the residence of the Earl of Annesley. The bay is noted for its sandbanks, upon which many a good ship has struck. Such catastrophes are, however, likely to be averted in future, a light-house being now in course of erection.

<sup>165</sup> The grave of St. Patrick is still a favourite resort for devotees, especially near midsummer. It is said that no plant will grow on it but grass and shamrock; probably because it is kept in the state of red earth, by the removal of mould. About a mile and a half east of Downpatrick, in a rugged district, which is perhaps more suited for melancholy than devotion, there is the favourite "station," the Struel Well. Until within the last few years it was resorted to by pilgrims from all parts of the county, and by some from Antrim, Armagh, and Louth, who came to partake of the benefits attending the miraculous flowing of the water on the Vigil of St. John. Notwithstanding the cures said to have been performed here, the annual assembly is nearly abandoned. In the days of Harris (1744), the devotees also assembled on the Friday before Lammas. Struel is derived from *Strath fuile*, the stream of blood; and the origin of the name, tradition accounts for thus: St. Patrick and St. Bridget were coming over the ground, and the younger saint feeling thirsty, doubted the

capability of Patrick to procure him drink as miraculously as Moses did for the Israelites. The latter then struck him on the foot with the wand which he held in his hand, and a stream of blood issued forth, which was converted into water, and has remained so ever since.

<sup>166</sup> The Anglo-Normans took possession of the town in 1177. It was then the residence of Mac Dunleve, Prince of Ullagh, who retreated before the forces of Sir John de Courcy, "as worthy a knight," writes Dr. Hammer, "for martiall prowesse as ever trod upon Irish ground." "He builded," according to the same authority, "many castles in Ulster, made bridges, mended highways, repaired churches, and governed the country in great peace." King John, however, jealous of his growing power, sent Sir Hugh de Lacy to displace him. The two English lords met at "Dune," and fought a "cruell bataille;" the victory fell to Courcy. "Then Lacy practised how he might betray him." The results of these practices, and the brave resistance of De Courcy, we copied from the old Chronicler into pages 306, 307, vol. i.

<sup>167</sup> The ancient church and its renowned monument were destroyed by the Lord Deputy, Leonard de Grey, A.D. 1538. The profanation of the church of St. Patrick was one of the articles exhibited against him when he was impeached; he was subsequently beheaded. Cambrensis thus records the event: "He rased St. Patrike his church in Doune, an old auncient citie of Ulster, and burnt the monuments of Patrike, Brigide, and Colme, who are said to have been there entoomed. This fact lost him sundrie harts in that countrie, alwaies after detesting and abhorring his prophane tyrannie, as they did name it." The article which lays this crime to his charge thus runneth:—

"Item, that with any warrant from the king or councell, he prophaned the church of St. Patrike in Doune, turning it to a stable, after plucked it doune, and stript the notable ring of bells that did hang in the steeple, meaning to have sent them to England, had not God of his justice prevented his iniquitie by sinking the vessell and passengers wherein the said bells should have beene conveid."

<sup>168</sup> The marl pits in Lecale, in which barony Downpatrick is situated, are exceedingly interesting; and contribute to make it ("the isle of kale") rich and fertile as it is. The regular deposition of alluvium and limy matter, in alternate layers, shows that the origin of these was perhaps the following. The district has been partially covered with water, in ponds, lakes, and rivers, most probably connected in general with the lough of Strangford; and

the winter-floods annually carried down a layer of mud, sufficient to bury the whelks and other minute shell-fish that had sported through the water in the summer. Next summer a new generation was called into existence, to be destroyed in like manner during the next winter. Thus the period in which a marl-pit was formed can often be ascertained by the layers, like the age of a tree. Microscopic observations have shown the accuracy of this theory; the minute limy fragments are found to be shells, in many instances whole, in others shattered; and a careful examination of the vegetable substances to which they are attached, has enabled Sir William Hooker to corroborate it. Large horns, supposed to be those of the Irish elk, and bones evidently belonging to that animal, are frequently found: it is supposed that the animals had perished in attempting to cross the rivers or lakes, and that their bones became imbedded with the shells in the yielding bottom. The turf bogs are disappearing rapidly. With the exception of Drumlough "Moss," between Hillsborough and Dromara, Crossgar Bog, near Downpatrick, and a few others, scarcely any are to be found, except in small portions of valleys, furnishing "peats" enough for the owners of the farms. An extensive district along the banks of the Lagan, between Moira and the Maze Course, is called "The Bogs," or "The Bogs of Kilwarlin," though no turbarry exists there at present.

<sup>169</sup> Six of the islands are inhabited, viz., Castle Island, Rea Island, Wood Island, Tagart Island, Islandbawn, and Maghea Island. Strangford Lough is a safe and deep harbour; but its entrance is dangerous, from the rapidity of its tides and the number of rocks. "It is reckoned," says the Down Survey, "the strongest current in Europe." The town of Strangford stands on its southern border. The lake was anciently called Lough Coine. The facts of the tragical story of "Will Watch, the bold smuggler," occurred in the neighbourhood of Strangford Lough. The hero of the tale was a native of Newtownards, and was killed on the county Down coast. Dibdin was staying for some time in Donaghadee, and being told the facts by a barber while shaving him, he promised to write a song on the subject, and did so.

<sup>170</sup> "Writers," we quote the old Down Survey, "have not unfitly compared it to a bended arm. The whole territory of the Ards was anciently called the heights of Ulster, near the eastern sea—'Altitudo Ultorum juxta mare orientale.' The soil in it is for the most part tolerably good. The Savages and some few English families settled here early, under John de Courcy, styled the Conqueror of Ulidia, in the twelfth century, and maintained them-

selves in a flourishing condition for a long time. But upon the confusion that followed the murder of the Lord William Burgh, Earl of Ulster, in the reign of Edward III., the sept of Hugh Boy O'Neil, who were inheritors of part of Tyrone, drove the Savages for the most part out of it, and confined them to a little territory in the south of the Ards, called the Little Ards, near the river of Strangford; and from that time the Ards came to be called the Upper Clane-Hugh-boy, or Clanebois, from the sept of this Hugh; as the Rout and Glynnnes in the county of Antrim are, for the same reason, called the Lower Clane-Hugh-boy, being possessed about the same time by the same sept."

"This South Claneboy, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was able to make forty horse and eighty foot. In this territory was a very savage and barbarous sept, called the Kelles, given altogether to spoil and robbery, greatly affected to the Scotch, whom they often brought into the country for the sake of spoiling the subjects. They contributed only according to pleasure to the chieftain of South Claneboy, and were able at this time to make no horsemen but twenty kerne and shot. Many of this family in time degenerated into the Irish customs and manners, and were often in rebellion against the Crown of England, and as often engaged in broils and disputes between each other, which in the event much diminished their strength and power; so that, in the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, they submitted their disputes to the decision of Sir William Fitz-Williams, Lord Deputy, who then made a division between Roland and Reymund Savage, of several towns and territories in the Ardes. In 11th Elizabeth, an act passed for investing the Queen with all the lands of Claneboy and the great Ardes that belonged to Shane O'Neal, or any of the sept of the O'Neals, who joined in rebellion with the said Shane; which territories were granted by patent the same year to Sir Thomas Smyth, the father, and Thomas Smyth, the son, upon condition that they should expel all the rebels out of the said lands, and plant the same with faithful subjects; that they should maintain for every plowland of one hundred and twenty acres one English foot soldier, armed after the English manner; and for every two plowlands one light horseman, armed in the same way; that they should attend for forty days the Lord Deputy at all hostings in the earldom of Ulster, and at fifteen days' warning with the third part of all such horse and foot as they covenanted to maintain by the said tenures; that they should pay to the Crown twenty shillings per annum rent for every plowland."

<sup>171</sup> The original settlement of this ancient family in Ireland is singular and romantic. They trace their ancestry, in France, to the ages of Pepin and Charlemagne; and among them were many "famous men," in especial that Gabriel Montgomery, whose renown in arms led to an unfortunate catastrophe. When Henry II. succeeded to the throne of France, and during the ceremonials of his marriage, he appointed a tournament to be held in Paris. After having shivered many of his opponents' lances, the king proposed to tilt with the accomplished Montgomery, an honour which the knight desired to decline. The king, however, insisted upon trying his skill, and Montgomery, whose lance had been broken in the first shock of their encounter, omitted in the agitation of the moment to throw the fragment aside. In the next charge he struck the king, and a splinter passed through the vizor and entered his eye, inflicting a wound of which he died a few days afterwards; having first, however, acquitted Montgomery of all blame, and strictly enjoining that no harm should come to him in consequence of the accident. But, distrusting the temper of Catherine de Medicis, Montgomery thought it prudent to remove to England; some years afterwards he was taken by the implacable Catherine, put to the torture, and beheaded, with the additional penalty of having his children degraded to *villanage*. On his way to execution he pronounced this noble and memorable sentence in reference to the punishment inflicted on his children—"If they have not the virtue to raise themselves again, I consent to their degradation." Of the same gallant race was that Sir Hugh Montgomery, who, about the year 1600, obtained estates in the north of Ireland. He was the "sixth Lord of Braidstone," and followed James I. from Scotland to Westminster. Irish forfeited lands being then plenty enough, Sir Hugh coveted a share, and contrived to get it "even with the free consent of the forfeiting owner." We copy the story as we find it:—

"Con M'Neale Mac Brian Fertagh O'Neile, Lord of the Claneboyes, making a grand debauch at Castlereagh, with his brothers, friends, and followers, sent his servants with runletts, to bring a supply of wine from Belfast; where, getting intoxicated with liquor, they quarrelled with the garrison, and returned to their master without wine, bleeding, and complaining that the soldiers had taken the wine and casks from them by force. Con examined into the matter strictly, and extorting a confession that their number twice exceeded that of the soldiers, reproached them bitterly, and swore by his father's and all his noble ancestors' souls, none of them should ever serve him or his family, if they

went not instantly back and avenged the affront done to him and themselves, by those few *Boddagh Sassenagh Soldiers*, as he termed them. The servants (not yet sober) vowed to execute that revenge, and arming themselves in the best manner they could, returned to Belfast, assaulted the garrison, and killed one of the soldiers; but were at length beaten off and pursued, some being wounded and others killed. Within a week after, an office of inquiry was held, which found Con, with his friends, followers, and servants, guilty of levying war against the queen; and all whom the provost-marshal could seize were imprisoned.

"Sir Hugh Montgomery being informed of this whole transaction, and of Con's imprisonment, contrived his escape; and by the assistance of Thomas Montgomery of Blackstown, owner of a trading vessel with corn to Carrickfergus, accomplished it. The said Thomas, by making love to the town-marshal's daughter, called Anna Dobbin, removed all suspicion of his design; and after concerting the affair with Con, by contrivance with his mistress, had an opportunity given to convey him by night on board his vessel, as it were by force; which they privately did, and the next morning arrived with him safe at the *Larggs* in Scotland, whence he was conducted to, and kindly received at Braidstone."

Subsequently, O'Neale entered into indentures with Montgomery to divide his estate with him, on condition that he should procure his pardon. The business was easily managed: the Irish chieftain was graciously received at court, and kissed the king's hands; but a third slice of his numerous estates was allotted to another lucky follower of James—"one Hamilton." The immense tract of country, "Clandeboy and Great Ardes," was divided between them; and in 1613 Newtown was erected into a corporation. Montgomery was created a peer in 1622. The "one Hamilton" was the ancestor of the late Archibald Hamilton Rowan, and former of the family entitled "the Lords Hamilton of the Ardes."

<sup>172</sup> The building of the church at Newtown is thus described in the "Montgomery MSS." The passage also strikingly pictures the results that followed "the settlement of Ulster" by James I.:

"In the spring time, 1606, those parishes were now more wasted than America, (when the Spaniards landed there,) but were not at all encumbered with great woods to be felled and grubbed, to the discouragement or hindrance of the inhabitants; for in all those three parishes aforesaid, thirty cabins could not be found, nor any stone walls, but ruined, roofless churches, and a few vaults at Grey Abbey, and a stump of an old castle in Newtown, in each of which some gentlemen sheltered themselves at their first

coming over. But Sir Hugh, in the said spring, brought with him divers artificers, as smiths, masons, carpenters, &c. They soon made cottages and booths for themselves, because sods and saplins of ashes, alders, and birch trees (above thirty years old), with rushes for thatch, and bushes for wattles, were at hand. And also they made a shelter of the said stump of the castle for Sir Hugh, whose residence was mostly there, as in the centre of being supplied with necessities from Belfast (but six miles thence), who, therefore, came and set up a market in Newtown, for profit for both the towns. As likewise in the summer season (twice, sometimes thrice, every week) they were supplied from Scotland, as Donaghadee was oftener, because but three hours' sail from Portpatrick, where they bespoke provisions and necessities to lade in, to be brought over by their own or that town's boats, whenever wind and weather served them, for there was a constant flux of passengers coming daily over . . . 1607, you might see streets and tenements regularly set out, and houses rising, as it were, out of the ground (like Cadmus's colony) on a sudden, so that these dwellings became towns immediately. Yet among all this care and indefatigable industry for their families, a place of God's honour to dwell in was not forgotten or neglected—for, indeed, our forefathers were more pious than ourselves; and so soon as said stump of the old castle was so repaired (as it was in the 'spring time, 1606) as might be shelter for the year's summer and harvest, for Sir Hugh and his servants that winter, his piety made some good store of provisions in those fair seasons, towards roofing and fitting the chancel of that church for the worship of God; and therein he needeth not withdraw his own planters from working for themselves, because there were Irish Gibeonets and Garrons enough in his woods, to hew and draw timber for his sanctuary; and the general free contribution of the planters, some with money, others with handicrafts, and many with labouring, was so great and willingly given, that the next year after this, before winter, it was made decently serviceable; and Sir Hugh had brought over at first two or three chaplains with him for these parishes. In summer, 1608, some of the priory walls were roofed and fitted for his lady and children, and servants (which were many) to live in. Now everybody minded their trades, and the plough and the spade, building and setting fruit-trees, &c., in orchards and gardens, and by ditching in their grounds. The old women spun, and the young girls plied their nimble fingers at knitting—and everybody was innocently busy. Now the golden peaceable age renewed; no strife, con-

tention, querulous lawyers, or Scottish or Irish feuds between clans and families and surnames, disturbing the tranquillity of those times; and the towns and temples were erected, with other great works done, even in troublesome years."

<sup>173</sup> The abbey is thus quaintly described in the old work entitled the Montgomery MSS.—"Neare and in view of Rosemount House, are the walls of a large abbey of curious work (ruinated in Tireowen's rebellion); it is called in inquisitions and patents Abathium de Fuga Dei; in Irish, Monestrellea; in English, Grey (or Hoare) Abby, from the order of fryars who enjoyed it; and had, in ancient times, belonged thereunto, all its own parish, both in spiritualibus et temporalibus, conferred by De Courcy, at the instance of his wife, the king of the Isle of Man's daughter, as Cambden reports (if I remember aright) in the annales of that island. To this abbey belonged also divers lands and tithes in the county of Antrim. Campion reports that the said abbey, Innes and Comer, were built A.D. 1198 and 1199; but in all my researches I could not find figures or any stones, either of the abbey or of the castles aforesaid, to denote the year when they were erected; and who views the walls and ruines of this monastery, will allow many years to the building. The church thereof was in part roofed, and slated, and re-edified, and a yeard thereunto walled about, and a competent stipend given for that by the said first Lord Montgomery; and, in A.D. 1685, it was new roofed again by the heirs of William Montgomery, and by contributions of gentlemen concerned therein."

<sup>174</sup> Donaghadee is the Scotch mail station, and has a magnificent harbour. It is now found, however, that in consequence of the strong tides in the channel, that point is not the best, and perhaps Belfast will be ultimately fixed upon as the station.

<sup>175</sup> As so much of this county lies along the coast, it would naturally be supposed that its fisheries are extensive; but the ordinary causes which have impeded the fisheries on all other parts of the coast, such as antiquated notions, want of capital, improvidence, insufficient clothing, &c., exist here too. In addition to this, it appeared in evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, that the young fish (*grawl*) are destroyed in great numbers about Dundrum Bay and Kilkeel, when they are totally unfit for any useful purpose.

<sup>176</sup> The River Bann was at one period famous for its pearl fishery, and pearls are still occasionally found there. In the old Down Survey we find the following particulars:—"The pearls are found in fresh-water muscles, in shape and colour like the sea

muscles, but of a larger size; the shells of which are sometimes used by the poorer people instead of spoons. The fish of this muscle cuts like the oyster, is of a dark green colour, and soon corrupts; but being of an insipid disagreeable taste, it is seldom eaten even by the poor. The shell is fastened by two cartilages, one at each end, and in this particular differs from the oyster and scallop, which have only one in the middle." Sir Robert Reading (in a letter to the Royal Society, dated 13th Oct., 1688), from his own experience, gives an account of these fish, and the manner of fishing for them in some rivers in the county of Tyrone, which, as it differs little from the Bann practice, may be applicable here. He tells us "he saw the muscles lying in part opened, putting forth their white fins, like a tongue out of the mouth, which direct the eye of the fisher to them, being otherwise black as the stones in the river. That the backs of the shells above the hinges, on which the valves open, are broken and bruised, and discover the several crusts and scales that form the shell, which (he thinks) is caused by great stones driven over them by the impetuosity of the floods. The insides of the shells are of a pearly colour and of a substance like a flat pearl, especially when first opened; and he was told by an ingenious person on the spot, that he had observed in some shells, under the first coat, a liquor orient and clear, that would move on the pressure of the finger; but that such a muscle never had a pearl: and Sir Robert judges this liquor to be the true mother-of-pearl. He tells us that the pearl lies in the toe or lesser end of the shell, at the extremity of the gut, and out of the body of the fish between the two films that line the shell. He is of opinion (with some naturalists) that the pearl answers to the stone in other animals, and, like that, increaseth by several crusts growing over one another, which appears by pinching the pearl in a vice, when the upper coat will crack and leap away; and that this stone is cast off by the muscle, and voided as it is able."

He affirms "that the shells containing the best pearls are wrinkled, twisted, or bunched, and not smooth and equal as those that have none; which the fishers so well know, that though they are carefully watched, yet they will open such shells under the water and conceal the pearls. That those pearls, if once dark, will never clear upon any alteration in the health or age of the muscle; and that, if the first seed be black, all the coats superinduced will be clouded." He adds, "that a vast number of fair merchantable pearls are offered to sale every summer assize,

some gentlemen of the country making good advantage thereof. That he saw one pearl bought for fifty shillings that weighed thirty-six carats, and was valued at forty pounds; and that had it been as clear as some others produced with it, would have been very valuable. That a miller found a pearl, which he sold for four pounds ten shillings to a man that sold it for ten pounds, who disposed of it to the Lady Glenawly for thirty pounds, with whom he saw it in a necklace, for which she refused eighty pounds from the old Duchess of Ormond."

The common method of fishing for these muscles in the Bann is very simple. In the warm months, while the river is low and clear, the poor people wade into the water, and some with their toes, some with wooden tongs, and others with sharp sticks thrust into the opening of the shells, take them up. But these methods can be practised only in shallow water; whereas the large muscles and the greater quantities are found in deep smooth water, as is experienced in the pearl fisheries of the East and West Indies, where they fish by divers sometimes above sixty feet under water. If dredges, or other mechanical contrivances, were used to fish the deep waters of the Bann, they might probably meet with better success in the size, and, it may be, in the colour of the pearls.

<sup>177</sup> The names of the people are interesting, both as illustrating their origin, and as showing the extraordinary corruptions which names sometimes undergo. When the Graemes of the Debateable land, near Carlisle, had made themselves odious to the people on both sides of the border, they were obliged to emigrate in large numbers. Some of them settled on the north coast, near Bangor, and hence the name Graemsport (now Groomsport). The word, however, was not carefully preserved, nor indeed was it possible to preserve words of any kind pure, that passed rapidly from mouth to mouth, and were rarely committed to writing: accordingly we have Graeme, Graham, Grimes, Groom, &c. The "clan Savages of the Ardes" had early effected a settlement, and their predatory attacks on the natives in various parts, but chiefly on the clan Mac Gillmore, were felt severely. During the various contentions in Scotland, multitudes of the people came over to Ireland. The proscribed clan Mac Gregor (see Sir W. Scott's Preliminary Dissertation to *Rob Roy*) migrated here in great numbers, and their descendants are still to be found under the names of Grier, Greer, Gregor, &c.—the *Mac* being in general dropped. In the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, as well as during the religious troubles, many came over, but in general the names

have undergone a great change. The Mac Kinnons from the Isle of Skye are now Mac Kenna, Mac Kean, Mac Cannon, &c.; Mac Nish is Mac Neice, Menees, Munnis, Monies, &c. In the English district, the soldiers first introduced by Cromwell have transmitted their English names, Standfield, Turner, Tate, Johnson, Thomson; the settlers from Conway in Wales are still known as Welsh, Price (ap Rice), Hughes (originally ap Hugh), &c. The Irish names are usually altered to a more English euphony, and indeed in the Irish statutes English names were *enforced*, which explains the origin of some curious patronymics usually said to have originated with foundlings.

For much valuable information relative to the county of Down, we are indebted to Mr. A. Hume, the principal English master in the High School, Mount Street, Liverpool. He announces for early publication a work that promises to be of rare value, on "The Language of Ulster." His announcement is thus expressed:—

"The attention of the writer has been occasionally directed to this work for several years, during which he has been aided in the collection of materials by various literary friends. It will be divided into three sections, as follows:—I. *An Analysis of the Language of Ulster*; in which the various forms of expression, differing from pure English, will be stated and accounted for. The laws of language illustrated by these peculiarities will be carefully pointed out; and several interesting facts will be noticed, particularly the connection of modern vulgarisms with the language of past ages. II. *A Glossary of Words and Phrases*. Each word will be referred to the explanatory paragraphs in the preceding section; and the more important ones will be illustrated by appropriate quotations. III. *Illustrations of the Dialect*; consisting of wrong readings, selections from the Hibernian classic writers, traditionary ballads, proverbs, &c. As the peculiarities of the dialect, which is characteristic of the island, are all contained with a few in that of Ulster, a complete treatise on the IRISH DIALECT will necessarily be included in the book."

<sup>178</sup> The circumstances connected with this legal murder are recorded by old Fynes Moryson—an authority by no means over-indulgent to the Irish clans or their chieftains. "About this time [An. 1590] Mac Mahoune, chieftain of Monaghan, died, who in his lifetime had surrendered this his country, held by Tanistry, the Irish Law, into her Majesties hands, and received a regrant thereof, under the broad seal of England, to him and

his heires male, and for default of such, to his brother Hugh Roe Mac Mahoune, with other remainders. And this man dying without heires male, his said brother came up to the state, that he might be settled in his inheritance, hoping to be countenanced and cherished as her Majesties patentee, but he found (as the Irish say) that he could not be admitted till he had promised to give about sixe hundred cows (for such and no other are the Irish bribes). After he was imprisoned (the Irish say for failing in part of this payment), and within few daies againe enlarged, with promise that the Lord Deputy himself would go to settle him in his countrey of Monaghan, whither his lordship tooke his journey shortly after, with him in his company. At their first arrival, the gentleman was clapt in bolts, and within two dayes after indited, arraigned, and executed, at his owne house, all done (as the Irish said) by such officers as the Lord Deputy carried with him to that purpose. The Irish said, he was found guilty by a jury of souldiers, but no gentlemen or freeholders, and that of them four English souldiers were suffered to goe and come at pleasure; but the other, being Irish kerne, were kept straight, and starved, till they found him guilty. The treason for which he was condemned, was because, some two yeeres before, he pretending a rent due unto him out of the Ferney, upon that pretence levied forces, and so marching into the Ferney in warlike manner, made a distresse for the same (which by the English law may perhaps be treason, but in that countrey, never before subject to law, it was thought no rare thing, nor great offence). The greatest part of the countrey was divided betweene four gentlemen of that name, under a yeerely rent to the queene, and (as they said) not without payment of a good fine under hand. The marshall, Sir Henry Bagnall, had part of the countrey, Captain Henstowe was made seneschall of the countrey, and had the gentleman's chiefe house, with a portion of land, and to divers other smaller portions of lands were assigned, and the Irish spared not to say that these men were all the contrivers of his death, and that every one paid something for his share. Hereupon the Irish of that name, besides the former allegations, exclaimed that their kinsman was treacherously executed, to intitle the queen to his land, and to extinguish the name of Mac Mahoune, and that his substance was divided betweene the Lord Deputy and the marshall—yea, that a pardon was offered to one of the jury for his son, being in danger of the law, upon condition hee would consent to find this his kinsman guilty. Certaine it is, that upon Mac Mahoune's execution,

heart-burnings and lothings of the English government began to grow in the northerne lords against the state, and they shunned, as much as they could, to admit any sheriffes or any English to live among them, pretending to feare like practises to overthrow them."

179 Of the mode adopted by the attorney-general to humble the pride of the Mac Mahons, and bring their people under shelter of the wings of the English government, we have a striking and characteristic account in the "letter of Sir John Davies to Robert Earl of Salisbury." "Touching the service performed in this country by the justices of assize: albeit they found few prisoners in the gaols, the most part being bailed by Sir Edward Blaney, to the end the fort where the gaol is kept might not be pestered with them; yet when such as were bailed came in upon their recognisances, the number was greater than we expected. One grand jury was so well chosen, as they found with good expedition all the bills of indictment true; but on the other side, the juries, that were impannelled for trial of the prisoners, did acquit them as fast, and found them not guilty; which whether it was done for favour, or for fear, it is hard to judge: for the whole county, consisting of three or four names only, viz. M'Mahoune, M'Rena, M'Cabe, and O'Connaly, the chief was ever one of those names, and of these names this jury did consist; so that it was impossible to try him but by his kinsmen, and therefore it was probable that the malefactors were acquitted for favour: but on the other part, we were induced to think that fear might be the cause; forasmuch as the poor people seemed very unwilling to be sworn of the juries, alleging that, if they condemned any man, his friends in revenge would rob, or burn, or kill them for it; and that the like mischief had happened to divers jurors since the last session holden there: such is the barbarous malice and impiety of this people. Notwithstanding, when we had punished one jury with good round fines and imprisonment for acquitting some prisoners, contrary to direct and pregnant evidence, another jury being impannelled for trial of others, found two notorious malefactors guilty; whereof one was a notable thief, and the other a receiver of thieves; both which were presently executed, and their execution struck some terror in the best men of the country; for the beef which they eat in their houses is for the most part stolen out of the English Pale; and for that purpose every one of them keepeth a cunning thief, which he calleth his Cater. Brian Oge M'Mahoune, and the Art M'Rorie, two of the principal gentlemen before-

named, were indicted for the receiving of such stealths; but they acknowledging their faults upon their knees before my lord-deputy, had their pardon granted unto them; so that I believe stolen flesh will not be so sweet unto them hereafter."

<sup>180</sup> Within the present year a singular discovery was made about three miles from Monaghan; from its perfect state of preservation, it forms a most curious relic of antiquity. It is an ancient structure—a dwelling-house. A man who had recently got possession of the farm upon which it is situated, went to remove an unsightly hillock in a small meadow close to his cottage; this little field had been reclaimed a few years ago after the turf had been cut off it, and from it to the small lake of Keshlin (about three hundred yards below it) was, in the memory of an old man living near it, one continued heath moor, with several spades deep of turf under it; and he had seen seven spits deep of turf cut off the hillock which formed the roof of the house. The outer wall is forty-six feet by about sixteen. Outside the entrance is a semicircular court-yard; the base of the wall surrounding it, as well as all the other walls, is composed of large rough stones, some of them several tons weight, standing on their ends, something like Stonehenge. The entrance divided the semicircular wall into two equal segments, and was formed with two larger stones than the others, sufficiently apart to admit a man with ease. Inside the entrance was an oval apartment about twelve feet by eight, which was arched over from within about four feet of the base. The arch was composed of flat stones of different sizes, so carefully selected and fitted (though there was not a cut stone in the whole building), that the point of a penknife could scarcely be inserted between them. Each stone projected about a quarter of an inch over the underneath one, until they met at the top of the roof, which was about six feet from the ground. Opposite the entrance, at the other side of this room, was a similar entrance into the lobby which led straight to the other extremity of the building, and in which were six other apartments, all square and built and roofed in the same manner as the first oval one. The two standing stones forming the entrance from this latter room into the corridor stood somewhat narrower than those of the principal part, and seemed rubbed and worn on one particular part, as it were from the weapons of the inhabitants returning from their hunting or plundering excursions. The whole of the floor inside was flagged with slabs of the same stone, and the outside of the roof covered with the same material, which is the most remarkable circumstance

connected with it, as the nearest freestone quarry is on Carronmore mountain in Fermanagh, about twenty miles from this place, and the stone there does not split into slabs, and is of a quite different grain, the former exactly resembling the Scotch sandstone found along the Clyde. Some maintain that this antique piece of architecture must be antediluvian; but the circumstance of the interior having been found perfectly clean, with the exception of the juice of the bog-stuff covering it having trickled down the walls (and this black appearance may have been caused by the effect of smoke, although there were no other indications of fire having been used inside), it may be concluded, from the number of what are called in the south of Ireland *follagh feeah*, 'deer fire,' that this edifice has been the abode of hunters, and that the turf-mould was first excavated in order to build it, and then laid back again for the purpose of concealment. Many of his neighbours say that the owner of the ground, who has dug up part of the house, found some great curiosities in it; but he himself denies it, with the exception of a round slab of sandstone, with some characters scratched on it, and one of his children let it fall and broke it.

<sup>181</sup> Mr. Crofton Croker, the historian of the "good people," who has indeed left little for other writers upon the subject, states that the Cluricaune of the county of Cork, the Luricaune of Kerry, the Lurigadawne of Tipperary, appear to be the same as the Leprechan or Leprochaune of Leinster, and Logheryman of Ulster; and that these words are probably all provincialisms of the Irish name for a pigmy. Mr. Croker has pictured his person and described his habits so accurately, that we do not apologise for extracting his account:—"The Cluricaune is never met with in company, but always alone. He is much more corporeal, and appears in the daytime as a little old man with a wrinkled countenance, in an antiquated dress. His pea-green coat is adorned with large buttons, and he seems to take a particular delight in having large metal shoe-buckles. He wears a cocked hat in the ancient French style. He is detested on account of his evil disposition, and his name is used as an expression of contempt. People try to become his master, and therefore often threaten him; sometimes they succeed in outwitting him, sometimes he is more cunning, and cheats them. He employs himself in making shoes, at the same time whistling a tune. If he is surprised by man when thus engaged, he is indeed afraid of his superior strength, but endowed with the power of vanishing, if he can contrive to make the mortal turn his eyes from him

even for an instant. The Cluricaune possesses a knowledge of hidden treasures, but does not discover them till he is pressed to the utmost. He frequently relieves himself when a man fancies that he is wholly in his power. A common trick of his is infinitely to multiply the mark showing where the treasure lies, whether it is a bush, a thistle, or a branch, that it may no longer serve as a guide to the person who has fetched an instrument to dig up the ground. The Cluricaune has a small leathern purse with a shilling, which, however often he may pay it away, always returns, and which is called the lucky shilling (*sprière na skillenagh*). He frequently carries about him two purses; the one contains the magic shilling, and the other a copper coin; and if compelled to deliver, he cunningly presents the latter, the weight of which is satisfactory, and when the person who has seized it is examining whether it is correct, he watches the opportunity and disappears.

“His enjoyment consists in smoking and drinking. He knows the secret, which the Danes are said to have brought into Ireland, of making beer from heather. The small tobacco-pipes of antique form which are frequently found in Ireland in digging or ploughing, especially in the vicinity of those circular intrenchments called Danish forts, are supposed to belong to the Cluricaune; and if they are discovered, broken, or in any way damaged, it is looked upon as a sort of atonement for the tricks which their pretended owners are presumed to have played.

“The Cluricaune also appears connected with men, and then attaches himself to a family, with which he remains as long as a member of it survives, who are at the same time unable to get rid of him. With all his propensity to mischief and roguery, he usually has a degree of respect for the master of the house, and treats him with deference. He lends a helping hand, and wards off secret dangers; but is extremely angry and enraged if they forget him, and neglect to put his food in the usual place.”













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